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SHAKESPEARE'S  
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt. D.

VOL. XIX.

KING HENRY VIII.  
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

ILLUSTRATED



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SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY  
OF  
KING HENRY VIII.



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THE GLOBE THEATRE.





KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION  
TO  
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THIS drama, under the title of "The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight," was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 205-232 in the division of "Histories." It is printed with remarkable ac-

curacy, and the doubtful or disputed readings are comparatively few.

The date of the play has been the subject of much discussion. The earlier editors and commentators, with the single exception of Chalmers, believed that it was written before the death of Elizabeth (March, 1603), and that the allusion to her successor, "Nor shall this peace sleep with her," etc. (v. 4), did not form a part of Cranmer's speech as originally composed, but was interpolated by Ben Jonson after James had come to the throne. But, as White remarks, "the speech in question is homogeneous and Shakespearian; the subsequent allusion to Elizabeth as 'an aged princess' would not have been ventured during her life; and the exhibition of Henry's selfish passion for Anne Bullen, and of her lightness of character, would have been hardly less offensive to the Virgin Queen, her daughter." Knight, Collier, Dyce, Hudson, and other recent editors, take the same view.

But how early in the reign of James was the play written?

In the Stationers' Registers, under the date of February 12th, 1604[-5], we find the following memorandum:—"Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy;" and Collier "feels no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604." Dyce is inclined to agree with Collier; but it is probable that Chalmers was right in assuming that the reference is to a play of Samuel Rowley's, "When you See me you Know me, or the Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth," which was published in 1605.

Knight, White, and Hudson believe that the play was written at Stratford in 1612 or 1613, and that it was the poet's last work. The weight of evidence, both external and internal, seems to be in favour of this opinion.

The Globe Theatre was burned down on the 29th\* of June, 1613, and we have accounts of the accident from several witnesses. In Winwood's "Memorials" there is a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Raïph Winwood, dated July 12th, 1613, which describes the burning, and says that it "fell out by a peale of chambers"—that is, a discharge of small cannon. In the Harleian Manuscripts we find a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "this last of June, 1613," which says, "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at y<sup>e</sup> Globe the play of Hen=8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd." Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute account of the accident: "Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new play* called *All is True*,† representing some *principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty. . . . Now, King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, in less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground.

\* White says "the 26th," but it is probably a slip of the type. Cf. Lorkin's letter, quoted below.

† A ballad of the time, entitled "The Lamentable Burning of the Globe Play-House on S. Peter's Day," has for the burden at the end of each stanza,

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!  
And yet it All is True!"

In the fifth stanza we have the lines,

"Away ran Lady Katherine,  
Nor waited out her trial."

which prove that the trial of the Queen formed a part of the play.

This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks ; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Annales," written some time after the fire (since he speaks of the theatre as rebuilt "the next spring"), says that the house was "filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry the Eighth*." There can be little doubt that the play in question was Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, in which, according to the original stage direction (iv. 1), we have "chambers discharged" at the entrance of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house." It appears to have had at first a double title, but the "All is True" was soon dropped, leaving only the more distinctive title corresponding to those of Shakespeare's other historical plays. There seem to be several references to the lost title in the Prologue : "May here find *truth* too ;" "To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show ;" and "To make that only *true* we now intend."

The evidence drawn from the play itself tends to confirm this view of its date. In the prophecy of Cranmer, the lines,

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour, and the greatness of his name,  
Shall be, and make new nations,"

allude, we can hardly doubt, to the colonization of Virginia, and, if so, could not have been written earlier than 1607.

The style and the versification of the play, moreover, indicate that it was one of the last productions of the poet. As White has remarked, "the excessively elliptical construction, and the incessant use of verbal contractions, are marks of Shakespeare's latest years—those which produced *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*." It will be observed also that many of the lines end with unaccented monosyllables or

particles ; and this peculiarity is very rare in those plays of Shakespeare which are known to be his earliest, while it is frequent in those which are known to be his latest.

A majority of the best critics now agree that portions of *Henry VIII.* were written by Fletcher. Mr. Roderick, in notes appended to Edwards's *Canons of Criticism*, was the first to point out certain peculiarities in the versification of the play—the frequent occurrence of a redundant or eleventh syllable, of pauses nearer the end of the verse than usual, and of “emphasis clashing with the cadence of the metre.” Mr. Spedding (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug., 1850) and Mr. Hickson (*Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 198, and vol. iii. p. 33) both fix on certain scenes as Fletcher's, basing their opinion on the structure of the verse, and the recurrence of words and phrases which they think peculiar to Fletcher. Craik (*English of Shakespeare*, Rolfe's ed., pp. 10, 38) believes that much of the play is “evidently by another hand,” the character of the versification being “the most conclusive, or, at least, the clearest evidence that it can not have been written throughout by Shakespeare.” Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331), after stating that in Shakespeare's verse “the extra syllable [at the end of a line] is very rarely a monosyllable,” says : “The fact that in *Henry VIII.*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, *constant exceptions are found to this rule*, seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play.” Fleay,\* Furnivall, and Dowden agree with Spedding in assigning to Shakespeare act i. sc. 1, 2 ; act ii. sc. 3, 4 ; act iii. sc. 2 (to exit of King, line 203) ; and act v. sc. 1 : the remainder they believe to be Fletcher's.

On the other hand, Mr. Courtenay (*Comments on the Historical Plays*, vol. ii. p. 172), referring to Roderick's criticisms, says : “How Shakespeare came thus to vary his measure I can not guess, but that it is *his* measure I see not the least reason for doubting. I know that even in prose the con-

\* See also our ed. of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 42.

struction of sentences, and (if I may say so) *the air*, is much affected by the tone of the writer's mind at the moment, and by the nature of the subject." Singer, in his Introduction to the play, remarks: "I must confess that I have no faith in the deductions from the structure of the verse; Shakespeare is so varied in this respect that, upon the same ground, other portions of his works might be brought in question. The peculiarities of language, too, are pretty uniformly distributed, and some of them will be found in those scenes which Spedding and Hickson have given to Shakespeare." Knight (Supplementary Notice, in his *Pictorial Edition*) admits that there are peculiarities in the verse "not found in any other of Shakspeare's works;" but holds, nevertheless, that the theory of its not being wholly his own is "utterly untenable." He adds: "There is no play of Shakspeare's which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspeare worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the license of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the *Henry VIII.* is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a 'truth.' It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place; all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial, it would have been less a reality." Ward (*Eng. Dram. Lit.*, vol. ii. p. 447) does not accept the theory of a divided authorship; and Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of Life of S.*, 3d ed. p. 212) believes that the play was written some time after the burning of the Globe theatre in 1613, and that the peculiarities of the metre are to be explained by its late date.\*

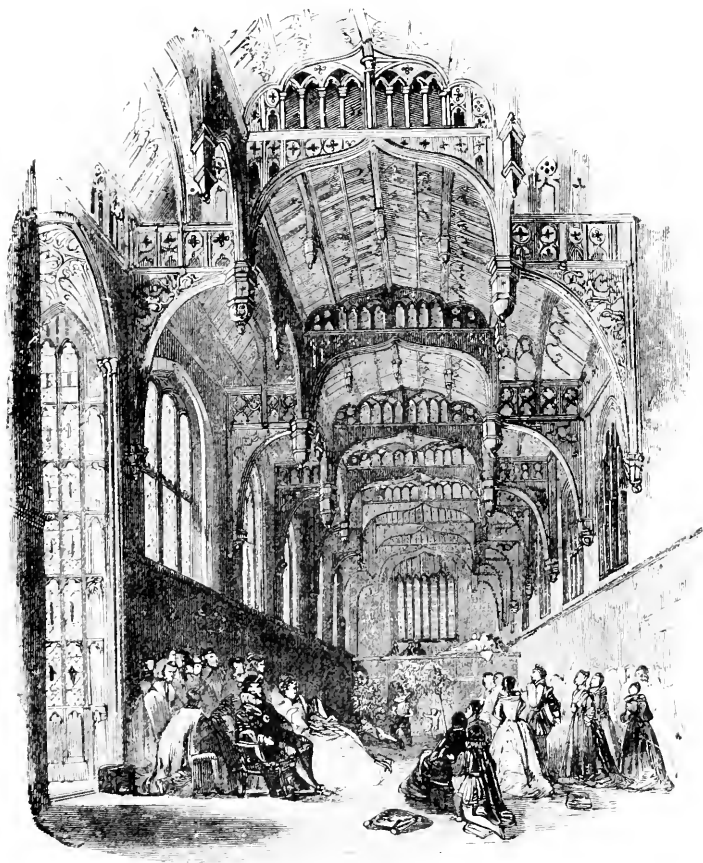
\* In this 3d ed., however, he *omits* the emphatic condemnation of

The leading German critics differ no less widely in their views. Gervinus (*Shakespeare Commentaries*) thinks that Shakespeare prepared a mere sketch of the play, and gave it to Fletcher to be finished. The former was the only poet of the time who could have "sketched the psychological outlines of the main characters with so much sharpness;" but "Fletcher's rhythmic manner is strikingly conspicuous throughout." There is also a "lack of dramatic unity," and a "looseness in the development of the action," which show that the outline from the hand of the great master was filled out by an inferior artist.

Ulrici, on the other hand, in his *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, maintains that "all the internal marks of style, language, character, and versification" prove that the play is Shakespeare's. He thinks it not improbable that it was written in honor of the nuptials of the Palsgrave Frederick and the Princess Elizabeth in 1613. "It is certain that during the Palsgrave's visit several of Shakespeare's plays were performed before the court, and among them *The Tempest*, which contains many palpable allusions to the marriage festival." The peculiarities of style and versification are to be explained by assuming "either that Shakespeare was hurried by the sudden command of the court to produce a new drama for the nuptial festivities, or probably merely by the event itself, or that he composed the play in the last years of his life, and consequently had no time for a careful revision of it."

After careful study of all that has been written on both sides of the question, we have no hesitation in adopting Spedding's theory and his division of the play between the two authors.

Spedding's views which appears in the 2d ed. p. 304; where he says, among other things in the same vein, that "students who belong to an older school are literally petrified by the announcement that Wolsey's farewell to all his greatness, as well as a large part of the scene in which it occurs, are henceforth to be considered the composition of some other author."



WOLSEY'S HALL.

## II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

The historical authorities followed by the authors in the first four acts of the play were Edward Hall's "Union of the



Families of Lancaster and York," the first edition of which appeared in 1548, and Raphael Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland," published in 1577. These writers had copied largely from George Cavendish's "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," of which there were many manuscript copies in Shakespeare's day, though the work was not printed until 1641. For the fifth act he took his materials from John Fox's "Acts and Monuments of the Church," published in 1563.

In these books the poets found many details which they put into dramatic form with very slight change of language, as will be seen from the illustrations given in our Notes. The action of the play includes events scattered through a period of about twenty-three years, or from 1520 to 1543, and the events are not always given in their chronological order. Thus the reversal of the decree for taxing the commons (1525) and the examination of Buckingham's surveyor (1521) are in one scene; the banquet scene (1526) precedes that of Buckingham's execution, and in the latter scene we find mention of Henry's scruples concerning his marriage (1527) and of the arrival of Campeggio (1529); the scene in which Anne is made Marchioness of Pembroke (1532) precedes that of the trial of the queen (1529); the death of Wolsey (1530) is announced to Katherine in the scene in which she dies (1536); in the same scene in which the birth of Elizabeth (1533) is announced to the king, he converses with Cranmer about the charge of heresy (1543); and in the scene in which Cranmer is accused before the council (1543), Henry asks him to be godfather at the baptism of Elizabeth (1533). Even if we make no account of the introduction of the charges against Cranmer (1543), the action of the play will cover a period of some sixteen years, from the return of the English Court from the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520. to the death of Katherine in 1536.



QUEEN KATHERINE.

## III CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women.*"]

QUEEN KATHERINE OF ARRAGON.\*

To have a just idea of the accuracy and beauty of this historical portrait, we ought to bring immediately before us those circumstances of Katherine's life and times, and those parts of her character, which belong to a period previous to the opening of the play. We shall then be better able to appreciate the skill with which Shakespeare has applied the materials before him.

\* We know of no better Historical Introduction to the play than this admirable paper, which we therefore give almost entire—omitting merely a paragraph devoted to a comparison of the characters of Katherine and of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*.

Katherine of Arragon, the fourth and youngest daughter of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella of Castile, was born at Alcala, whither her mother had retired to winter after one of the most terrible campaigns of the Moorish war—that of 1485.

Katherine had derived from nature no dazzling qualities of mind, and no striking advantages of person. She inherited a tincture of Queen Isabella's haughtiness and obstinacy of temper, but neither her beauty nor her splendid talents. Her education, under the direction of her extraordinary mother, had implanted in her mind the most austere principles of virtue, the highest ideas of female decorum, the most narrow and bigoted attachment to the forms of religion, and that excessive pride of birth and rank which distinguished so particularly her family and her nation. In other respects, her understanding was strong and her judgment clear. The natural turn of her mind was simple, serious, and domestic, and all the impulses of her heart kindly and benevolent. Such was Katherine ; such, at least, she appears on a reference to the chronicles of her times, and particularly from her own letters, and the papers written or dictated by herself which relate to her divorce ; all of which are distinguished by the same artless simplicity of style, the same quiet good sense, the same resolute yet gentle spirit and fervent piety.

When five years old, Katherine was solemnly affianced to Arthur, prince of Wales, the eldest son of Henry VII. ; and in the year 1501 she landed in England, after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the southern coast, from which every adverse wind conspired to drive her. She was received in London with great honour, and immediately on her arrival united to the young prince. He was then fifteen, and Katherine in her seventeenth year.

Arthur, as it is well known, survived his marriage only five months ; and the reluctance of Henry VII. to refund the splendid dowry of the Infanta, and forego the advantages of

an alliance with the most powerful prince of Europe, suggested the idea of uniting Katherine to his second son Henry ; after some hesitation a dispensation was procured from the pope, and she was betrothed to Henry in her eighteenth year. The prince, who was then only twelve years old, resisted as far as he was able to do so, and appears to have really felt a degree of horror at the idea of marrying his brother's widow. Nor was the mind of King Henry at rest ; as his health declined, his conscience reproached him with the equivocal nature of the union into which he had forced his son, and the vile motives of avarice and expediency which had governed him on this occasion. A short time previous to his death he dissolved the engagement, and even caused Henry to sign a paper in which he solemnly renounced all idea of a future union with the Infanta. It is observable that Henry signed this paper with reluctance, and that Katherine, instead of being sent back to her own country, still remained in England.

It appears that Henry, who was now about seventeen, had become interested for Katherine, who was gentle and amiable. The difference of years was rather a circumstance in her favor ; for Henry was just at that age when a youth is most likely to be captivated by a woman older than himself : and no sooner was he required to renounce her than the interest she had gradually gained in his affections became, by opposition, a strong passion. Immediately after his father's death he declared his resolution to take for his wife the Lady Katherine of Spain, and none other ; and when the matter was discussed in council, it was urged that, besides the many advantages of the match in a political point of view, she had given so "much proof of virtue and sweetness of condition as they knew not where to parallel her." About six weeks after his accession, June 3, 1509, the marriage was celebrated with truly royal splendour, Henry being then eighteen and Katherine in her twenty-fourth year.

It has been said with truth, that if Henry had died while Katherine was yet his wife and Wolsey his minister, he would have left behind him the character of a magnificent, popular, and accomplished prince, instead of that of the most hateful ruffian and tyrant who ever swayed these realms. Notwithstanding his occasional infidelities, and his impatience at her midnight vigils, her long prayers, and her religious austerities, Katherine and Henry lived in harmony together. He was fond of openly displaying his respect and love for her, and she exercised a strong and salutary influence over his turbulent and despotic spirit. When Henry set out on his expedition to France in 1513, he left Katherine regent of the kingdom during his absence, with full powers to carry on the war against the Scots, and the Earl of Surrey at the head of the army as her lieutenant general. It is curious to find Katherine—the pacific, domestic, and unpretending Katherine—describing herself as having “her heart set to war,” and “horrible busy” with making “standards, banners, badges, scarfs, and the like.”\* Nor was this mere silken preparation—mere dalliance with the pomp and circumstance of war; for within a few weeks afterward her general defeated the Scots in the famous battle of Floddenfield, where James IV. and most of his nobility were slain.†

Katherine’s letter to Henry, announcing this event, so strikingly displays the piety and tenderness, the quiet simplicity, and real magnanimity of her character, that there can not be a more apt and beautiful illustration of the exquisite truth and keeping of Shakespeare’s portrait.

SIR,—My Lord Howard hath sent me a letter, open to your Grace, within one of mine, by the which ye shall see at

\* See her letters in Ellis’s Collection.

† Under similar circumstances, one of Katherine’s predecessors, Philippa of Hainault, had gained in her husband’s absence the battle of Neville Cross, in which David Bruce was taken prisoner.

length the great victory that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence : and for this cause it is no need herein to trouble your Grace with long writing ; but to my thinking this battle hath been to your Grace, and all your realm, the greatest honour that could be, and more than ye should win all the crown of France, thanked be God for it ! And I am sure your Grace forgetteth not to do this, which shall be cause to send you many more such great victories, as I trust he shall do. My husband, for haste, with Rougecross, I could not send your Grace the piece of the King of Scots' coat, which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your Grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself unto you, but our Englishmen's hearts would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace than have this reward, but all that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in the burying of the King of Scots' body, for he hath written to me so. With the next messenger your Grace's pleasure may be herein known. And with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly ; for without this no joy here can be accomplished—and for the same I pray. And now go to our Lady at Walsyngham, that I promised so long ago to see.

At Woburn, the 16th day of September (1513).

I send your Grace herein a bill, found in a Scottishman's purse, of such things as the French king sent to the said King of Scots, to make war against you, beseeching you to send Mathew hither as soon as this messenger cometh with tidings of your Grace. Your humble wife and true servant,

KATHERINE.\*

\* Ellis's Collection. We must keep in mind that Katherine was a foreigner, and till after she was seventeen never spoke or wrote a word of English.

The legality of the king's marriage with Katherine remained undisputed till 1527. In the course of that year Anna Bullen first appeared at court, and was appointed maid of honour to the queen ; and then, and not till then, did Henry's union with his brother's wife "creep too near his conscience." In the following year he sent special messengers to Rome with secret instructions : they were required to discover (among other "hard questions") whether, if the queen entered a religious life, the king might have the pope's dispensation to marry again ; and whether, if the king (for the better inducing the queen thereto) would enter himself into a religious life, the pope would dispense with the king's vow, and leave her there ?

Poor Katherine ! we are not surprised to read that when she understood what was intended against her, "she laboured with all those passions which jealousy of the king's affection, sense of her own honour, and the legitimation of her daughter could produce, laying in conclusion the whole fault on the cardinal." It is elsewhere said that Wolsey bore the queen ill-will in consequence of her reflecting with some severity on his haughty temper and very unclerical life.

The proceedings were pending for nearly six years, and one of the causes of this long delay, in spite of Henry's impatient and despotic character, is worth noting. The old Chronicle tells us that, though the men generally, and more particularly the priests and the nobles, sided with Henry in this matter, yet all the ladies of England were against it. They justly felt that the honour and welfare of no woman was secure if, after twenty years of union, she might be thus deprived of all her rights as a wife ; the clamour became so loud and general that the king was obliged to yield to it for a time, to stop the proceedings, and to banish Anna Bullen from the court.

Cardinal Campeggio, called by Shakespeare Campeius, arrived in England in October, 1528. He at first endeavoured

to persuade Katherine to avoid the disgrace and danger of contesting her marriage by entering a religious house ; but she rejected his advice with strong expressions of disdain. "I am," said she, "the king's true wife, and to him married ; and if all doctors were dead, or law or learning far out of men's minds at the time of our marriage, yet I cannot think that the court of Rome, and the whole Church of England, would have consented to a thing unlawful and detestable as you call it. Still I say I am his wife, and for him will I pray."

About two years afterwards Wolsey died (in November, 1530)—the king and queen met for the last time on the 14th of July, 1531. Until that period, some outward show of respect and kindness had been maintained between them ; but the king then ordered her to repair to a private residence, and no longer to consider herself as his lawful wife. "To which the virtuous and mourning queen replied no more than this, that to whatever place she removed, nothing could remove her from being the king's wife. And so they bid each other farewell ; and from this time the king never saw her more."\* He married Anna Bullen in 1532, while the decision relating to his former marriage was still pending. The sentence of divorce, to which Katherine never would submit, was finally pronounced by Cranmer in 1533 ; and the unhappy queen, whose health had been gradually declining through these troubles of heart, died January 29, 1536, in the fiftieth year of her age.

Thus the action of the play of Henry VIII. includes events which occurred from the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham in 1521, to the death of Katherine in 1536. In making the death of Katherine precede the birth of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare has committed an anachronism, not only pardonable, but necessary. We must remember that the construction of the play required a happy termination ; and that the birth of Elizabeth, before or after the death of Kath-

\* Hall's Chronicle.



erine, involved the question of her legitimacy. By this slight deviation from the real course of events, Shakespeare has not perverted historic facts, but merely sacrificed them to a higher principle ; and in doing so has not only preserved dramatic propriety, and heightened the poetical interest, but has given a strong proof both of his delicacy and his judgment.

If we also call to mind that in this play Katherine is properly the heroine, and exhibited from first to last as the very “queen of earthly queens ;” that the whole interest is thrown round her and Wolsey—the one the injured rival, the other the enemy of Anna Bullen—and that it was written in the reign and for the court of Elizabeth, we shall yet farther appreciate the moral greatness of the poet’s mind, which disdained to sacrifice justice and the truth of nature to any time-serving expediency.

Schlegel observes somewhere, that in the literal accuracy and apparent artlessness with which Shakespeare has adapted some of the events and characters of history to his dramatic purposes, he has shown equally his genius and his wisdom. This, like most of Schlegel’s remarks, is profound and true ; and in this respect Katherine of Arragon may rank as the triumph of Shakespeare’s genius and his wisdom. There is nothing in the whole range of poetical fiction in any respect resembling or approaching her ; there is nothing comparable, I suppose, but Katherine’s own portrait by Holbein, which, equally true to the life, is yet as far inferior as Katherine’s person was inferior to her mind. Not only has Shakespeare given us here a delineation as faithful as it is beautiful, of a peculiar modification of character, but he has bequeathed us a precious moral lesson in this proof that virtue alone—(by which I mean here the union of truth or conscience with benevolent affection—the one the highest law, the other the purest impulse of the soul)—that such virtue is a sufficient source of the deepest pathos and power without any mixture of foreign or external ornament : for who but Shakespeare

would have brought before us a queen and a heroine of tragedy, stripped her of all pomp of place and circumstance, dispensed with all the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, and without any appeal to our imagination, without any violation of historical truth, or any sacrifices of the other dramatic personages for the sake of effect, could depend on the moral principle alone to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses of our nature !

The character, when analyzed, is, in the first place, distinguished by *truth*. I do not only mean its truth to nature, or its relative truth arising from its historic fidelity and dramatic consistency, but *truth* as a quality of the soul : this is the basis of the character. We often hear it remarked that those who are themselves perfectly true and artless are in this world the more easily and frequently deceived—a commonplace fallacy : for we shall ever find that truth is as undeceived as it is undeceiving, and that those who are true to themselves and others may now and then be mistaken, or in particular instances duped by the intervention of some other affection or quality of the mind ; but they are generally free from illusion, and they are seldom imposed upon in the long run by the shows of things and superficies of characters. It is by this integrity of heart and clearness of understanding, this light of truth within her own soul, and not through any acuteness of intellect, that Katherine detects and exposes the real character of Wolsey, though unable either to unravel his designs or defeat them.

. . . . . My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
T' oppose your cunning.

She rather intuitively feels than knows his duplicity, and in the dignity of her simplicity she towers above his arrogance as much as she scorns his crooked policy. With this essen

tial truth are combined many other qualities, natural or acquired, all made out with the same uncompromising breadth of execution and fidelity of pencil, united with the utmost delicacy of feeling. For instance, the apparent contradiction arising from the contrast between Katherine's natural disposition and the situation in which she is placed ; her lofty Castilian pride and her extreme simplicity of language and deportment ; the inflexible resolution with which she asserts her right, and her soft resignation to unkindness and wrong ; her warmth of temper breaking through the meekness of a spirit subdued by a deep sense of religion ; and a degree of austerity tinging her real benevolence—all these qualities, opposed yet harmonizing, has Shakespeare placed before us in a few admirable scenes.

Katherine is at first introduced as pleading before the king in behalf of the commonalty, who had been driven by the extortions of Wolsey into some illegal excesses. In this scene, which is true to history, we have her upright reasoning mind, her steadiness of purpose, her piety and benevolence, placed in a strong light. The unshrinking dignity with which she opposes without descending to brave the cardinal, the stern rebuke addressed to the Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, are finely characteristic ; and by thus exhibiting Katherine as invested with all her conjugal rights and influence, and royal state, the subsequent situations are rendered more impressive. She is placed in the first instance on such a height in our esteem and reverence, that in the midst of her abandonment and degradation, and the profound pity she afterwards inspires, the first effect remains unimpaired, and she never falls beneath it.

In the beginning of the second act we are prepared for the proceedings of the divorce, and our respect for Katherine heightened by the general sympathy for "the good queen," as she is expressively entitled, and by the following beautiful eulogium on her character uttered by the Duke of Norfolk :

He (Wolsey) counsels a divorce : a loss of her  
 That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.  
 Of her that loves him with that excellence  
 That angels love good men with ; even of her,  
 That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
 Will bless the king !

The scene in which Anna Bullen is introduced as expressing her grief and sympathy for her royal mistress is exquisitely graceful.

Here 's the pang that pinches ·  
 His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life  
 She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after  
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
 To leave, a thousand fold more bitter than  
 'T is sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,  
 To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
 Would move a monster.

*Old Lady.* Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,  
 Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

*Old Lady.* Alas, poor lady !  
 She 's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
 I swear 't is better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

How completely, in the few passages appropriated to Anna Bullen, is her character portrayed ? with what a delicate and yet luxuriant grace is she sketched off, with her gayety and her beauty, her levity, her extreme mobility, her sweetness of

disposition, her tenderness of heart, and, in short, all her *femalities*! How nobly has Shakespeare done justice to the two women, and heightened our interest in both by placing the praises of Katherine in the mouth of Anna Bullen! and how characteristic of the latter, that she should first express unbounded pity for her mistress, insisting chiefly on her fall from her regal state and worldly pomp, thus betraying her own disposition:

For she that had all the fair parts of woman,  
Had, too, a woman's heart, which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

That she should call the loss of temporal pomp, once enjoyed, "a sufferance equal to soul and body's severing;" that she should immediately protest that she would not herself be a queen—"No, good troth! not for all the riches under heaven!"—and not long afterwards ascend without reluctance that throne and bed from which her royal mistress had been so cruelly divorced!—how natural! The portrait is not less true and masterly than that of Katherine; but the character is overborne by the superior moral firmness and intrinsic excellence of the latter. That we may be more fully sensible of this contrast, the beautiful scene just alluded to immediately precedes Katherine's trial at Blackfriars, and the description of Anna Bullen's triumphant beauty at her coronation is placed immediately before the dying scene of Katherine; yet with equal good taste and good feeling Shakespeare has constantly avoided all personal collision between the two characters; nor does Anna Bullen ever appear as queen except in the pageant of the procession, which in reading the play is scarcely noticed.

To return to Katherine. The whole of the trial scene is given nearly verbatim from the old chronicles and records; but the dryness and harshness of the law proceedings is tempered at once and elevated by the genius and the wisdom of the poet. It appears, on referring to the historical authori-

ties, that when the affair was first agitated in council, Katherine replied to the long expositions and theological sophistries of her opponents with resolute simplicity and composure: "I am a woman, and lack wit and learning to answer these opinions; but I am sure that neither the king's father nor my father would have condescended to our marriage if it had been judged unlawful. As to your saying that I should put the cause to eight persons of this realm, for quietness of the king's conscience, I pray Heaven to send his grace a quiet conscience; and this shall be your answer, that I say I am his lawful wife, and to him lawfully married, though not worthy of it; and in this point I will abide, till the court of Rome, which was privy to the beginning, have made a final ending of it."\*

Katherine's appearance in the court at Blackfriars, attended by a noble troop of ladies and prelates of her counsel, and her refusal to answer the citation, are historical.† Her speech to the king—

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me, etc.—

is taken word for word (as nearly as the change from prose to blank verse would allow) from the old record in Hall. It would have been easy for Shakespeare to have exalted his own skill by throwing a colouring of poetry and eloquence into this speech, without altering the sense or sentiment; but by adhering to the calm argumentative simplicity of manner and diction natural to the woman, he has preserved the truth

\* Hall's Chronicle, p. 781.

† The court at Blackfriars sat on the 28th of May, 1529. "The queen being called, accompanied by the four bishops and others of her counsel, and a great company of ladies and gentlewomen following her; and after her obeisance, sadly and with great gravity, she appealed from them to the court of Rome."—*See Hall and Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.*

The account which Hume gives of this scene is very elegant; but after the affecting *naïveté* of the old chroniclers, it is very cold and unsatisfactory.

of character without lessening the pathos of the situation. Her challenging Wolsey as a "foe to truth," and her very expressions, "I utterly refuse,—yea, from my soul *abhor* you for my judge," are taken from fact. The sudden burst of indignant passion towards the close of this scene,

In one who ever yet  
Had stood to charity, and displayed the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power ;

is taken from nature, though it occurred on a different occasion.\*

Lastly, the circumstance of her being called back after she had appealed from the court, and angrily refusing to return, is from the life. Master Griffith, on whose arm she leaned, observed that she was called: "On, on," quoth she; "it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways."†

King Henry's own assertion, "I dare to say, my lords, that for her womanhood, wisdom, nobility, and gentleness, never prince had such another wife, and therefore if I would willingly change her I were not wise," is thus beautifully paraphrased by Shakespeare:—

That man i' th' world, who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,  
For speaking false in that ! Thou art, alone  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts,  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),  
The queen of earthly queens.—She 's noble born ;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

---

\* "The queen answered the Duke of Suffolk very highly and obstinately, with many high words : and suddenly, in a fury, she departed from him into her privy chamber."—*Vide Hall's Chronicle*.

† *Vide Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*.

We are told by Cavendish, that when Wolsey and Campeggio visited the queen by the king's order she was found at work among her women, and came forth to meet the cardinals with a skein of white thread hanging about her neck ; that when Wolsey addressed her in Latin, she interrupted him, saying, "Nay, good my lord, speak to me in English, I beseech you ; although I understand Latin." "Forsooth then," quoth my lord, "madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace." "My lords, I thank you then," quoth she, "of your good wills ; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter ; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be. I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near ; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishmen counsel, or be friendly unto me, against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects ? Nay, forsooth, my lords ! and for my counsel, in whom I do intend to put my trust, they be not here ; they be in Spain, in my native country.\* Alas ! my lords, I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I

\* This affecting passage is thus rendered by Shakespeare (iii. 1.) :--

Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.



am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel, here in a foreign region ; and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear."

It appears, also, that when the Archbishop of York and Bishop Tunstall waited on her at her house near Huntingdon, with the sentence of the divorce, signed by Henry, and confirmed by an act of Parliament, she refused to admit its validity, she being Henry's wife, and not his subject. The bishop describes her conduct in his letter : " She being therewith in great choler and agony, and always interrupting our words, declared that she would never leave the name of queen, but would persist in accounting herself the king's wife till death." When the official letter containing minutes of their conference was shown to her, she seized a pen and dashed it angrily across every sentence in which she was styled *Princess-dowager*.

If now we turn to that inimitable scene between Katherine and the two cardinals (act iii. scene 1), we shall observe how finely Shakespeare has condensed these incidents, and unfolded to us all the workings of Katherine's proud yet feminine nature. She is discovered at work with some of her women—she calls for music "to soothe her soul grown sad with troubles"—then follows the little song, of which the sentiment is so well adapted to the occasion, while its quaint yet classic elegance breathes the very spirit of those times when Surrey loved and sung. They are interrupted by the arrival of the two cardinals. Katherine's perception of their subtlety—her suspicion of their purpose—her sense of her own weakness and inability to contend with them, and her mild subdued dignity, are beautifully represented ; as also the guarded self-command with which she eludes giving a definitive answer ; but when they counsel her to that which she, who knows Henry, feels must end in her ruin, then the native temper is roused at once, or, to use Tunstall's expression, "the choler and the agony," burst forth in words.

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!  
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge  
 That no king can corrupt.

*Wolsey.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen Katherine.* The more shame for ye! Holy men I  
 thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort,  
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?

With the same force of language, and impetuous yet dignified feeling, she asserts her own conjugal truth and merit, and insists upon her rights:

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends), a wife, a true one  
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)  
 Never yet branded with suspicion?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?  
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
 And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords, etc.  
 My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title  
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

And this burst of unwonted passion is immediately followed by the natural reaction; it subsides into tears, dejection, and a mournful self-compassion:

Would I had never trod this English ground,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*]

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me!  
 Almost no grave allowed me!—Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

Dr. Johnson observes on this scene that all Katherine's distresses could not save her from a quibble on the word *cardinal*.

Holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :

When we read this passage in connection with the situation and sentiment, the scornful play upon the words is not only appropriate and natural, it seems inevitable. Katherine, assuredly, is neither an imaginative nor a witty personage ; but we all acknowledge the truism that anger inspires wit, and whenever there is passion there is poetry. In the instance just alluded to, the sarcasm springs naturally out from the bitter indignation of the moment. In her grand rebuke of Wolsey, in the trial scene, how just and beautiful is the gradual elevation of her language, till it rises into that magnificent image—

You have by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted,  
Where powers are your retainers, etc.

In the depth of her affliction, the pathos as naturally clothes itself in poetry.

Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

But these, I believe, are the only instances of imagery throughout ; for, in general, her language is plain and energetic. It has the strength and simplicity of her character, with very little metaphor and less wit.

In approaching the last scene of Katherine's life, I feel as if about to tread within a sanctuary where nothing befits us but silence and tears ; veneration so strives with compassion, tenderness with awe.\*

\* Dr. Johnson is of opinion that this scene "is above any other part of

We must suppose a long interval to have elapsed since Katherine's interview with the two cardinals. Wolsey was disgraced, and poor Anna Bullen at the height of her short-lived prosperity. It was Wolsey's fate to be detested by both queens. In the pursuance of his own selfish and ambitious designs, he had treated both with perfidy ; and one was the remote, the other the immediate cause of his ruin.\*

The ruffian king, of whom one hates to think, was bent on forcing Katherine to concede her rights, and illegitimize her daughter, in favor of the offspring of Anna Bullen : she steadily refused, was declared contumacious, and the sentence of divorce pronounced in 1533. Such of her attendants as persisted in paying her the honours due to a queen were driven from her household ; those who consented to serve her as princess-dowager she refused to admit into her presence ; so

Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic ; without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices ; without the help of romantic circumstances ; without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery."

I have already observed that, in judging of Shakespeare's characters as of persons we meet in real life, we are swayed unconsciously by our own habits and feelings, and our preference governed, more or less, by our individual prejudices or sympathies. Thus Dr. Johnson, who has not a word to bestow on Imogen, and who has treated poor Juliet as if she had been in truth "the very beadle to an amorous sigh," does full justice to the character of Katherine, because the logical turn of his mind, his vigorous intellect, and his austere integrity, enabled him to appreciate its peculiar beauties ; and, accordingly, we find that he gives it, not only unqualified, but almost exclusive admiration : he goes so far as to assert that in this play the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katherine.

\* It will be remembered that in early youth Anna Bullen was betrothed to Lord Henry Percy, who was passionately in love with her. Wolsey, to serve the king's purposes, broke off this match, and forced Percy into an unwilling marriage with Lady Mary Talbot. "The stout Earl of Northumberland," who arrested Wolsey at York, was this very Percy : he was chosen for his mission by the interference of Anna Bullen—a piece of vengeance truly feminine in its mixture of sentiment and spitefulness and every way characteristic of the individual woman.

that she remained unmattended except by a few women, and her gentleman usher, Griffith. During the last eighteen months of her life she resided at Kimbolton. Her nephew, Charles V., had offered her an asylum and princely treatment; but Katherine, broken in heart and declining in health, was unwilling to drag the spectacle of her misery and degradation into a strange country: she pined in her loneliness, deprived of her daughter, receiving no consolation from the pope, and no redress from the emperor. Wounded pride, wronged affection, and a cankering jealousy of the woman preferred to her (which, though it never broke out into unseemly words, is enumerated as one of the causes of her death), at length wore out a feeble frame. "Thus," says the chronicle, "Queen Katherine fell into her last sickness; and though the king sent to comfort her through Chapuys, the emperor's ambassador, she grew worse and worse; and finding death now coming, she caused a maid attending on her to write to the king to this effect:—

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband:—

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles: but I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise; for the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must intreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three, and all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they be unprovided for: lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things.—Farewell!"\*

\* The king is said to have wept on reading this letter, and her body being interred at Peterbro', in the monastery, for honour of her memory

She also wrote another letter to the ambassador, desiring that he would remind the king of her dying request, and urge him to do her this last right.

What the historian relates, Shakespeare realizes. On the wonderful beauty of Katherine's closing scene we need not dwell, for that requires no illustration. In transferring the sentiments of her letter to her lips, Shakespeare has given them added grace, and pathos, and tenderness, without injuring their truth and simplicity: the feelings, and almost the manner of expression, are Katherine's own. The severe justice with which she draws the character of Wolsey is extremely characteristic; the benign candour with which she listens to the praise of him "whom living she most hated," is not less so. How beautiful her religious enthusiasm!—the slumber which visits her pillow, as she listens to that sad music she called her knell; her awakening from the vision of celestial joy to find herself still on earth—

Spirits of peace! where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?—

how unspeakably beautiful! And to consummate all in one final touch of truth and nature, we see that consciousness of her own worth and integrity which had sustained her through all her trials of heart, and that pride of station for which she had contended through long years,—which had become more dear by opposition, and by the perseverance with which she had asserted it,—remaining the last strong feeling upon her mind, to the very last hour of existence.

When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,  
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.

---

it was preserved at the dissolution, and erected into a bishop's see.—  
*Herbert's Life of Henry VIII.*

In the epilogue to this play it is recommended

To the merciful construction of good women,  
For *such a one* we shewed 'em :

alluding to the character of Queen Katherine. Shakespeare has, in fact, placed before us a queen and a heroine, who in the first place, and above all, is a *good* woman ; and I repeat, that in doing so, and in trusting for all his effect to truth and virtue, he has given a sublime proof of his genius and his wisdom ;—for which, among many other obligations, we women remain his debtors.

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespear.*"\*]

This play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages in the author's works. The character of Queen Katherine is the most perfect delineation of matronly dignity, sweetness, and resignation that can be conceived. Her appeals to the protection of the king, her remonstrances to the cardinals, her conversations with her women, show a noble and generous spirit, accompanied with the utmost gentleness of nature. What can be more affecting than her answer to Campeius and Wolsey, who come to visit her as pretended friends ?—

“ Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.”

Dr. Johnson observes of this play that “the meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespear comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.” This is easily said ;

\* W. Carew Hazlitt's ed. (London, 1870), p. 167 fol.

but, with all due deference to so great a reputed authority as that of Johnson, it is not true. For instance, the scene of Buckingham led to execution is one of the most affecting and natural in Shakespear, and to which there is hardly an approach in any other author. Again, the character of Wolsey, the description of his pride and fall, are inimitable, and have, besides their gorgeousness of effect, a pathos which only the genius of Shakespear could lend to the distresses of a proud, bad man, like Wolsey. There is a sort of child-like simplicity in the very helplessness of his situation, arising from the recollection of his past overbearing ambition. After the cutting sarcasms of his enemies on his disgrace, against which he bears up with a spirit conscious of his own superiority, he breaks out into that fine apostrophe, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!" etc. There is in this passage, as well as in the well-known dialogue with Cromwell which follows, something which stretches beyond commonplace; nor is the account which Griffith gives of Wolsey's death less Shakespearian; and the candour with which Queen Katherine listens to the praise of "him whom I most hated living," adds the last graceful finishing to her character.

[*From Knight's Comments on the Play.\**]

"I come no more to make you laugh; things now  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present."

This is the commencement of the most remarkable Prologue of the few which are attached to Shakspeare's plays. It is, to our minds, a perfect exposition of the principle upon which the poet worked in the construction of this drama. Believing, whatever weight of authority there may be for the contrary opinion, that the *Henry VIII.* was a new play in

\* *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare: Histories*, vol. ii., p. 394 foll.



1613, there had been a considerable interval between its production and that of *Henry V.*, the last in the order of representation of his previous Histories. During that interval several of the poet's most admirable comedies had been unquestionably produced; and the audience of 1613 was perhaps still revelling in the recollections of the wit of *Touchstone* or the more recent whimsies of *Autolycus*. But the poet, who was equally master of the tears and the smiles of his audience, prepares them for a serious view of the aspects of real life—"I come no more to make you laugh." He thought, too, that the popular desire for noisy combats, and the unavoidable deficiencies of the stage in the representation of battle-scenes—he had before described it as an "unworthy scaffold" for "vasty fields"—might be passingly adverted to; and that the clowns of the same stage, whom he had indeed reformed, but who still delighted the "ears of the groundlings" with their extemporal rudeness, might be slightly renounced. He disclaimed, then, "both fool and fight;" these were not among the attractions of this work of his maturer age. He had to offer weighty and serious things; sad and high things; noble scenes that commanded tears; state and woe were to be exhibited together; there was to be pageantry, but it was to be full of pity; and the woe was to be the more intense from its truth. And how did this master of his art profess to be able to produce such deep emotion from the exhibition of scenes that almost came down to his own times; that the fathers and grandfathers of his audience had witnessed in their unpoetical reality; that belonged, not to the period when the sword was the sole arbiter of the destinies of princes and favourites, but when men fell by intrigue and not by battle, and even the axe of the capricious despot struck in the name of the law? There was another great poet of this age of high poetry who had indicated the general theme which Shakspeare proposed to illustrate in this drama:

“What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele  
 Of change, the which all mortall things doth sway,  
 But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,  
 How MUTABILITY in them doth play  
 Her cruell sports to many mens decay?”\*

From the first scene to the last, the dramatic action seems to point to the abiding presence of that power which works “her cruel sports to many men’s decay.” We see “the ever-whirling wheel” in a succession of contrasts of grandeur and debasement; and, even when the action is closed, we are carried forward into the depths of the future, to have the same triumph of “mutability” suggested to our contemplation. This is the theme which the poet emphatically presents to us under its aspect of sadness:

“Be sad as we would make ye. Think ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,  
 As they were living; think you see them great,  
 And follow’d with the general throng and sweat  
 Of thousand friends; then in a moment see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery.”

[From Dowden’s “*Shakspeare Primer*.” †]

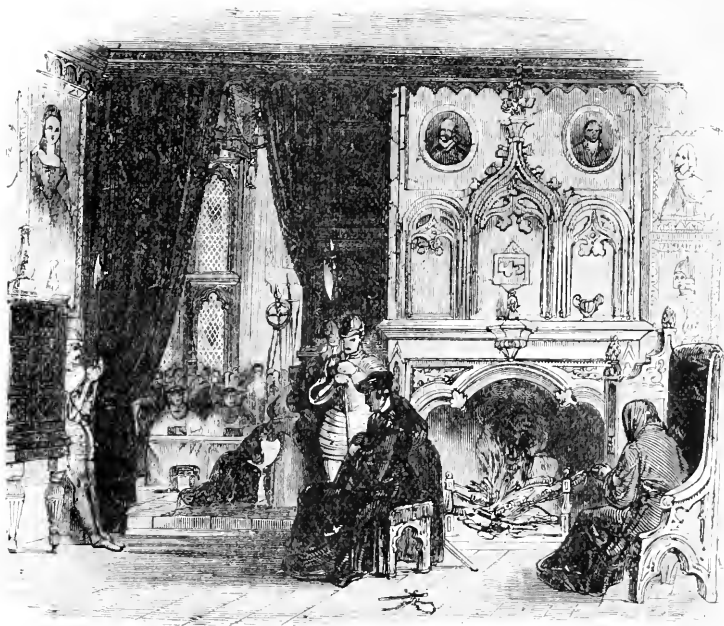
A German critic (Hertzberg) has described *Henry VIII.* as “a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the baptism of a child.” It is indeed incoherent in structure. After all our sympathies have been engaged upon the side of the wronged Queen Katherine, we are called upon to rejoice in the marriage triumph of her rival, Anne Bullen. “The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no in-

\* Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*: Two Cantos of Mutabilitie.

† *Literature Primers: Shakspeare*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. (London, 1878), p. 154 fol.

terest is reflected by what comes after." But viewed from another side, that of its metrical workmanship, the play is equally deficient in unity, and indeed betrays unmistakably the presence of two writers. Fletcher's verse had certain strongly marked characteristics, one of which is the very frequent recurrence of double endings. A portion of *Henry VIII.* is written in the verse of Fletcher, and a portion as certainly in Shakspeare's verse. . . .

There are three great figures in the play clearly and strongly conceived by Shakspeare: the King, Queen Katharine, and Cardinal Wolsey. The Queen is one of the noble, long-enduring sufferers, just-minded, disinterested, truly charitable, who give their moral gravity and grandeur to Shakspeare's last plays. She has clear-sighted penetration to see through the Cardinal's cunning practice, and a lofty indignation against what is base, but no unworthy personal resentment. Henry, if we judge him sternly, is cruel and self-indulgent; but Shakspeare will hardly allow us to judge Henry sternly. He is a lordly figure, with a full, abounding strength of nature, a self-confidence, an ease and mastery of life, a power of effortless sway, and seems born to pass on in triumph over those who have fallen and are afflicted. Wolsey is drawn with superb power: ambition, fraud, vindictiveness, have made him their own, yet cannot quite ruin a nature possessed of noble qualities. It is hard at first to refuse to Shakspeare the authorship of Wolsey's famous soliloquy in which he bids his greatness farewell; but it is certainly Fletcher's, and when one has perceived this, one perceives also that it was an error ever to suppose it written in Shakspeare's manner. The scene in which the vision appears to the dying Queen is also Fletcher's, and in his highest style. We can see from the play that if Shakspeare had returned at the age of fifty to the historical drama, the works written then would have been greater in moral grandeur than those written from his thirtieth to his thirty-fifth years.



HALL IN BLACK-FRIARS [ACT II. SCENE 4].

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

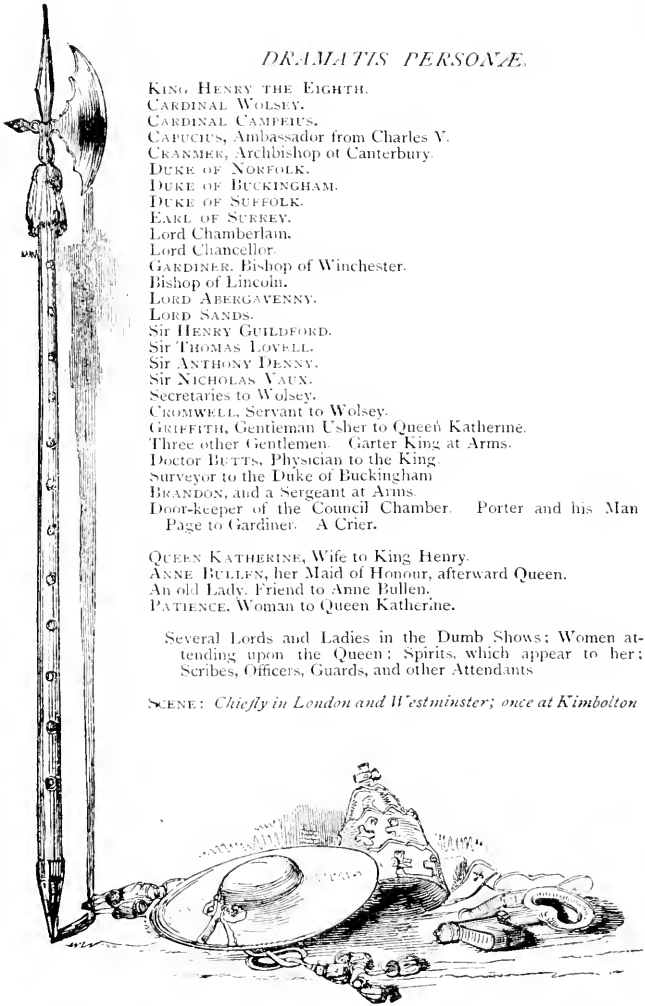
*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.  
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.  
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.  
GRIFFITH, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katherine.  
Three other Gentlemen. Garter King at Arms.  
Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter and his Man.  
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHERINE, Wife to King Henry.  
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterward Queen.  
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.  
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton*





THE TOWER FROM THE THAMES.

## PROLOGUE.

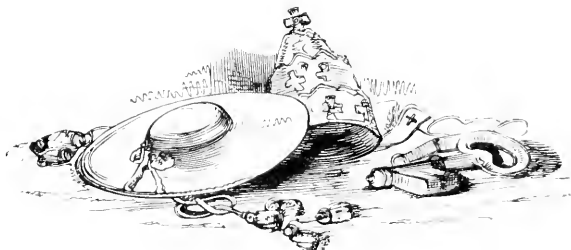
I COME no more to make you laugh : things now  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear :  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give

Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring —  
To make that only true we now intend —  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad as we would make ye : think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living ; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

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PRESENCE-CHAMBER IN YORK-PLACE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buckingham.* Good morrow, and well met. How have  
ye done  
Since last we saw in France?

*Norfolk.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buckingham.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Norfolk.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one ?

*Buckingham.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Norfolk.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory ; men might say  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders it's : to-day the French,  
All elinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain India: every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt ; the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting ; now this mask  
Was cried incomparable, and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them : him in eye,  
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,  
'T was said they saw but one, and no discerner

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Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—  
 For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believ'd.

*Buckingham.* O, you go far !

*Norfolk.* As I belong to worship and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;  
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

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*Buckingham.* Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Norfolk.* One, certes, that promises no element  
 In such a business.

*Buckingham.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Norfolk.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

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*Buckingham.* The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed  
 From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder  
 That such a keech can with his very bulk  
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
 And keep it from the earth.

*Norfolk.* Surely, sir,  
 There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon  
 For high feats done to the crown, neither allied  
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note

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The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
 A place next to the king.

*Abergavenny.* I cannot tell  
 What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye  
 Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
 Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?  
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself.

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*Buckingham.* Why the devil,  
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
 Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry, for the most part such  
 To whom as great a charge as little honour  
 He meant to lay upon ; and his own letter,  
 The honourable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers.

*Abergavenny.* I do know  
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
 By this so sicken'd their estates that never  
 They shall abound as formerly.

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*Buckingham.* O, many  
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
 For this great journey. What did this vanity  
 But minister communication of  
 A most poor issue ?

*Norfolk.* Grievingly I think,  
 The peace between the French and us not values  
 The cost that did conclude it.

*Buckingham.* Every man,  
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
 A thing inspir'd, and, not consulting, broke  
 Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,

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Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

*Norfolk.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Abergavenny.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd ?

*Norfolk.* Marry, is 't.

*Abergavenny.* A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate !

*Buckingham.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Norfolk.* Like it your grace, 100  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together ; to consider further that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he 's revengeful ; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it 's long, and 't may be said 110  
It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel ;  
You 'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning !

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him : certain  
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardi-  
nal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buck-  
ingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wolsey.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !  
Where 's his examination ?

*1 Secretary.* Here, so please you.

*Wolsey.* Is he in person ready?

*Secretary.*

Ay, please your grace.

*Wolsey.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Excunt Wolsey and train.*]

*Buckingham.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood. 121

*Norfolk.* What, are you chaf'd ?  
Ask God for temperance ; that 's the appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

*Buckingham.* I read in 's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd  
Me as his abject object ; at this instant  
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the king ;  
I 'll follow and out-stare him.

*Norfolk.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first ; anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you ; be to yourself  
As you would to your friend. 130

*Buckingham.* I 'll to the king ;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There 's difference in no persons.

*Norfolk.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself ; we may outrun  
By violent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advis'd ; 140

I say again, there is no English soul  
 More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buckingham.*

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along  
 By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow—  
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions—by intelligence  
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

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*Norfolk.*

Say not treasonous.

*Buckingham.* To the king I'll say 't, and make my vouch  
 as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
 As able to perform 't, his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests the king our master  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview  
 That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

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*Norfolk.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buckingham.* Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning car-  
 dinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
 As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified,  
 As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end  
 As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal  
 Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—  
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

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To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,—  
 For 't was indeed his colour, but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.  
 His fears were that the interview betwixt  
 England and France might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,—  
 Which I do well, for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,  
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—  
 As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

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*Norfolk.*

I am sorry

To hear this of him, and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in 't.

*Buckingham.*

No, not a syllable ;

I do pronounce him in that very shape  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, with Sergeant at Arms and Guards.*

*Brandon.* Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

*Sergeant.*

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

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*Buckingham.*

Lo, you, my lord,

The net has fallen upon me ! I shall perish  
 Under device and practice.



*Brandon.* I am sorry,  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buckingham.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven  
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.— 210  
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

*Brandon.* Nay, he must bear you company.—The king  
| *To Abergavenny.*  
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Abergavenny.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd!

*Brandon.* Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buckingham.* So, so;  
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope. 220

*Brandon.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buckingham.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Brandon.* He.

*Buckingham.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already;  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II. *The Council-chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

*King Henry.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level  
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's ; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify,  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*[The King takes his seat. The Lords of the Council occupy their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.]*

*A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen.' Enter the Queen, ushered by NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses her, and placeth her by him.*

*Queen Katherine.* Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

*King Henry.* Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit  
Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Queen Katherine.* . . . . . Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*King Henry.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen Katherine.* I am solicited not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
 Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties ; wherein, although,  
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
 Of these exactions, yet the king our master—  
 Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes  
 not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
 The sides of loyalty and almost appears  
 In loud rebellion.

*Norfolk.* Not almost appears,—  
 It doth appear ; for upon these taxations  
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
 The many to them longing, have put off  
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
 And danger serves among them.

*King Henry.* Taxation !  
 Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,  
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
 Know you of this taxation ?

*Wolsey.* Please you, sir,  
 I know but of a single part, in aught  
 Pertains to the state, and front but in that file  
 Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen Katherine.* No, my lord,  
 You know no more than others ; but you frame  
 Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
 To those which would not know them and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear 'em,

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King Henry.* Still exaction !  
The nature of it ? In what kind, let 's know,  
Is this exaction ?

*Queen Katherine.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay ; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths :  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them ; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did, and it 's come to pass  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*King Henry.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wolsey.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further

Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters—once weak ones—is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at.  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only.

*King Henry.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission ? I believe not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take  
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission. Pray look to 't ;  
 I put it to your care.

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*Wolsey.* [*Aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be ncis'd  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen Katherine.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*King Henry.* It grieves many.

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The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;  
 To nature none more bound ; his training such  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself : yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find  
 His hour of speech a minute,—he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—  
 This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices, whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wolsey.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what  
 you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected  
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King Henry.* Speak freely.

*Surveyor.* First, it was usual with him—every day  
 It would infect his speech,—that if the king  
 Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
 To make the sceptre his. These very words  
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd  
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wolsey.* Please your highness, note  
 This dangerous conception in this point.  
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
 Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen Katherine.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King Henry.* Speak on.  
How ground'd he his title to the crown  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surveyor.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

*King Henry.* What was that Henton?

*Surveyor.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King Henry.* How know'st thou this? 150

*Surveyor.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke, being at the Rose within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey? I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said 't was the fear indeed, and that he doubted  
'T would prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 160  
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom, after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,  
Tell you the duke, shall prosper; bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke 170  
Shall govern England.'

*Queen Katherine.* If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o' the tenants ; take good heed  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
 And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;  
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

*King Henry.*

Let him on.—

Go forward.

*Surveyor.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was dangerous  
 for him

To ruminate on this so far, until

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It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush !

It can do me no damage ;' adding further,

'That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads

Should have gone off.

*King Henry.*

Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !

'There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further ?

*Surveyor.* I can, my liege.

*King Henry.*

Proceed.

*Surveyor.*

Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprov'd the duke

About Sir William Blomer,—

*King Henry.*

I remember

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Of such a time ; being my sworn servant,

The duke retain'd him his.—But on ; what hence ?

*Surveyor.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed.—

As to the Tower I thought,—I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in 's presence ; which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.'



*King Henry.* A giant traitor !

*Wolsey.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison ?

*Queen Katherine.* God mend all ! 201

*King Henry.* There 's something more would out of thee :  
what say'st ?

*Surveyor.* After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,'  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour  
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King Henry.* There 's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ; 210  
Cail him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,  
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.*

*Chamberlain.* Is 't possible the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Chamberlain.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones.  
For when they hold 'em you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

*Chamberlain.* Death ! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.—How now ?  
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Lovell.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none but the new proclamation  
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Chamberlain.* What is 't for ?

*Lovell.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

*Chamberlain.* I 'm glad 't is there ; now I would prav our  
monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lovell.* They must either—  
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom,—renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings, 30  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, cum privilegio, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Chamberlain.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lovell.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe, indeed.

*Sands.* I am glad they 're going,  
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em ; now,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by 'r Lady,  
Held current music too.

*Chamberlain.* Well said, Lord Sands ;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Chamberlain.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going ?

*Lovell.* To the cardinal's.  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Chamberlain.* O, 't is true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

*Lovell.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall every where.

*Chamberlain.* No doubt, he 's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord,—has wherewithal ; in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They are set here for examples.

*Chamberlain.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.*

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Presence-chamber in York-place.*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests; then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guildford.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As first good company, good wine, good welcome  
Can make good people.—O my lord! you're tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Chamberlain.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford. -  
Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry, 10  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this;  
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.—  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies.

[*Sits himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.*]  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad ; in love too ,  
But he would bite none : just as I do now, 20  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. | Kisses her

*Chamberlain.* Well said, my lord.—  
So now you 're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended, and takes  
his state.

*Wolsey.* Ye 're welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all good health. [ Drinks.

*Sands.* Your grace is noble ;  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, 30  
And save me so much talking.

*Wolsey.* My Lord Sands,  
I am beholding to you ; cheer your neighbours.—  
Ladies, you are not merry ;—gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here 's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,  
For 't is to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace they would talk anon.

| Drum and trumpets within : chambers discharged.

*Wolsey.*

What 's that? 47

*Chamberlain.* Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*

*Wolsey.*

What warlike voice,

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;

By all the laws of war ye 're privileg'd.

*Servant returns.*

*Chamberlain.* How now! what is 't?

*Servant.*

A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem ; they 've left their barge and landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

*Wolsey.*

Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue :

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

50

Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and the tables are removed.*

You have now a broken banquet, but we 'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all ; and, once more,

I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.—

*Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures?

*Chamberlain.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

'To tell your grace: that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

60

But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wolsey.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King takes Anne Bullen.*

*King Henry.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty !  
Till now I never knew thee. [ *Music. Dance.*

*Wolsey.* My lord,—

*Chamberlain.* Your grace ?

*Wolsey.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom, 70  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Chamberlain.* I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the maskers, and returns.*

*Wolsey.* What say they ?

*Chamberlain.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed ; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wolsey.* Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I 'll make  
My royal choice.

*King Henry.* You have found him, cardinal. [ *Unmasks.*  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord.  
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

*Wolsey.* I am glad 80  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King Henry.* My lord chamberlain,  
Prithee, come hither. What fair lady 's that ?

*Chamberlain.* An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's  
daughter,—

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

*King Henry.* By heaven she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen !  
Let it go round.

*Wolsey.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber ?

*Lovell.* Yes, my lord.

*Wolsey.* Your grace,

90

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King Henry.* I fear, too much.

*Wolsey.* There 's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

*King Henry.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry,  
Good my lord cardinal : I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again ; and then let 's dream  
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets*



MEDAL OF FRANCIS I.





## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A Street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gentleman.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gentleman.*

O!—God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gentleman.* I 'll save you  
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gentleman.* Were you there?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gentleman.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1 *Gentleman.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gentleman.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

2 *Gentleman.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gentleman.* So are a number more.

2 *Gentleman.* But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

1 *Gentleman.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar, where to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd  
To have brought viva voce to his face :  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;  
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor ; and John Car, 20  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gentleman.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gentleman.* The same.  
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not :  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 *Gentleman.* After all this, how did he bear himself? 30

1 *Gentleman.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gentleman.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gentleman.* Sure, he does not ;  
He was never so womanish : the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gentleman.* Certainly,  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is likely, 40  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gentleman.* That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gentleman.* At his return,  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gentleman.* All the commons 50  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep ; this duke as much  
They love and dote on, call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gentleman.* Stay there, sir ;  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment : Tipstaves before  
him : the axe, with the edge towards him : Halberds on each*

*side: accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and Common People.*

2 *Gentleman.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buckingham.*

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

And by that name must die ; yet, heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

60

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !

The law I bear no malice for my death,

'T has done upon the premises but justice ;

But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.

Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

70

More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lovell.* I do beseech your grace for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart

80

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buckingham.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven ; I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with ; no black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him ; may he live 99  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !  
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lovell.* To the water side I must conduct your grace,  
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there !  
 The duke is coming ; see the barge be ready,  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buckingham.* Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham, now poor Edward Bohun ;  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it,  
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110  
 And without trial fell. God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins  
 Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 Forever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say a noble one ; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell ; and when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me.

120

130

[*Exeunt Buckingham, etc*]

1 *Gentleman*. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

2 *Gentleman*. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'T is full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

140

1 *Gentleman*. Good angels keep it from us !  
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gentleman*. This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gentleman*. Let me have it :  
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gentleman*. I am confident ;  
 You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing of a separation  
 Between the king and Katherine ?

1 *Gentleman*. Yes, but it held not ;

For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
 He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
 That durst disperse it.

150

2 *Gentleman.* But that slander, sir,  
 Is found a truth now ; for it grows again  
 Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
 The king will venture at it: Either the cardinal,  
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
 That will undo her : to confirm this, too,  
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;  
 As all think, for this business.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is the cardinal ;  
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor  
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

160

2 *Gentleman.* I think you have hit the mark ; but is 't not  
 cruel  
 That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal  
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is woeful.  
 We are too open here to argue this ;  
 Let 's think in private more.

| *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

Chamberlain. 'My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent  
 for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and  
 furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best  
 breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for Lon-  
 don, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main  
 power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—his master would  
 be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopp'd  
 our mouths, sir.'

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them ;  
He will have all, I think.

10

*Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Norfolk.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Chamberlain.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suffolk.* How is the king employ'd?

*Chamberlain.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Norfolk.* What 's the cause?

*Chamberlain.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suffolk.* No ; his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Norfolk.* 'T is so.  
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal ;  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day. 20

*Suffolk.* Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself else.

*Norfolk.* How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears and despairs,—and all these for his marriage,  
And out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her  
That like a jewel has hung twenty years 30  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

*Chamberlain.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'T is  
most true,



These news are every where ; every tongue speaks 'em,  
 And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare  
 Look into these affairs see this main end,—  
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open 40  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

*Suffolk.* And free us from his slavery.

*Norfolk.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance,  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages. All men's honours  
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pitch he please.

*Suffolk.* For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed.  
 As I am made without him, so I 'll stand, 50  
 If the king please : his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike ; they 're breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him and I know him ; so I leave him  
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Norfolk.* Let 's in,  
 And with some other business put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.  
 My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

*Chamberlain.* Excuse me ;  
 The king hath sent me other where : besides,  
 You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
 Health to your lordships.

*Norfolk.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. 60  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

*Norfolk draws a curtain. The King is discovered sitting, and  
 reading pensively.*

*Suffolk.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King Henry.* Who is there ? ha !

*Norfolk.* Pray God he be not angry!

*King Henry.* Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

*Norfolk.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant; our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate, in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King Henry.* Ye are too bold.  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: 70  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us and it.—[*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

*Wolsey.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*King Henry.* [*To Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.

*Norfolk.* [*Aside, as they retire*] This priest has no pride in  
him.

*Suffolk.* Not to speak of; so  
I would not be so sick though for his place.  
But this cannot continue.

*Norfolk.* If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suffolk.* I another.  
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Wolsey.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely  
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
 Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
 Gave their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

99

*King Henry.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;  
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Campeius.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
 You are so noble. 'To your highness' hand  
 I tender my commission,—by whose virtue—  
 'The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord  
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

100

*King Henry.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
 Forthwith for what you come.—Where 's Gardiner?

*Wolsey.* I know your majesty has always lov'd her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,—  
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

110

*King Henry.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour  
 To him that does best: God forbid else! Cardinal,  
 Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;  
 I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit Wolsey.*]

*Enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wolsey.* Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you :

You are the king's now.

*Gardiner.* [*Aside to Wolsey*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*King Henry.* Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They walk and whisper.*]

*Campeius.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace 120  
In this man's place before him ?

*Wolsey.* Yes, he was.

*Campeius.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wolsey.* Yes, surely.

*Campeius.* Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wolsey.* How of me ?

*Campeius.* They will not stick to say you envied him,  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him  
That he ran mad and died.

*Wolsey.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
'That 's Christian care enough ; for living murmurers  
'There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 130  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment ;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King Henry.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit Gardiner*]

'The most convenient place that I can think of,  
'For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars ;  
'There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—  
'My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord !  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, conscience,—  
O, 't is a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither ;—here 's the pang that pinches :  
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing ;—O, now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'T is sweet at first to acquire, after this process,  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

10

*Old Lady.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp ; though 't be temporal,  
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old Lady.* Alas, poor lady !  
She 's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old Lady.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old Lady.* Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,  
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
 You that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
 Have, too, a woman's heart, which ever yet  
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty :  
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts— 30  
 Saving your mincing—the capacity  
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
 If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—

*Old Lady.* Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a  
 queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old Lady.* 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
 Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
 What think you of a duchess ? Have you limbs  
 To bear that load of title ?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old Lady.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little :  
 I would not be a young count in your way, 41  
 For more than blushing comes to.

*Anne.* How you do talk !  
 I swear again, I would not be a queen  
 For all the world.

*Old Lady.* In faith, for little England  
 You'd venture an emballing ; I myself  
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd  
 No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here ?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Chamberlain.* Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth  
 to know  
 The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good lord,

Not your demand ; it values not your asking. 50  
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Chamberlain.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
 The action of good women : there is hope  
 All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen !

*Chamberlain.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
 Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's  
 Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
 Commends his good opinion to you, and  
 Does purpose honour to you no less flowing 60  
 Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title  
 A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
 Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
 What kind of my obedience I should tender.  
 More than my all is nothing ; nor my prayers  
 Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
 More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers and wishes  
 Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
 As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness, 70  
 Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Chamberlain.* Lady,  
 I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
 The king hath of you.—[*Aside*] I have perus'd her well :  
 Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
 That they have caught the king ; and who knows yet,  
 But from this lady may proceed a gem  
 To lighten all this isle ?—[*To her*] I'll to the king.  
 And say I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Old Lady.* Why, this it is ; see, see !  
 I have been begging sixteen years in court—  
 Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could  
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
 For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !  
 A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie upon  
 'This compell'd fortune !—have your mouth fill'd up  
 Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old Lady.* How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.  
 There was a lady once—'t is an old story—  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
 For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old Lady.* With your theme I could  
 O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !  
 A thousand pounds a year !—for pure respect ;  
 No other obligation ! By my life,  
 That promises moe thousands ; honour's train  
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
 I know your back will bear a duchess.—Say,  
 Are you not stronger than you were ?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
 And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,  
 If this salute my blood a jot ! it faints me  
 To think what follows.—  
 'The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
 In our long absence. Pray do not deliver  
 What here you 've heard to her.

*Old Lady.*

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt*





SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King with his train, followed by the Queen with hers. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wolsey.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King Henry.* What 's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Wolsey.* Be 't so.—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry, King of England, come into the court.

*King Henry.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes*

*about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

*Queen Katherine.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
 And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
 Born out of your dominions, having here  
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
 In what have I offended you? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off, 20  
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable :  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, 30  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you. If in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name, 40  
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for

A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment ; Ferdinand,  
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before : it is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them 50  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
 I will implore ; if not, i' the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Wolsey.* You have here, lady,—  
 And of your choice,—these reverend fathers ; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless 60  
 That longer you desire the court, as well  
 For your own quiet as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

*Campeius.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly ; therefore, madam,  
 It 's fit this royal session do proceed,  
 And that without delay their arguments  
 Be now produc'd and heard.

*Queen Katherine.* Lord cardinal,  
 To you I speak.

*Wolsey.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Queen Katherine.* Sir,  
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen—or long have dream'd so,—certain 70  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wolsey.* Be patient yet.

*Queen Katherine.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge ; for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
 Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

80

*Wolsey.* I do profess  
 You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong ;  
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
 For you or any : how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
 That I have blown this coal ; I do deny it.  
 The king is present ; if it be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore, in him  
 It lies to cure me ; and the cure is to  
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more.

90

100

*Queen Katherine.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility, but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours, 110  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,  
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual ; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Campeius.* The queen is obstinate, 120  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by 't ; 't is not well.  
 She 's going away.

*King Henry.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*Griffith.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen Katherine.* What need you note it ? pray you, keep  
 your way ;

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help !

They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on ;

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more

131

Upon this business my appearance make

In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

*King Henry.* Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,

For speaking false in that. Thou art alone—

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—  
 The queen of earthly queens.—She 's noble born,  
 And like her true nobility she has  
 Carried herself towards me.

140

*Wolsey.* Most gracious sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your highness  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
 At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I  
 Did broach this business to your highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way which might  
 Induce you to the question on 't, or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person.

150

*King Henry.* My lord cardinal,  
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do ; by some of these  
 The queen is put in anger. You 're excus'd ;  
 But will you be more justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it.—On my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,  
 I will be bold with time and your attention :—  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to 't.  
 My conscience first received a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered

160

170

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador.  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he —  
 I mean the bishop—did require a respite,  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook 180  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me 190  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy whereupon we are  
 Now present here together ; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land  
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek 200  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lincoln.* Very well, my liege.

*King Henry.* I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfied me.

*Lincoln.* So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,—  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
 And did entreat your highness to this course  
 Which you are running here.

*King Henry.* I then mov'd you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
 To make this present summons.—Unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court,  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons drives this forward.  
 Prove but our marriage lawful,—by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Katherine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Campeius.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court till further day:  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*King Henry.* [*Aside*] I may perceivé  
 These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!  
 Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along.—Break up the court;  
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]





PALACE AT BRIDEWELL.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

*The Queen and her Women at work.*

*Queen Katherine.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad  
with troubles;

Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

## Song.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing :  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting Spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.*

10

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Queen Katherine.* How now !

*Gentleman.* An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

*Queen Katherine.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gentleman.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Queen Katherine.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.  
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous ;  
But all hoods make not monks.

20

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wolsey.* Peace to your highness.

*Queen Katherine.* Your graces find me here part of a house-  
wife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wolsey.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Queen Katherine.* Speak it here.  
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience. 30  
Deserves a corner ; would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not—so much I am happy  
Above a number—if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly ; truth loves open dealing.

*Wolsey.* Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,— 41

*Queen Katherine.* O, good my lord, no Latin !  
I am not such a truant since my coming  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;  
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,  
'The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wolsey.* Noble lady, 50  
I am sorry my integrity should breed—  
And service to his majesty and you—  
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—  
You have too much, good lady ; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you, and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Campeius.* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him—which was too far,—  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Queen Katherine.* [*Aside*] To betray me.—  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;  
Ye speak like honest men—pray God ye prove so !—  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight so near mine honour—  
More near my life, I fear—with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men or such business.  
For her sake that I have been—for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !

*Wolsey.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears :  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen Katherine.* In England,  
But little for my profit ; can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—  
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Campeius.* I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen Katherine.* How, sir?

*Campeius.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;  
He 's loving and most gracious : 't will be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause ;  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You 'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wolsey.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen Katherine.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my  
ruin !

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !  
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

100

*Campeius.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen Katherine.* The more shame for ye ! holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
'The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity ; but say I warn'd ye :  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

110

*Wolsey.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen Katherine.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon y  
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me—  
If ye have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
Alas, he 's banish'd me his bed already ;  
His love too long ago ! I am old, my lords,

120

And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Campeius.*

Your fears are worse.

*Queen Katherine.* Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak  
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?  
A woman—I dare say without vain-glory—  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him? 130  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'T is not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wolsey.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen Katherine.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to; nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wolsey.*

Pray hear me.

*Queen Katherine.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts!  
What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women*

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom where no pity,  
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, 150  
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

*Wolsey.* If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it;  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts, of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us  
Those we profess—peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Campeius.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears; a noble spirit  
As yours was put into you ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen Katherine.* Do what ye will, my lords. and pray for-  
give me,  
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;  
You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray do my service to his majesty;  
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;  
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the  
EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Norfolk.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them; if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Surrey.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suffolk.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? When did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

10

*Chamberlain.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
What we can do to him—though now the time  
Gives way to us—I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in 's tongue.

*Norfolk.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

20

*Surrey.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Norfolk.* Believe it, this is true.



In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I could wish mine enemy.

*Surrey.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suffolk.* Most strangely.

*Surrey.* O, how ? how ?

*Suffolk.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried, 30  
And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, ' I do,' quoth he, ' perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Surrey.* Has the king this ?

*Suffolk.* Believe it.

*Surrey.* Will this work ?

*Chamberlain.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40  
After his patient's death ; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Surrey.* Would he had !

*Suffolk.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Surrey.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !

*Suffolk.* My amen to 't !

*Norfolk.* All men's !

*Suffolk.* There 's order given for her coronation.—  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature ; I persuade me, from her 50

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Surrey.* But will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The Lord forbid!

*Norfolk.* Marry, amen!

*Suffolk.* No, no ;  
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The king cried 'ha!' at this.

60

*Chamberlain.* Now God incense him,  
And let him cry 'ha!' louder.

*Norfolk.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suffolk.* He is return'd in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
'Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katherine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

70

*Norfolk.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suffolk.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Norfolk.* So I hear.

*Suffolk.* 'T is so.—  
The cardinal!

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Norfolk.* Observe, observe ; he 's moody.

*Wolsey.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave 't you the king?

*Cromwell.* To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

*Wolsey.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

*Cromwell.* Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed

80

Was in his countenance ; you he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wolsey.* Is he ready

To come abroad?

*Cromwell.* I think by this he is.

*Wolsey.* Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen? No ; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him :

There 's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90

*Norfolk.* He 's discontented.

*Suffolk.* May be he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

*Surrey.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

*Wolsey.* The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;

Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving, yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

100

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Norfolk.* He is vex'd at something.

*Suffolk.* I would 't were something that would fret the  
string,  
The master-cord on 's heart !

*Enter the King, reading a schedule ; and LOVELL.*

*Suffolk.* The king, the king.

*King Henry.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,—  
Saw you the cardinal ?

110

*Norfolk.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*King Henry.* It may well be ;  
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found  
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

120

*Norfolk.* It 's heaven's will :

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King Henry.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings ; but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering. 130

[*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

*Wolsey.* Heaven forgive me !  
Ever God bless your highness !

*King Henry.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span, 14  
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wolsey.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*King Henry.* You have said well.

*Wolsey.* And ever may your highness yoke together, 150  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*King Henry.* 'T is well said again ;  
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;  
He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you : since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.

*Wolsey.* [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160

*Surrey.* [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

*King Henry.* Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
 If what I now pronounce you have found true ;  
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
 If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

*Wolsey.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
 My studied purposes requite ; which went  
 Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
 Have ever come too short of my desires, 170  
 Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
 My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing  
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King Henry.* Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated. The honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you than any, so your hand and heart,  
 Your brain and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 't were in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wolsey.* I do profess  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own ; that am true, and will be,  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul. Though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

199

*King Henry.* 'T is nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this ;

200

*[ Gives him papers.*

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ; the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

*Wolsey.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes ; so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so ;  
This paper has undone me !—'T is the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
No new device to beat this from his brains ?

210

I know 't will stir him strongly ; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What 's this?—'To the pope'? 220  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
 And from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting ; I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Norfolk.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ; who commands you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself 230  
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,  
 Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wolsey.* Stay ;  
 Where 's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry  
 Authority so weighty.

*Suffolk.* Who dare cross 'em,  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

*Wolsey.* Till I find more than will, or words, to do it—  
 I mean your malice—know, officious lords,  
 I dare and must deny it. Now, I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy.  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240  
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;  
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
 You ask with such a violence, the king—



Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me,  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life, and to confirm his goodness,  
 Tied it by letters patents. Now, who 'll take it? 25

*Surrey.* The king that gave it.

*Wolsey.* It must be himself, then

*Surrey.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wolsey.* Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Surrey.* Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law ;

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !

You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wolsey.* This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts ; how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you 270

You have as little honesty as honour,

That in the way of loyalty and truth

Towards the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

*Surrey.*

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

280

*Wolsey.*

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

*Surrey.*

Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope against the king; your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues—  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life.—I'll startle you.

290

*Wolsey.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
 But that I am bound in charity against it.

*Norfolk.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;  
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wolsey.*

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise  
 When the king knows my truth.

*Surrey.*

This cannot save you. 300

I thank my memory, I yet remember  
 Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
 Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal,  
 You'll show a little honesty.

*Wolsey.*

Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Surrey.* I had rather want those than my head. Have at you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

319

*Norfolk.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, ' Ego et Rex meus '  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suffolk.* Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Surrey.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

320

*Suffolk.* That out of mere ambition you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Surrey.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—  
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Chamberlain.* O, my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ! 't is virtue.  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

330

*Surrey.* I forgive him.

*Suffolk.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
Because all those things you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,

H

Fall into the compass of a præmunire,—  
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
 Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

*Norfolk.* And so we 'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
 So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

*Wolsey.* So, farewell to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,  
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride,  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !  
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.--

340

350

360

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell! 370

*Cromwell.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wolsey.* What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Cromwell.* How does your grace?

*Wolsey.* Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. 'The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken 380  
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.  
O, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!'

*Cromwell.* I am glad your grace has made that right use  
of it.

*Wolsey.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks—  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—  
To endure more miseries, and greater far  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Cromwell.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wolsey.* God bless him! 390

*Cromwell.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wolsey.* That 's somewhat sudden;  
But he 's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
 What more ?

*Cromwell.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wolsey.* That 's news indeed !

*Cromwell.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, 401  
 'This day was view'd in open as his queen,  
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wolsey.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O  
 Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ; 410  
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
 What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee.  
 Some little memory of me will stir him—  
 I know his noble nature—not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Cromwell.* O my lord !  
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego 420  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord !  
 The king shall have my service, but my prayers  
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wolsey.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let 's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell.  
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be, 44<sup>r</sup>  
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ? 44<sup>v</sup>  
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues ; be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
 And,—prithee, lead me in :  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe, 45<sup>o</sup>  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Cromwell.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wolsey.* So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt*



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gentleman.* You're well met, once again.



2 *Gentleman.* So are you.

1 *Gentleman.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation.

2 *Gentleman.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is very true ; but that time offer'd sorrow ;  
This, general joy.

2 *Gentleman.* 'T is well ; the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward 10  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gentleman.* Never greater,  
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gentleman.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes ; 't is the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest. 20

2 *Gentleman.* I thank you, sir : had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katherine,  
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 *Gentleman.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill where the princess lay, to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not ; 30  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
 And the late marriage made of none effect :  
 Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.

2 Gentleman.

Alas, good lady !—

[ *Trumpets*

The trumpets sound ; stand close, the queen is coming. 37

[ *Hautboys*

*The Order of the Procession.*

*A lively flourish of trumpets : then Enter*

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.*
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then, Garter, in his coat of arms ; and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *MARQUESS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold : on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove ; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *DUKE OF SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship ; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe : her hair richly adorned with pearl : crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 Gentleman. A royal train, believe me.—These I know :  
 Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gentleman.* Marquess Dorset ;  
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod. 40

2 *Gentleman.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be  
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is the same,—high-steward.

2 *Gentleman.* And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes.

2 *Gentleman.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.

1 *Gentleman.* They that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gentleman.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are  
near her.

I take it she that carries up the train 50  
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gentleman.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gentleman.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, in-  
deed.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

1 *Gentleman.* God save you, sir ! Where have you been  
broiling ?

3 *Gentleman.* Among the crowd i' the abbey, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more ; I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gentleman.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gentleman.* That I did.

1 *Gentleman.* How was it ?

3 *Gentleman.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gentleman.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gentleman.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
 A distance from her, while her grace sat down  
 To rest a while—some half an hour or so—  
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
 The beauty of her person to the people.  
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
 That ever lay by man ; which when the people  
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
 As loud and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—  
 Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces  
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
 I never saw before. No man living  
 Could say ‘ This is my wife ’ there, all were woven  
 So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gentleman.* But what follow'd ?

3 *Gentleman.* At length her grace rose, and with modest  
 paces

80

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly ;  
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
 She had all the royal makings of a queen,  
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir,  
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
 Together sung *Tu Deum*. So she parted,  
 And with the same full state pac'd back again  
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

90

1 *Gentleman.*

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place ; that 's past,  
 For since the cardinal fell that title 's lost :  
 'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gentleman.* I know it ;  
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gentleman.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gentleman.* Stokesly and Gardiner : the one of Win-  
chester,  
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ; 100  
The other, London.

2 *Gentleman.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gentleman.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gentleman.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gentleman.* Thomas Cromwell ;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king has made him  
Master o' the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council. 110

2 *Gentleman.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gentleman.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter* KATHERINE, *sick ; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

*Griffith.* How does your grace ?

*Katherine.* O, Griffith, sick to death ;  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair :—  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Griffith.* Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

*Katherine.* Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died ;  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10  
For my example.

*Griffith.* Well, the voice goes, madam ;  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Katherine.* Alas, poor man!

*Griffith.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot  
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
To whom he gave these words : 'O father abbot, 20  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !'  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

*Katherine.* So may he rest ! his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion  
 Tith'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;  
 His own opinion was his law : i' the presence  
 He would say untruths, and be ever double,  
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty,  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

*Griffith.*

Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
 We write in water. May it please your highness  
 To hear me speak his good now ?

*Katherine.*

Yes, good Griffith ;

I were malicious else.

*Griffith.*

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;  
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,  
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting—  
 Which was a sin—yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely ; ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself.  
 And found the blessedness of being little ;

And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Katherine.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating 79  
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

*Griffith.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her.—Softly, gentle Patience.

#### *The Vision.*

*Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend curtsies; then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Katherine.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?



*Griffith.* Madam, we are here.

*Katherine.* . . . . . It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Griffith.* . . . . . None, madam.

*Katherine.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear ; I shall, assuredly.

*Griffith.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Katherine.* . . . . . Bid the music leave ;

They are harsh and heavy to me. [ *Music ceases.*

*Patience.* . . . . . Do you note

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes !

*Griffith.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Patience.* . . . . . Heaven comfort her !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* An 't like your grace,—

*Katherine.* . . . . . You are a saucy fellow ;

Deserve we no more reverence?

*Griffith.* . . . . . You are to blame, 101

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour ; go to, kneel.

*Messenger.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon .

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman sent from the king to see you.

*Katherine.* Admit him entrance, Griffith ; but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again. [ *Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

*Enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

*Capucius.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Katherine.* O, my lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me! But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Capucius.* Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Katherine.* O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'T is like a pardon after execution. 121

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me,  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*Capucius.* Madam, in good health.

*Katherine.* So may he ever do, and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter  
I caus'd you write yet sent away?

*Patience.* No, madam.

| *Giving it to Katherine.*

*Katherine.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king,—

*Capucius.* Most willing, madam. 130

*Katherine.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
 I hope, she will deserve well—and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him.  
 Heaven knows how dearly ! My next poor petition  
 Is that his noble grace would have some pity  
 Upon my wretched women, that so long 14  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully ;  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow—  
 And now I should not lie—but will deserve,  
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
 The last is for my men,—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me,—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 15  
 And something over to remember me by ;  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Capucius.* By heaven, I will.  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Katherine.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 16  
 In all humility unto his highness ;  
 Say his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world ; tell him in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over

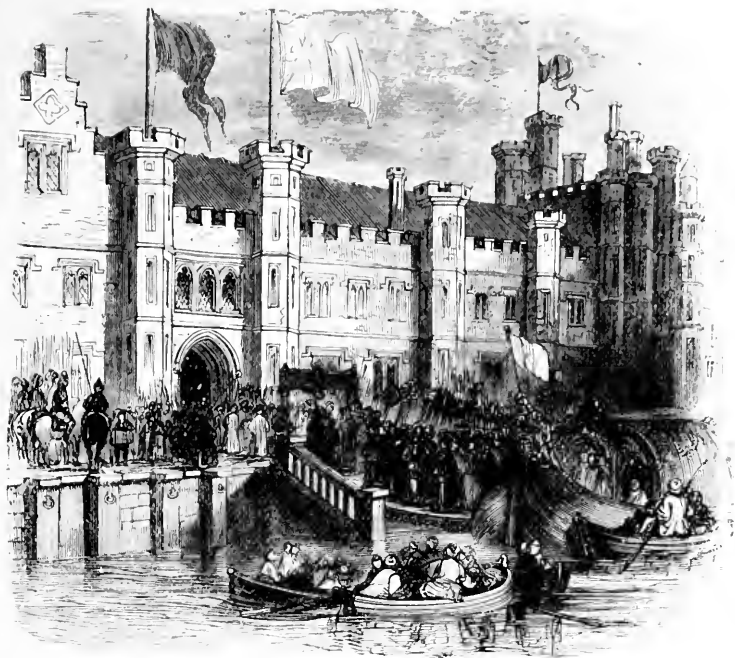
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,  
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.—

170

[*Exeunt, leading Katherine.*]



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.



PALACE AT GREENWICH. RETURNING FROM THE CHRISTENING.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.*

*Gardiner.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.*

It hath struck

*Gardiner.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—

*Enter* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas,  
Whither so late?

*Lovell.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gardiner.* I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lovell.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gardiner.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the mat-  
ter? 10

It seems you are in haste; an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk—  
As they say spirits do—at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lovell.* My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear,  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour.  
They say, in great extremity, and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gardiner.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lovell.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gardiner.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, 30

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lovell.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. 'The archbishop  
Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gardiner.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare, and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him ; and, indeed, this day—  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—  
For so I know he is, they know he is—  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
'That does infect the land ; with which they mov'd  
Have broken with the king, who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint—of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him—hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long ; good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lovell.* Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King and the DUKE OF  
SUFFOLK.*

*King Henry.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suffolk.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King Henry.* But little, Charles ;

Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.—  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

60

*Lovell.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me ; but by her woman  
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King Henry.* What say'st thou, ha?  
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lovell.* So said her woman, and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King Henry.* Alas, good lady!

*Suffolk.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

70

*King Henry.* 'T is midnight, Charles;  
Prithee, to bed, and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suffolk.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King Henry.* Charles, good night.—

[*Exit Suffolk.*]

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King Henry.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Denny.* Ay, my good lord.

*King Henry.* 'T is true; where is he, Denny?

*Denny.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*King Henry.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit Denny.*]

80



*Lovell.* [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake :  
I am happily come hither.

*Enter DENNY with CRANMER.*

*King Henry.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

*Cranmer.* I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'T is his aspect of terror ; all 's not well.

*King Henry.* How now, my lord ! You do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cranmer.* [*Kneeling*] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

90

*King Henry.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you, which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where I know  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

100

*Cranmer.* [*Kneeling again*] I humbly thank your highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,

110

There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I myself, poor man.

*King Henry.* Stand up, good Canterbury ;  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up ;  
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my halidom,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,  
Without indurance, further.

120

*Cranmer.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King Henry.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ! such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to ;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

130

*Cranmer.* God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

140

*King Henry.* Be of good cheer,  
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you; if entreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this ring  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps;  
 He's honest, on mine honour.—God's blest mother!  
 I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you.—*[Exit Cranmer.]* He has stran-  
 gled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter an Old Lady.*

*Gentleman. [Within]* Come back; what mean you?  
*Lady.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings!

*King Henry.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
 Say ay, and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege,  
 And of a lovely boy; the God of heaven  
 Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
 Desires your visitation, and to be  
 Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*King Henry.* Lovell,—

*Enter LOVELL.*

*Lovell.*

Sir.

169

*King Henry.* Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*

*Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light I 'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment;  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Lobby before the Council-chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, etc., attending.*

*Cranmer.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman.  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

*Door-keeper.*

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cranmer.* Why?

*Door-keeper.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

*Cranmer.*

So.

*Butts.* [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad  
I came this way so happily; the king  
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit Butts*

*Cranmer.* [*Aside*] 'T is Butts,  
The king's physician. As he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—

To quench mine honour ; they would shame to make me  
 Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor  
 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
 Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and BUTTS, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight —

*King Henry.* What 's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a day. 21

*King Henry.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord ;

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury,  
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,  
 Pages, and footboys.

*King Henry.* Ha ! 'T is he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'T is well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em—

At least, good manners—as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

30

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

And at the door, too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;

We shall hear more anon.—

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Council-chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand : a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chancellor.* Speak to the business, master secretary ;  
 Why are we met in council?

*Cromwell.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gardiner.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Cromwell.* Yes.

*Norfolk.* Who waits there?

*Door-keeper.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gardiner.* Yes.

*Door-keeper.* My lord archbishop,  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chancellor.* Let him come in.

*Door-keeper.* Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*]

*Chancellor.* My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains—  
For so we are inform'd—with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gardiner.* Which reformation must be sudden, too, 20  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them  
Till they obey the manage If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic; and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cranmer.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching  
 And the strong course of my authority  
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
 Was ever to do well : nor is there living —  
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords—  
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience and his place,  
 Defacers of a public peace than I do. 40  
 Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That in this case of justice my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*Suffolk.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,  
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. 50

*Gardiner.* My lord, because we have business of more  
 moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
 And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,—  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cranmer.* Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,  
 You are always my good friend : if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60  
 You are so merciful. I see your end ;  
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
 Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gardiner.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;  
That 's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

7e

*Cromwell.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 't is a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gardiner.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Cromwell.* Why, my lord ?

*Gardiner.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

8c

*Cromwell.* Not sound ?

*Gardiner.* Not sound, I say.

*Cromwell.* Would you were half so honest !  
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

*Gardiner.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Cromwell.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chancellor.* This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gardiner.* I have done.

*Cromwell.* And I.

*Chancellor.* Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,  
'There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

9a



*All.* We are.

*Cranmer.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gardiner.* What other  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cranmer.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gardiner.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cranmer.* Stay, good my lords;  
I have a little yet to say. – Look there, my lords.  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

110

*Chamberlain.* This is the king's ring.

*Surrey.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suffolk.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Norfolk.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chancellor.* 'Tis now too certain,  
How much more is his life in value with him.  
Would I were fairly out on 't!

*Cromwell.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

111

*Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

*Gardiner.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,  
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;  
One that in all obedience makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour, and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

120

*King Henry.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester, but know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,

130

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee ;  
By all that 's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Surrey.* May it please your grace,—

*King Henry.* No, sir, it does not please me

I had thought I had had men of some understanding  
And wisdom of my council, but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man—few of you deserve that title,—  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?  
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye

140

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
 Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Chancellor.* Thus tar,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
 Concerning his imprisonment was rather—  
 If there be faith in men—meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—  
 I 'm sure, in me.

*King Henry.* Well, well, my lords, respect him :  
 Take him, and use him well ; he 's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him : if a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords !—My Lord of Canterbury,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me,  
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism ;  
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cranmer.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
 In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King Henry.* Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your  
 spoons. You shall have  
 Two noble partners with you,—the old Duchess of Norfolk,  
 And Lady Marquess Dorset ; will these please you ?—  
 Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
 Embrace and love this man.

*Gardiner.* With a true heart  
 And brother-love, I do it.

*Cranmer.* And let heaven  
 Witness how dear I hold this confirmation

*King Henry.* Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'  
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

179

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Porter.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals! do you take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping!

[*One within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Porter.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads! you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,  
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,  
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be.  
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

*Porter.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—  
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Porter.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any

20

That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
And that I would not for a cow,—God save her !

[ *One within.* ] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Porter.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.  
Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Porter.* What should you do but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? 30

*Man.* There is a fellow somewhat near the door ; he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose : all that stand about him are under the line ; they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, 'Clubs !' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broomstaff to me : I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 48

*Porter.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Chamberlain.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !  
 They grow still, too ; from all parts they are coming,  
 As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,  
 These lazy knaves ?—Ye 've made a fine hand, fellows ;  
 There 's a trim rabble let in. Are all these  
 Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have 60  
 Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
 When they pass back from the christening.

*Porter.* An 't please your honour,  
 We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
 Not being torn a-pieces, we have done :  
 An army cannot rule 'em.

*Chamberlain.* As I live,  
 If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all  
 By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
 Clap round fines for neglect. Ye 're lazy knaves,  
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards when  
 Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ; 70  
 They 're come already from the christening.  
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
 To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find  
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Porter.* Make way there for the princess !

*Man.* You great fellow,  
 Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

*Porter.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail ;  
 I 'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Palace at Greenwich.*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,  
 Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's  
 staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great stand-*

*ing bowels for the christening gifts ; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a lady ; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Garter.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England. Elizabeth !

*Flourish. Enter King and Train.*

*Cranmer.* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
[*Kneeling.*

My noble partners and myself thus pray :  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*King Henry.* Thank you, good lord archbishop ;  
What is her name ?

*Cranmer.* Elizabeth.

*King Henry.*

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing ; God protect thee !  
Into whose hand I give thy life. 10

*Cranmer.*

Amen.

*King Henry.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.  
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cranmer.*

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be— 20

But few now living can behold that goodness—  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed ; Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her ; truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her ;  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd ; her own shall bless her ; 30  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow ; good grows with her.  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—  
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—  
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations ; he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.



*King Henry.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cranmer.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die ;  
She must, the saints must have her : yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

50

*King Henry.* O, lord archbishop !  
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
Has business at his house, for all shall stay ;  
This little one shall make it holiday.

70

[*Exeunt*

MEDAL OF JAMES I.

## EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
 All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
 We've frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is clear,  
 They'll say 't is naught : others, to hear the city  
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty,'  
 Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we're like to hear  
 For this play, at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women,  
 For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile  
 And say 't will do, I know within a while  
 All the best men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,  
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

10



GOLD MEDAL OF HENRY VIII.

## NOTES.

## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

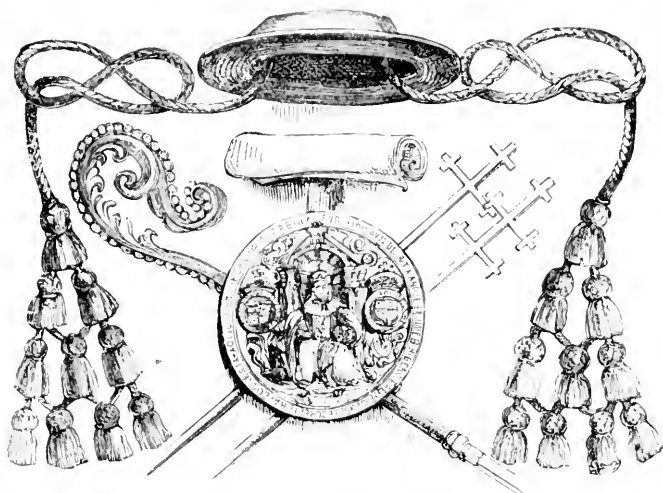
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar* (third edition).  
 Adee, MS. notes sent to the editor by Mr. Alvey A. Adee, Washington, D. C.  
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.  
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).  
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.  
 B. J., Ben Jonson.  
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.  
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.  
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-  
 Clarke (London, n. d.).  
 Coll., Collier (second edition).  
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.  
 D., Dyce (second edition).  
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).  
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).  
 Id. (*idem*), the same.  
 J. H., Rev. John Hunter's edition of *Henry VIII.* (London, 1865).  
 K., Knight (second edition).  
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Hainwell and Wright (London, 1859).  
 Prol., Prologue.  
 Rich., Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838).  
 S., Shakespeare.  
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).  
 Sr., Singer.  
 St., Staunton.  
 Theo., Theobald.  
 V., Verplanck.  
 W., R. Grant White.  
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*  
 London, 1860).  
 Warb., Warburton.  
 Wh., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).  
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed

# NOTES.



GREAT SEAL, CARDINAL'S HAT, ETC.

## THE PROLOGUE.

DR. JOHNSON expressed the opinion that the Prologue and the Epilogue of this play were not written by Shakespeare, and the majority of the recent editors agree with him. D. says that, "whoever wrote them, they are manifestly not by Shakespeare." W. remarks that there can hardly be a doubt on this point "in the mind of any reader who has truly appreciated the poet's style or his cast of thought." K., on the other hand, considers that "the prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of the drama," and that it is unquestionably Shakespeare's. See the quotation from K., p. 38 above. See also *Temp.* p. 145. Some of the critics have suggested that the Prologue may be Ben Jonson's.

3. *Sad, high, and working.* "Of a lofty character, and of stirring interest." St. reads "Sad and high-working."

9. *May here find truth.* On the repetition of the words *true* and *truth* in the prologue, and their possible connection with the original title of the play, see p. 10 above.

16. *In a long motley coat.* Alluding to the *fools* of the old plays and their professional costume. See *M. of V.* p. 142 (note on *Putch*), and *Temp.* p. 131 (note on *Pied ninny*).

*Guarded.* Trimmed. See *M. of V.* p. 140.

20. *Opinion.* Reputation. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 48: "Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion." Or, as H. suggests, it may refer to the title *All is True*, "which would naturally beget an *opinion* or *expectation* of truth in what was to be shown; which opinion or expectation would be forfeited or destroyed by the course in question." The parenthetical addition, "We now intend only to make good that opinion or expectation," would then follow naturally enough.

24. *Happiest hearers.* As Stevens remarks, "*happy* appears to be used with one of its Roman meanings; that is, *propitious* or *favourable*" (cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* v.: "Sis bonus o felixque tuis"); "a sense of the word," he adds, "which must have been unknown to Shakespeare, but was familiar to Jonson." The poet's "small Latin," however, might easily have included this common meaning of a very common word. Cf. v. 4. 65 below.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folio the play is divided into acts and scenes, and the stage-directions are remarkably full, but there is no list of *dramatis personæ*.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk*, etc. This Duke of Norfolk is Thomas Howard, son of the "Jockey of Norfolk" of *Richard III.* (v. 3. 304), who was slain at Bosworth Field, and whose blood was attainted. His honours were, however, restored in his son, who became Lord Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Knight of the Garter. This Duke of Buckingham is also the son and heir of the Duke in *Richard III.*, whose forfeited honours (see below, ii. 1) were restored in his son by Henry VII. He was Lord High Constable and a Knight of the Garter. Lord Abergavenny is George Neville, third baron of that name, and "one of the very few noblemen of his time who was neither beheaded himself, nor the son of a beheaded father, nor the father of a beheaded son." His brother, Sir Thomas, however, was compelled to follow the fashion" (W.).

2. *Since last we saw.* That is, saw each other. Cf. "When shall we see again?" in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 59 and *Cymb.* i. 2. 124. The 3d folio has "Since last we saw y' in France." Gr. 382.

3. *Fresh.* Cf. iv. 1. 97 below.

6. *Suns of glory.* Francis I. and Henry VIII. The 3d folio has "sons of glory;" but the latter part of the line, and *these suns* in 33 below, are in favour of the original reading.

7. *The vale of Andren.* In the 2d folio *Andren* is altered to "Arde," but S. gave the word as he found it in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "The daie of the meeting was appointed to be on the thursdaie the seauenth of Iune, vpon which daie the two kings met in the vale of Andren."

*Guynes and Arde.* Two towns in Picardy, the one belonging to the English, the other to the French. The famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was in the valley between the two.

10. *As they grew together.* As if, etc. Gr. 103.

12. *All the whole time.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 81 : "all my whole device ;"  
1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 126 : "all the whole army," etc.

16. *Each following day,* etc. "*Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of the former shows" (Johnson). On *it's*, see *Temp.* p. 120.

19. *Clinguant.* W. says this is "a descriptive word, derived from the tinkle or gentle clash of metal ornaments," and this agrees with the definition in Rich. ; but Worc. and Wb. both make it mean "glittering, shining," as do Nares, D. (*Glossary*), Schmidt, and the commentators generally. The word is evidently from the French *clinguant*, tinsel, glitter ; but this, according to Wb. (see also Scheler, *Dict. d'Étymol. Franc.*), is from the Dutch *klinken*, to clink. The tinsel, named first from its *jingle*, naturally came to suggest rather its *glitter*. In B. and F. we find mention of "A clinguant petticoat of some rich stuff." S. uses the word only here.

23. *Cherubins.* On this form of the word (the only one found in the folio), see *Temp.* p. 115.

25. *That their very labour.* So that ; as in 38 below. Gr. 283.

26. *As a painting.* That is, it gave them rosy cheeks.

30. *Him in eye, Still him in praise.* See Gr. 381. Johnson quotes Dryden's "Two chiefs So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone."

32. *No discerner,* etc. "No critical observer would venture to pronounce his judgment in favour of either king" (V.). On this use of *censure*, cf. *H. T.* ii. 1. 57 : "In my just censure, in my true opinion ;" *Oth.* ii. 3. 193 : "mouths of wisest censure," etc. The verb also means to pass judgment upon, to estimate ; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 328 : "whose equality By our best eyes cannot be censured," etc. In *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 19, we have "Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen."

38. *Bevis was believed.* That is, the old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis was a Saxon whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton. For his exploit of subduing the giant Ascard, see our ed. of 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 160. Camden, in his *Britannia*, says that "while the monks endeavoured to extol Bevis by legendary tales, they have obscured and drowned his truly noble exploits."

39. *As I belong to worship,* etc. As I am of the more honoured class, and in that honour love and seek honesty, the course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action (Johnson) Some make *tract* = narration, treating (Lat. *tractare*).

42. *All was royal,* etc. In the folio the reading is as follows :

"Buc. All was Rovall,  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd.  
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did  
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,  
I mean who set the Body, and the Limbes  
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:  
One certes, that promises no Element  
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?"

Theo. arranged the passage as in the text, and has been followed by the more recent editors, with the exception of K. and V., who defend the original reading. K. says: "After the eloquent description by Norfolk of the various shows of the pageant, he [Buckingham] makes a *general observation* that 'order' must have presided over these complicated arrangements—'gave each thing view.' He then asks, 'Who did guide?'—who made the body and limbs work together? Norfolk then answers, 'As you guess'—according to your guess, *one* did guide:—'one certes,' etc."

48. *That promises no element*, etc. "Of whom it would not be expected that he would find his proper sphere in such a business" (Schmidt). For *certes* (=certainly), see *Temp.* p. 133.

54. *Fierce vanities*. *Fierce* here appears to mean "extreme, excessive." Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 2. 30: "O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!" Ben Jonson (*Poetaster*, v. 3) speaks of "fierce credulity."

55. *Keech*. A lump of fat. "It had a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favourite" (W.). In 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 252, Prince Henry calls Falstaff a "greasy tallow-keech" ("Tallow Catch" in the folio).

56. *Beneficial sun*. "King Henry. Wolsey stands between the king and his subjects. See the next scene, where the king knows nothing of the grievous taxes Wolsey is imposing" (Adee). *Beneficial* = beneficent; as in *C. of E.* i. 1. 152.

60. *Chalks successors their way*. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 203: "For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way."

63. *Out of his self-drawing web*, *he gives us note*. The folio reads: "Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note," etc. The correction is by Capell (who suggests that the *O* is a misprint for *A* or *'a*, which is often used for *he*) and is adopted by D. and W. K. reads "—O! give us note!—" (that is, Mark what I say!), and is followed by V. On *note* (=notice, information), cf. i. 2. 48 below; and see *Temp.* p. 126.

65. *Heaven gives for him*. That is, for his own use. Warb. (followed by D.) reads, "A gift that heaven gives; which brings for him," etc., and Johnson suggested "heaven gives to him."

75. *The file Of all the gentry*. The list of them. Cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 8: "I have a file Of all the gentry."

77. *To whom as great a charge . . . lay upon*. Some editors read "Too, whom," etc. But double prepositions are not uncommon in S. See Gr. 407. H. suggests that the expression may be elliptical for "To whom *he gave* as great a charge, as he meant to lay upon *them* little honour."

78. *His own letter . . . he papers*. The folio reads,

"his owne Letter  
The Honourable Boord of Councill, out  
Must fetch him in, he Papers."

Pope says: "*He papers*, a verb: his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down. I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning." This explanation is accepted by most of the editors, but some have read "the papers" (that is, "all communications on the subject," which he re-



quires by "his own letter" to be addressed to himself), and St. conjectures "he paupers." We find *papers* as a verb in *Albion's England*, chap. 80: "Set is the soveraigne Sunne did shine when paper'd last our people."

84. *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 70: "Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs." Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed. 1634), says: "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole manor on his backe."

85. *What did this vanity, etc.* "What effect had this pompous show but the production of a wretched conclusion?" (Johnson.) St. says, "but furnish discourse on the poverty of its result."

88. *Not values.* For the transposition, see Gr. 305.

90. *The hideous storm that follow'd.* "Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes" (Holinshed).

91. *Not consulting.* That is, independently of each other.

93. *Aboded.* Foreboded. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 45: "aboding luckless time." In the same play (iv. 7. 13) we have the noun *abodements*. *Budded*, in Norfolk's reply, is probably a play upon *aboded*.

97. *The ambassador is silenc'd.* "Refused an audience" (Johnson). On *Marry, is't*, cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 13; and see *M. of V.* p. 138.

98. *A proper title of a peace.* A fine description of a *peace*, this making an ambassador hold his peace! On the ironical use of *proper*, cf. *Mach.* iii. 4. 60:

"O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear."

100. *Carried.* Managed. Cf. i. 2. 134 below.

*Like it your grace.* May it like, or please, your grace. We have the full expression in v. 3. 148 below: "may it like your grace," etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 16: "this lodging likes me better;" *Lear*, ii. 2. 96: "his countenance likes me not," etc.

115. *Surveyor.* Charles Knevet. Cf. Holinshed, p. 164 below.

116. *Where's his examination?* That is, where is he to be examined?

117. *So please you.* If it please you. Gr. 133.

120. *This butcher's cur.* "Wolsey was not the son of a butcher, but, as we know by his father's will, of a substantial and even wealthy burgess of Ipswich, where, and in Stoke, he was a considerable landholder. A butcher might be all this now, and more, but not then" (W.).

*Venom-mouth'd.* The folios have "venom'd-mouth'd," which may be what S. wrote.

122. *A beggar's book.* A beggar's learning. "Although the duke is afterwards called 'a learned gentleman,' and is known from contemporary authority to have had a taste for letters, yet it is not out of character that he should here use the insolent and narrow tone of his order in those times" (V.). The Coll. MS. has "a beggar's brood," and Lettsom suggests "beggar's brat." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 77: "Because my book (that is, learning) prefer'd me to the king."

124. *Temperance*. Patience, moderation. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 28: "Being once chat'd, he cannot Be rein'd again to temperance."

128. *Bores me*, etc. "Undermines me with some device" (St.).

132. *Anger is like*, etc. Cf. Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*:

"Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,  
"T will quickly tire itself."

137. *From a mouth of honour*, etc. "I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end" (Johnson).

139. *Advis'd*. Considerate, careful. See *M. of V.* p. 130.

140. *Heat not a furnace*, etc. Possibly, as Steevens suggests, an allusion to *Dan.* iii. 22.

144. *Mounts the liquor*. Cf. i. 2. 205 below; and see *Temp.* p. 128.

147. *More stronger*. See *M. of V.* p. 159 (on *More elder*), or Gr. 11.

148. *If with the sap of reason*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 123:

"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience."

151. *Top-proud*. "Topping all others" (*Cor.* ii. 1. 23) in pride.

152. *Whom from the flow of gall*, etc. Whom I call so, not from mere bitterness of feeling, but from honest indignation.

154. *Founts in July*. The folio has "Founts in *July*."

159. *Equal*. For the adverbial use, see Gr. 1.

164. *Suggests*. Incites or tempts. See *Temp.* p. 127, on *Suggestion*.

167. *I' the rinsing*. The folio has "ith' wrenching," which is probably a corruption of *rinsing*, as Pope conjectured.

172. *Count-cardinal*. Wolsey is called "king-cardinal" in ii. 2. 20. Pope reads here "court-cardinal," and has been followed by some editors.

176. *Charles the emperor*. Charles V., emperor of Germany.

178. *His colour*. His pretext. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 32: "seek no colour for your going."

179. *Visitation*. Visit. See *Temp.* p. 130.

183. *He privily*. The *he* was added in the 2d folio.

186. *Paid ere he promis'd*, etc. "Gave a bribe before Wolsey gave a promise; and by Wolsey's acceptance of the bribe the suit was virtually granted before it was presented" (J. H.).

190. *Foresaid*. S. uses *foresaid* six times, *aforesaid* three times.

195. *Something mistaken*. Somewhat mistaken or misapprehended by you. On *something*, see *M. of V.* p. 130, or Gr. 68.

197. *He shall appear in proof*. That is, *in which* he shall appear in the proving, or when brought to the test. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 394. Cf. v. 1. 84 below.

204. *Device and practice*. Intrigue and artifice. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 292: "Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave." See also iii. 2. 29 and v. 1. 128 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 255.

*I am sorry To see you ta'en*, etc. Johnson explains this, "I am sorry to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty;" St. (perhaps rightly), "I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this scene;" J. H., "called away from liberty to attend to such a busi-

ness as this." Coll. puts a colon after *liberty*, and a comma after *present*.

208. *That dye*. The literal meaning of *attainder* is a *staining*.

211. *Aberga'ny*. The usual pronunciation of the name.

217. *Attach*. Arrest. Cf. *Oth.* p. 161. *Lord Montacute* was Henry Pole, grandson to George, Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He was restored to favour at this time, but was afterwards arrested for another treason and executed.

218. *Confessor*. Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. *Surveyor* he accents on the first only in 222.

219. *His chancellor*. The folio has "his Councellour," but in ii. l. 20, "Sir Gilbert Pecke, his Chancellour," which agrees with Hall and Holinshed.

221. *Nicholas Hopkins*. The folio has "*Michael Hopkins*:" probably, as W. suggests, from the printer's mistaking the abbreviation "*Nich.*" for "*Mich.*" K. retains the reading of the folio, thinking that "the poet might intend Buckingham to give the Nicholas Hopkins of the *Chronicles* a wrong Christian name in his precipitation." The Carthusians, or "monks of the Chartreuse," appeared in England about 1180, and in 1371 a monastery of the order was founded on the site of the present Charter-house (the name is a corruption of *Chartreuse*), in London.

225. *Whose figure even this instant cloud*, etc. *Whose* refers to *Buckingham*, not to *shadow*. "The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present, the passing] cloud



DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, 'this instant cloud puts out,' and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed" (W.). Sr., V., and H. adopt Johnson's emendation.

SCENE II.—2. *I the level*. In the direct aim. See *M. of V.* p. 131, note on *Level at*; and cf. *Sonn.* 117. 11: "Bring me within the level of your frown, But shoot not at me."

3. *Confederacy*. Conspiracy.

6. *Justify*. Verify, prove. See *Temp.* p. 141, on *Justify you traitors*.

9. *The king riseth from his state*. That is, from his throne. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 416: "This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre," etc.

19. *Of true condition*. Of loyal character.

24. *Putter-on*. Instigator. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 141: "You are abus'd, and by some putter-on." *Put on* is often used with a like sense; as in *Ham.* iv. 7. 132: "We'll put on those shall praise your excellence."

27. *Such which*. See Gr. 278. For *sides* the Coll. MS. has "ties."

32. *Longing*. Belonging. It is doubtful, however, whether the word is a contraction of "belonging," though Abbott (Gr. 460), W., and others print it "longing." See Rich., under *long* and *belong*; and cf. *M. of V.* p. 153 (note on *Bated*), and *Temp.* p. 118 (note on *Hests*). Examples of *long* with this sense are common in Old English; as in Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 1420: "That to the sacrifice longen schal." For examples in S., see *T. of S.* iv. 2. 45, iv. 4. 7, *A. W.* iv. 2. 42, *Cor.* v. 3. 170, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 80, etc.

33. *Spinsters*. Spinners. See on this word Trench, *English, Past and Present*, Amer. ed. p. 121; also his *Select Glossary*, s.v.

37. *Danger serves among them*. Danger is often personified by our old poets; as by Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser (Steevens).

40. *Please you*. If it please you. See *M. of V.* pp. 134, 136.

42. *I front but in that file*, etc. Johnson says, "I am but first in the row of counsellors;" but Wolsey disclaims any priority. "I *face* in that file," he says, or "I am but *one* in the row." On *tell* (=count) see *Temp.* p. 123.

44. *But you frame*, etc. But you originate these measures which are adopted by the council.

52. *Too hard an exclamation*. Too harsh an outcry against you. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 87: "this tempest of exclamation."

55. *Bolden'd*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 91: "Art thou thus bolden'd man, by thy distress?" S. also used *embolden*; as in *M. W.* ii. 2. 173, *T. of A.* iii. 5. 3, etc. Some print "bolden'd;" but see on 32 above.

64. *This tractable obedience*, etc. Their resentment gets the better of their obedience. *This* is the folio reading, but Rowe (followed by D.) altered it to "That," and the Coll. MS. to "Their."

67. *There is no primer business*. No more urgent business. The folio has "no primer baseness," which K. retains. D. calls it "the next thing to nonsense," and W. remarks that, though it has a meaning, "it is a meaning entirely inappropriate in the context." Warb. suggested *business*, and the Coll. MS. has the same emendation.

78. *To cope*. Of encountering. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 67: "I love to cope him in these sullen fits;" *T. and C.* ii. 3. 275: "Ajax shall cope the best."

80. *New trimm'd*. Just fitted out.

82. *Sick interpreters*. Ill-disposed critics.

*Once weak ones*. Sometimes (at one time or another) weak ones. Cf. *Jer.* xiii. 27.

83. *Not allow'd*. Not approved. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* p. 185.

84. *Hitting a grosser quality*. Smiting or gratifying a baser nature.

94. *Stick them in our will*. Bring them under arbitrary rule (after tearing them from the protection of the laws).

96. *A trembling contribution*. That is, that may well make us tremble. The Coll. MS. has "trebling." See Gr. 4 and 372.

97. *Lop*. The lop-wood, or smaller branches.

105. *Hardly conceive*. Have hard thoughts.

110. *Is run in your displeasure*. Has incurred (which is, literally, *run into*) your displeasure. See Gr. 295.

118. *Complete*. Accomplished. The accent is on the first syllable. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 137: "A maid of grace and complete majesty;" *Ham.* i. 4. 52: "That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel," etc. See Gr. 492. Below (iii. 2. 49) we have the word with the ordinary accent: "She is a gallant creature and complete."

128. *Feel too little*. Experience, or suffer from them, too little.

132. *First, it was usual*, etc. Holinshed says: "And first he uttered that the duke was accustomed, by way of talk, to say how he meant so to use the matter that he would attain to the crown if King Henry chanced to die without issue; and that he had talk and conference of that matter on a time with George Nevill, Lord of Abergavenny, unto whom he had given his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinal for his manifold misdoings, being without cause his mortal enemy."

134. *He'll carry it*. See on i. 1. 100 above. The folio has "hee'l" (not "hell," as W. says), which Pope altered to "he'd." But, as D. remarks, "in such sentences we frequently find our early writers using *will* where we should use *would*." Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 85:

"If I *should* pay your worship those again,  
Perchance you *will* not bear them patiently;"

and *Cor.* i. 9. 1:

"If I *should* tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds."

Cf., a few lines above, "If we *shall* stand still, . . . We *should* take root." See also *John*, viii. 55; and cf. Gr. 370, 371.

139. *This dangerous conception*, etc. "This particular part of this dangerous design" (Johnson). D. changes *This* to "His."

140. *By his wish*. "In accordance with his wish" (Gr. 145).

143. *Deliver all*. Relate all. See *Temf.* p. 144.

145. *Upon our fail*. In case of our failing to have an heir.

147. *Nicholas Henton*. The folio reading, altered by some editors to "Nicholas Hopkins;" but the man was often called Henton, from the monastery to which he belonged. Holinshed says: "—being brought

into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophecy which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor, had opened to him."

148. *What*. Who. Gr. 254. On *confessor*, see *R. and J.* p. 179.

162. *Car*. Changed by Warb. to "Court," as in Holinshed. *Choice*= chosen, appointed; the only instance of this sense in S.

164. *Under the confession's seal*. The folio misprints "vnder the Commissions Seale;" corrected by Theo. Holinshed says: "The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of confession, to keep secret such matter."

This whole passage is a close paraphrase of Holinshed: "The same duke, the tenth day of May, in the twelfth year of the King's reign, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of Saint Laurence Poultney, in Canwick street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquire what was the talk amongst the Londoners concerning the king's journey beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that many stood in doubt of that journey, lest the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereunto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, lest it would come to pass according to the words of a certain holy monk. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux monk that divers times hath sent to me, willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court, my chaplain, unto whom he would not declare anything till de la Court had sworn to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what he should hear of him, except it were to me. And then the said monk told de la Court that neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty; for I the same duke and my blood should prosper, and have the rule of the realm of England."

167. *With demure confidence*, etc. "In a grave confidential manner this was then uttered with pausing intervals" (J. H.). On *demure*, cf. *A. and C.* iv. 9. 31: "Hark! the drums Demurely (solemnly) wake the sleepers."

170. *To gain the love*. The first three folios omit *gain*.

179. *For him*. The folios have "For this;" corrected by Rowe.

181. *It forg'd him some design*. It enabled him to contrive some plan (for obtaining the crown).

184. *Fail'd*. "Euphemistically=to die" (Schmidt).

186. *What! so rank?* "What, was he advanced to this pitch?" (Johnson).

199. *Have put his knife into him*. S. follows Hall and Holinshed closely here; and Hall followed the legal records. By an extract made by Vallant from the Year Book 13 Henry VIII, it appears that this monk said, "*et auxi que il disoit si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voult lui occire ove son dagger*." The record goes on, "*Mes tous ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fut treve coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traître, et fut decolle le Vendredy devant le Feste del Pentecost que fuit le xiiij jour de May avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie*" (W.).

205. *Mounting his eyes*. See on i. 1. 144 above.

209. *His period*. His end, the intended consummation of his treason.

Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 47: "the period of my ambition," etc. We find *period* as a verb in *T. of A.* i. 1. 99: "Periods his comfort."

213. *By day and night*. An oath, not an expression of time. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 164: "O day and night, but this is wondrous strange." On *Lear*, i. 3. 4 ("By day and night he wrongs me"), see our ed. p. 183.

SCENE III.—*Enter the Lord Chamberlain*, etc. The dramatist has placed this scene in 1521. Charles [Somerset], Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king in fact went in masquerade to Wolsey's house (1526), Lord Sands, who is here introduced as accompanying the chamberlain, held that office. This Lord Sands was Sir William Sands, created a peer in 1524, and made chamberlain on the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526.

2. *Mysteries*. "Artificial fashions" (K.).

3. *Never so ridiculous*. Modern usage favours "ever so" rather than "never so." See Gr. 52.

7. *A fit or two o' the face*. A few grimaces.

10. *Pepin or Clotharius*. Clothaire and Pepin were kings of France in the sixth century. We find allusions to Pepin in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 122, and *A. W.* ii. 1. 79, and to both him and Clothaire in *Hen. I.* i. 2. 65, 67.

13. *Or springhalt*. The folio has "A Spring-halt;" but, as V. suggests, S. was too well skilled in horseflesh to confound two diseases so different, not only in nature, but in external effect, as the spavin and the springhalt.

23. *And never see the Louvre*. That is, although he has never been at the French court.

25. *Fool and feather*. The feathers in the hats of the French gallants and their English imitators are indirectly compared to those worn by the professional jester—the "feathers wagging in a fool's cap," as an old ballad has it.

27. *Fireworks*. There were displays of fireworks on the last evening of the interview on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

30. *Tennis*. From the fifteenth century the game of ball known as tennis had been a favourite amusement in France with all classes; from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects; and at this time it was coming to be no less popular in England.

31. *Short blister'd breeches*. "This word 'blister'd' describes with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes" (W.).

34. *Cum privilegio*. With privilege; or "with exclusive copyright" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* p. 165.

*Wear*. The 1st folio has "wee"; corrected in the 2d. H. retains "wee," which he takes to be=*oui* (an anonymous conjecture in the Camb. ed.).

42. *Plain-song*. In music, "the simple melody, without any variations." Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 134 and *Hen. I.* iii. 2. 6.

44. *Held current music*. That is, find it held, or recognized, as good music. Some editors change *held* to "hold."

46. *Nor shall not*. See Gr. 406.

55. *That said other.* Who should say anything to the contrary. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 13: "If you think other;" and see Gr. 12.

56. *He may.* That is, may be generous.

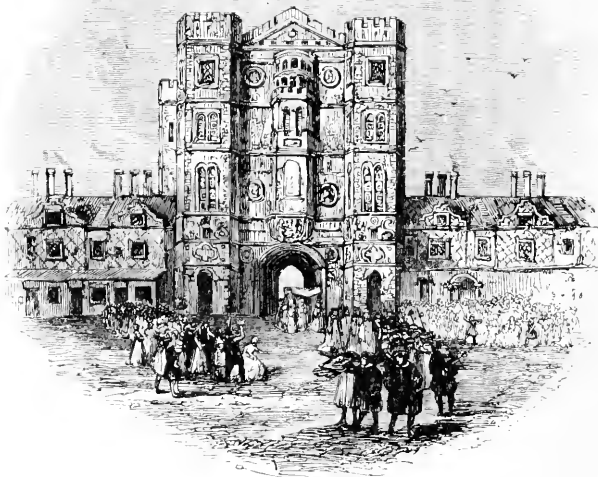
*Has wherewithal.* He has the means. The ellipsis is a common one. See Gr. 400.

57. *Sparing would show,* etc. Parsimony would appear, etc.

60. *So great ones.* That is, so great examples.

*My barge stays.* That is, it is waiting to take us (from the palace at Bridewell) to York-place.

61. *Your lordship shall along.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 4: "And he to England shall along with you." On this very common ellipsis, see Gr. 405.



YORK-PLACE.

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in York-place.* "Whitehall, or rather the Palace, for that name was unknown until after Wolsey's time, was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, the eminent but persecuted Justiciary



of England during the reign of Henry III. He bequeathed it to the convent of Blackfriars in Holborn, and they sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, in 1248. From that time it was called York House, and remained for nearly three centuries the residence of the prelates of that see. The last archiepiscopal owner was Wolsey, during whose residence it was characterized by a sumptuous magnificence that most probably has never been equalled in the house of any other English subject, or surpassed in the palaces of many of its kings" (Knight's *London*, i. 334).

The details of this scene are from Cavendish,\* who says: "And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparation or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted 100 dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned,† and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy,‡ their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water gate, without any noise; where against his coming were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive, that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean,

\* We give the passage as quoted by Knight, in his *Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare*. The MS. copies of Cavendish vary a good deal in their readings.

† *Paned* means "ornamented with cuts or openings in the cloth, where other colours were inserted in silk, and drawn through" (Nares). Cf. Thynne's *Debate* (1580):

"This breech was paned in the fayrest wyse,  
And with right satten very costly lyned."

‡ That is, physiognomy. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 5. 42: "His phisnomy is more hotter," etc.

as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time at any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance,\* and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to be cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all!† quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast, whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'that you will show them, that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding‡ him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal: 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he:

\* A game played either with cards or with dice; here the latter, as appears from what follows.

† That is, I throw for all the money. See Nares on "Have at all."

‡ To round in the ear, or simply to round, meant to whisper. See *K. John*, ii. 1. 566: "rounded in the ear;" *H. T.* i. 2. 217: "whispering, rounding," etc.

\* Meseemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he. And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal afterwards desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new-apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And, in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

*Under a state.* Here *state*=the canopy over the chair of state.

4. *Bevy.* The word meant at first a flock of birds, especially quails; afterwards, a company of persons, especially ladies. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* xi. 582: "A bevy of fair women;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 9. 34: "A lonely bevy of faire Ladies sate." In *Ham.* v. 2. 197, the folio has "the same beavy," the quartos "the same breed." The word occurs nowhere else in S.

6. *As first good company.* The very best company. The folio points thus: "As first, good Company." Theo. printed "first-good," as K. does. Hammer gave "As, first, good company, then good wine, good women." D. has "As far as good" (Halliwell's conjecture), and H. "feast, good" (a conjecture of St.). W. reads as in the text.

7. *You're tardy.* The folio has here, as in several places below, "y' are" (perhaps =ye are), which W. retains. See Gr. 461.

24. *For my little cure.* As regards my little *curacy*. Gr. 149.

30. *Such a bowl may hold.* An ellipsis like that of *as* or *that* after *so*; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9: "so fond to come abroad." See Gr. 281, 282.

32. *Beholding.* See *M. of V.* p. 135. W. gives the following from Butler's *Grammar* (1633), which had been imperfectly quoted by Boswell: "*Beholding* to one:—of to *behold* or regard; which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i. e., obliged,

answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*: which conceipt would seeme the more probable, if to *beholde* did signifie to *holde*, as to *bedek* to *dek*, to *besprinkle* to *sprinkle*. But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold* and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *beseem* and *seem*."

37. *If I make my play*. "If I may choose my game" (Ritson).

40. *Chambers discharged*. See p. 9 above.

80. *Unhappily*. "Unluckily, mischievously" (Johnson).

83. *An't*. For *an* or *and*=if, see Gr. 101.

84. *The Viscount Rochford*. He was not made viscount until after the king had fallen in love with Anne. Cavendish says: "This gentlewoman was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, Knight, being at that time but only a bachelor knight, the which afterwards, for the love of his daughter, was promoted to high dignities. He bare at diverse several times, for the most part, all the great rooms of the king's household, as comptroller, and treasurer, and the like. Then was he made Viscount Rochford; and at the last created Earl of Wiltshire, and knight of the noble order of the Garter, and, for his more increase of honour and gains, was made lord keeper of the privy seal, and one of the chiefest of the king's council."

86. *I were unmannerly*, etc. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, refuse to take (W.).

97. *Measure*. A formal dance, "full of state and ancientry" (*Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80).

99. *Knock it*. A phrase "derived from beating time, or perhaps beating the drum" (V.). Cf. Gr. 226; and see *Addenda* below.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The main points in the account of Buckingham's trial and his subsequent demeanour are taken from Hall. The duke admitted that he had listened to the prophecies of the Carthusian monk, but he eloquently and with "many sharp reasons" defended himself against the charge of treason. He was, however, convicted in the court of the lord high steward, by a jury of twenty-one peers, consisting of a duke, a marquis, seven earls, and twelve barons. The Duke of Norfolk, lord high steward on the occasion, shed tears as he pronounced the sentence; after which Buckingham, according to Hall, addressed the court as follows: "My lord of Norfolk, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none. But, my lords, I nothing malign for that you have done to me; but the eternal God forgive you my death, and I do. I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me." The historian continues as follows:

"Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and so led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him. He said, 'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff

of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicholas Vawse and Sir William Sandes, Baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him ; of whom some wept and lamented, and said, 'This is the end of evil life ; God forgive him ! he was a proud prince ! it is pity that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whom God preserve.' Thus about iiii of the clock he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."

2. *Even to the hall.* That is, to Westminster Hall.



WESTMINSTER HALL.

11. *In a little*. Briefly; the only instance of the phrase in S.

29. *Was either pitied*, etc. "Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity" (Malone).

33. *He sweat extremely*. Hall says: "The duke was brought to the bar sore chafing, and sweat marvellously."

41. *Kildare's attainder*. Hall says that in 1520 "the king, being informed that his realm of Ireland was out of order, discharged the Earl of Kildare of his office of deputy, and thereunto (by the means of the cardinal, as men thought) was appointed the Earl of Surrey, to whom the cardinal did not owe the best favour." Cf. iii. 2. 260 fol. below.

47. *Whoever*. For *whomsoever*. Cf. the frequent use of *who* for *whom* (see *M. of V.* pp. 131, 143, and *Temp.* p. 113), etc. Gr. 274.

48. *Find employment*. That is, find employment *for*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 130 (on *Would grant continuance*) and p. 143 (on *Sits down*). Gr. 274.

54. *Enter . . . Sir William Sands*. The folio has "*Sir Walter Sands*," which is either a misprint or a slip of the pen.

57. *Go home and lose me*. That is, count me as lost to you.

67. *Nor build their evils*, etc. Steevens says: "*Evils*, in this place, are *foricæ* [privies]. So in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 172:

"having waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there?"

Henley (quoted by D.) remarks: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 *Kings*, x. 27."

77. *Prayers*. Here a dissyllable. See Gr. 480.

82. *Free*. For the adverbial use, see Gr. 1.

85. *No black envy*, etc. The folio reads: "No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue." This is undoubtedly corrupt, for, as W. remarks, "although envy may, in a fine sense, be said to make a grave, it clearly cannot be the envy or the malice of the person for whom the grave is made." *Envy* often means hatred, or malice. See *M. of V.* p. 151. "*Take peace with*=make peace with, forgive.

89. *Till my soul forsake*. The folio reading. Rowe added "me," which D. and Walker approve. K. remarks: "It is not difficult to see that S. had a different metaphysical notion from that of his editors: the *me* places the individuality in the body alone."

96. *Sir Nicholas Vaux*. Nicholas lord Vaux was son of Sir William Vaux, who fell at Tewkesbury, fighting on the side of Henry VI. The ballad, "The Aged Lover Renounceth Love," from which the verses sung by the grave-digger in *Hamlet* (v. 1) are a corrupt quotation, has usually been ascribed to Sir Nicholas, but is now known to have been written by his son, Thomas Vaux (J. II.).

97. *Undertakes*=takes charge of.

103. *Poor Edward Bohun*. Buckingham's family name was Bagot; but one of his ancestors had married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son assumed the name of Stafford, which was retained by his posterity. Buckingham, however, affected the surname *Bohun*, because he was descended from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, and held the office of lord high constable by inheritance of tenure from them.

105. *I now seal it.* That is, seal my truth, or loyalty, with blood.  
 119. *And must needs say.* On *needs*, see Gr. 25.  
 127. *Be not loose.* Be not incautious of speech, or "unreticent." Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 416 :

"There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs."

129. *Rub.* Obstacle ; a term in bowling. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 128 : "each dust, each straw, each little rub ;" *Cor.* iii. 1. 60 : "this so dishonour'd rub laid falsely I' the plain way of his merit." See also *Rich. II.* p. 197.

130. *From ye.* On the use of *ye* and *you* in S., see Gr. 236.

144. *Strong faith.* "Great fidelity" (Johnson).

145. *I am confident ; You shall, sir.* I have confidence in you ; you shall have the secret.

146. *Did you not of late days hear.* We should say, Have you not lately heard, etc. See Gr. 347.

148. *It held not.* It did not hold good, did not prove true.

151. *Allay those tongues.* We should not now use *allay* in this connection ; nor intransitively (—subside), as in *Lea*, i. 2. 179 : "with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay."

154. *And held for certain.* And *it* is held, etc. See Gr. 382. Cf. i. 3. 44 above.

156. *About him near.* On the transposition, see Gr. 419a.

163. *The archbishopric of Toledo.* The richest see in Europe, regarded as a stepping-stone to the papacy.

167. *Too open here.* Too much exposed, in too public a place. Cf. iii. 3. 403 below.

SCENE II.—*Enter Suffolk.* This Duke of Suffolk was Charles Brandon, son of Sir William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at Bosworth Field, where he fell. The duke married Henry VIII.'s younger sister, the Queen Dowager of France, whose favoured lover he had been before her marriage to Louis XII. of France.

20. *Turns what he list.* Turns the wheel of fortune as he pleases.

37. *These news are.* S. uses *news* both as singular and plural. We find "these good news" and "this happy news" in two successive speeches of 2 *Hen. IV.* (iv. 4. 102, 109).

41. *Have slept upon,* etc. That is, have been blind to his faults.

43. *We had need pray.* See Gr. 349.

48. *Into what pitch he please.* Of what stature, or height, he please. Hammer reads "pinch," and Theo. conjectures "batch." Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 55 :

"I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't"

*For me, my lords.* On *for*, see Gr. 149.

52. *I not believe in.* See on i. 1. 88 above.

60. *Norfolk draws a curtain.* The stage-direction in the folio is, "*the King draws the Curtaine and sits reading pensively.*" Malone (followed in most eds.) has "*Norfolk opens a folding-door ;*" but, as Mr. Adee sug-

gests, tapestry hangings, like our modern *portières*, were often used instead of doors in those days.

68. *Business of estate.* S. uses *state* and *estate* interchangeably in their various senses. See *M. of V.* p. 151, and cf. v. i. 74 below.

70. *Go to.* See *M. of V.* p. 136, and Gr. 185.

71. *Enter Wolsey and Campeius.* Lorenzo Campeggio (in its Latin form, *Campeius*) was a native of Bologna, and a man of great learning. He had been sent to England once before as legate, and was at that time made Bishop of Salisbury.

76. *Have great care I be not found a talker.* "I take the meaning to be, Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk" (Johnson). Steevens compares *Rich. III.* i. 3. 351: "we will not stand to prate; Talkers are no good doers."

81. *So sick though.* "That is, so sick as he is proud" (Johnson).

83. *I'll venture one have-at-him.* I'll venture one thrust at him. The folio reads: "He venture one; haue at him." K. retains this, and says: "It appears to us that Norfolk means by 'I'll venture one'—I'll risk myself; and that Suffolk is ready to encounter the same danger—'I another.'" The second folio has "one heave at him." D., W., and H. read "one have-at-him" (or "one have at him"). Below (iii. 2) Surrey says to Wolsey, "Have at you;" and (v. 2) Cromwell to the council, "Now have at ye."

87. *Envy.* Malice. See on ii. i. 85 above.

88. *The Spaniard.* That is, the Spanish court; hence the subsequent *they*.

90. *The clerks.* The clergy.

92. *Gave their free voices.* The folio has "Haue their free voyces" (with a period after it), and this is retained by the editors generally. It can be explained only by assuming that "by a great freedom of construction the verb *sent* applies to this first member of the sentence, as well as to the second" (K.). "Proleptic omissions" do occur in S. (see Gr. 383, 394), but in this case I prefer to adopt W.'s emendation of *Gave*. As he remarks, "that only the learned clerks should *have* their free voices is plainly absurd; although those who have not adopted Malone's violent misconstruction have been obliged to accept the absurdity. But we know that nearly all the learned clerks in Christian kingdoms *gave* 'their free voices' for Henry's divorce (the decisions of eight continental faculties of law and divinity to that effect are given in Hall's Chronicle); and therefore Wolsey may well say, 'Who can be angry now?'"

94. *One general tongue.* "Campeius is sent to speak in the name of the whole conclave of cardinals" (Adde).

99. *Such a man.* etc. See on i. 4. 30 above.

105. *Unpartial.* Elsewhere (in five instances) S. has *impartial*. See *M. of V.* p. 155, note on *Uncapable*. Cf. Gr. 442.

106. *Two equal men.* Two impartial men; referring to what has just been said.

110. *A woman of less place.* That is, of lower rank. On the omission of *which*, see Gr. 244.

114. *Gardiner.* Holinshed says: "The king received into favour Dr.



Stephen Gardiner, whom he employed in services of great secrecy and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassages (and the same oftentimes not much necessary) of the cardinal's appointment, at length took such grief therewith, that he fell out of his right wits." On his return, in 1527, from a mission to Rome respecting the divorce, Gardiner became secretary to the king, and in 1531 he was made Bishop of Winchester.

127. *Kept him a foreign man still.* Kept him constantly employed in foreign embassies. On *still*, see *M. of V.* p. 128.

130. *There's places.* See *Temp.* p. 122, on *There is no more such slopes.*

131. *That good fellow.* That is, Gardiner.

137. *For such receipt of learning.* For receipt of such learning; for the reception of such learned men. See *Gr.* 423.

140. *Able.* Perhaps, as Mr. Adce suggests, "not under a disability," or "free." Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 172, where the verb *able* means "to remove legal disability."

SCENE III.—S. *The which To leave a thousand-fold*, etc. Theo. read "to leave is," and D. has "leave's;" but the ellipsis is a common one. See *Gr.* 403. On *the which*, see *M. of V.* p. 133, and *Gr.* 270.

10. *Give her the awant.* Bid her begone—a contemptuous dismissal.

*It is a pity*, etc. A hardship that would move even a monster to pity.

14. *That quarrel, Fortune.* According to Warb., *quarrel* here means *arrow*; but, if it be what S. wrote, it is probably=*quarreler*, as Johnson explained it. Hammer printed "quar'ler." The Coll. MS. substitutes "cruel;" St. suggests "squirrel;" and Lettsom "that fortune's quarrel," which H. adopts. D. favors Warburton's view. *Quarrel* (=arrow) is used by Spenser, *E. Q.* ii. 11. 24: "But to the ground the idle quarrel fell." For other examples, see Nares.

15. *Sufferance.* Suffering, pain; as in v. 1. 68 below. Cf. *A. and C.* iv.

13. 5: "The soul and body rive not more at parting,  
Than greatness going off."

On *panging*, see *Gr.* 290.

17. *A stranger now again.* "Again an alien" (Johnson); reduced to the condition of a friendless stranger. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 207: "Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath."

20. *Range with humble livers.* Rank with those in lowly life.

21. *Perk'd up.* Used by S. only here. We have heard the phrase in New England in just this sense of "pranked out." For *glistening*, see *M. of V.* p. 145.

23. *Having.* Possession. Cf. *T. A.* iii. 4. 379: "my having is not much." See also iii. 2. 159 below.

*Maidenhead.* Maidenhood. Cf. *Godhead*, etc. The suffixes *-hood* and *-head* are etymologically the same. See Wb. under *Hood*.

24. *Beshrew me.* Curse me. See *M. of V.* p. 143.

30. *To say sooth.* To tell the truth. See *M. of V.* p. 127.

31. *Mincing.* Affectation. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

32. *Cheveril.* Kid-skin. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 4. 87: "O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad." In *T. A.* iii. 1. 13 we find mention of "a cheveril glove."

36. *A three-pence bow'd.* An allusion to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; but there were no threepences so early as the reign of Henry VIII. (Fairholt). *Ilire* is here a dissyllable. Gr. 480.
37. *To queen it.* See Gr. 226 and 290. Cf. i. 4. 99 above.
40. *Pluck off a little.* Take off a little from the rank; that is, come down from a duke to a count.
45. *An emballing.* A coronation; referring to the *ball* placed in the left hand of the queen as one of the insignia of royalty.
46. *For Carnarvonshire.* That is, for a single Welsh county. For *long'd*, see on i. 2. 32 above.
48. *What were't worth*, etc. "A penny for your thoughts!"
57. *High note's Ta'en.* High note (or notice) is taken.
59. *His good opinion*, etc. The folio has "opinion of you, to you;" etc.
65. *More than my all is nothing.* "Not only my *all* is nothing, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing" (Johnson).
68. *Beseech your lordship.* See Gr. 401.
72. *Fair conceit.* Good opinion. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 133.
76. *A gem*, etc. "Perhaps alluding to the carbuncle, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark" (Johnson).
82. *Come pat betwixt*, etc. Hit the right moment between too early, etc.
84. *Fie, fie upon*, etc. The folio has "fye, fye, fye vpon," etc.
85. *This compell'd fortune.* This fortune thrust upon one. On the accent of *compell'd*, see *M. of V.* p. 144, on *Obscure*.
87. *Forty pence.* This sum, being half a noble (or one sixth of a pound), was a common one for a wager.
90. *The mud in Egypt.* The land fertilized by the overflow of the Nile.
95. *More.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176; and cf. iii. 2. 5 below.
100. *On't.* See *M. of V.* p. 143 (note on *Glad on't*), or Gr. 182.
101. *If this salute my blood a jot.* "*Salute* here means *move*, or *exhilarate*" (St.). Cf. *Sonn.* 121. 6: "Give salutation to my sportive blood." W. quotes Daniel's *Civil Wars*, bk. ii.:

"He that in glorie of his Fortune sate,  
Admiring what he thought could never be,  
Did feele his blood within salute his state," etc.

The Coll. MS. alters *salute* to "elate."

*It faints me.* It makes my heart faint. See Gr. 297.

104. *Do not deliver.* See on i. 2. 143 above.

SCENE IV.—This long stage-direction is from the folio, and conforms to the description of the trial in Holinshed and Cavendish.

*Sennet.* This word (also written *sennut*, *senet*, *synnet*, *cynet*, *signet*, and *signate*) occurs often in the stage-directions of old plays, and, as Nares remarks, "seems to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish." In Dekker's *Salivomastix* (1602) we find, "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a sennet." The etymology of the word is doubtful.

*Pillars* belonged to the insignia of cardinals. In the Life of Sir Thomas More we find mention of "his maces and pillars" in connection with Wolsey. The *silver crosses*, according to Holinshed, were emblems, "the one

of his archbishopric and the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm." Steevens quotes a satire on Wolsey, by William Roy, published at some time between the execution of Buckingham and the repudiation of Katherine :

"With worldly pompe incredible,  
Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;  
And they bear two crosses right longe,  
Gapynge in every man's face:  
After them folowe two laye men secular,  
And each of theym holdyn a pillar,  
In their hondes steade of a mace."

1. *Commission*. A quadrisyllable. See *M. for M.* p. 135.

*The queen . . . goes about the court*. Cavendish says : "Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katherine queen of England, come into the court;' who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat; and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneling down at his feet," etc.

13. *And to bestowe*. See *Temp.* p. 131 (on *Than to suffer*), or Gr. 350.

This speech of the queen follows Cavendish closely, as a brief extract from his account of the trial will show : "Sir," quoth she, "I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies."

16. *Indifferent*. Impartial. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 116: "Look at my wrongs with an indifferent eye." See also the quotation from Cavendish in the preceding note.

29. *Have I not strove*. See *M. of V.* p. 141 (on *Not undertook*), or Gr. 343.

30. *He were mine enemy*. See Gr. 301 and 237.

31. *Had to him deriv'd your anger*. Had brought upon himself your anger. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 265: "Things which would derive me ill will," etc.

32. *Nay, gave notice*. Nay, I gave notice. Gr. 401. Hammer, Johnson, and H. read "gave not notice." The folio has an interrogation-mark after *discharg'd*.

40. *Against your sacred person*. That is, *ought* against it.

44. *Reputed for*. Reputed as being. See Gr. 148.

47. *One The wisest.* Cf. 152 below ; and see Gr. 18.

57. *And of your choice.* Holinshed says that Katherine "elected to be of her counsel" the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph, and others.

61. *That longer you desire the court.* That you desire the court to delay proceedings. The 4th folio has "defer the court," which D. adopts.

70. *We are a queen.* "The change from the singular to the royal plural in this assertion of Katherine's queenship seems to me one of the happiest touches in the play" (Adee).

76. *Make my challenge.* A law term ; as now in *challenging* a juryman.

80. *I utterly abhor, etc.* Blackstone remarks that *abhor* and *refuse* are technical terms of the canon law, corresponding to the Latin *detestor* and *recuso* ; but, as W. suggests, it is doubtful whether S. meant to use them technically. Holinshed says that the queen "openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge."

85. *Have stood to charity.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 133 : "To this point I stand."

91. *The consistory.* The college of cardinals.

97. *If he know.* Hammer (followed by D. and H.) reads "But if he know."

101. *The which . . . speak in.* See Gr. 270 and 424.

107. *You sign your place, etc.* "By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but," etc. (Johnson).

112. *Where powers are your retainers, etc.* "What an image is presented of an unscrupulous but most able man, to say that his *powers* are used as the mere agents of his pleasures, and his *words*, without regard to the general obligation of truth, are 'domestics' who serve but his will" (K.).

115. *You tender more.* You value or regard more. See *Temp.* p. 127.

119. *Fore.* Usually printed "fore" ; but see *Hen. V.* p. 155.

*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.* Cavendish says : "And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place, but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king, being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of 'Katherine queen of England, come into the court.' With that quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.' 'On, on,' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.' And thus she departed out of that court, without any farther answer at that time, or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after."

133. *That man . . . let him.* See Gr. 414.

147. *Fully satisfied.* Fully indemnified for the injury done him.

164. *The passages made toward it.* The approaches made toward it. Steevens explained *made* as "*closed or fastened*," putting a colon after *hindered*.

165. *Speak.* Vouch for.

169. *My conscience first received.* Cavendish makes the king say, "It was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne," etc. It

was, in fact, the Bishop of Tarbes. See Froude, *History of England*, vol. i. p. 114 (Amer. ed.).

172. *The debating.* On *the*, see Gr. 93. The folio misprints "And Marriage."

174. *I' the progress of this business*, etc. "And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late Prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation" (Cavendish).

177. *Advertise.* Accent on the penult. See Gr. 491.

180. *Sometimes.* Formerly. See *M. of V.* p. 130.

181. *The bosom of my conscience*, etc. According to Holinshed, the king said, "Which words, once conceived within the secret bottom of my conscience," etc. Theo. therefore altered *bosom* to "bottom," which D. and H. also adopt. In the next line the 1st folio has "spitting;" corrected in the 2d folio.

191. *Thus hulling*, etc. Cavendish's words are, "Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience;" and Holinshed's, "Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind." To *hull*, as explained by Steevens, is to drift about *dismasted*; but according to Rich. (cf. Wb.), "a ship is said to hull when all her sails are taken down, and she floats to and fro." This is obviously the meaning in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 438:

"And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore."

Cf. Milton, *P. L.* xi. 840: "He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood."

196. *And yet not well.* That is, and not yet well. See *M. of V.* p. 146 (note on *Yet have I not*), or Gr. 76.

198. *First, I began in private*, etc. "I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your licence, inasmuch as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and so I did of all of you, my lords" (Holinshed).

200. *Reek.* "Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 140: 'Saw sighs reek from you'; *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 148: 'Sighing like furnace.' This image of visible sighs, coming forth like a fume or vapor, is peculiarly Shakespearian" (Adee).

206. *That I committed*, etc. "That I committed to doubt, repressed under hesitation, the most forward opinion of my own mind" (J. H.).

217. *Drives.* The folio reading, altered to "drive" by the editors generally; but see *M. of V.* p. 136 (note on 151), or Gr. 333.

222. *Paragon'd.* Extolled as a paragon. See Gr. 290.

227. *I may perceive.* See *M. of V.* p. 133 (note on 6), or Gr. 307, 309.

231. *Prithce, return.* Cranmer was at this time abroad on an embassy connected with this business of the divorce. See iii. 2. 64 below. Some of the earlier editors, not understanding this, added here the marginal direction, "[*The King speaks to Cranmer.*"]

233. *Set on*. We use this phrase only in the sense of incite, or instigate (as in *T. A. v. 1. 189*: "I was set on to do 't"); but in *S.* it also means to proceed, lead the way, set out, etc. Cf. *J. C. i. 2. 11*: "Set on; and leave no ceremony out;" *M. for M. iii. 1. 61*: "To-morrow you set on;" *1 Hen. IV. v. 2. 97*: "Now—Esperance! Percy!—and set on," etc.



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The visit of Wolsey and Campeius to Katherine is thus described by Cavendish (as quoted by K.):

"And then my lord rose up and made him ready, taking his barge, and went straight to Bath Place to the other cardinal, and so went together unto Bridewell, directly to the queen's lodging; and they, being in her chamber of presence, showed to the gentleman usher that they came to speak with the queen's grace. The gentleman usher advertised the queen thereof incontinent. With that she came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence, where the cardinals were giving of attendance upon her coming. At

whose coming quoth she, 'Alack, my lords, I am very sorry to cause you to attend upon me; what is your pleasure with me?' 'If it please you,' quoth my lord cardinal, 'to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming.' 'My lord,' quoth she, 'if you have anything to say, speak it openly before all these folks, for I fear nothing that ye can say or allege against me, but that I would all the world should both hear and see it; therefore I pray you speak your minds openly.' Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin. 'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English I beseech you; although I understand Latin.' 'Forsooth then,' quoth my lord, 'Madam, if it please your grace, we came both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace.' 'My lords, I thank you then,' quoth she, 'of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a large deliberation, and a better head than mine, to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be; I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel or be friendly unto me against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel in whom I do intend to put my trust be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas, my lords! I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel here in a foreign region; and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear.'

"And with that she took my lord by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber, with the other cardinal, where they were in long communication; we, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the queen speak very loud, but what it was we could not understand. The communication ended, the cardinals departed, and went directly to the king, making to him relation of their talk with the queen, and after resorted home to their houses to supper."

1. *Wench*. Young woman; not contemptuous. See *Temp.* p. 115.

3. *Orpheus*. Cf. *M. of F.* v. 1. 80; and see our ed. p. 163.

7. *As*. As if. See on i. 1. 10 above.

11. *Lay by*. Equivalent to *lay down* (Schmidt).

13. *Killing care*. That killing care, etc. The ellipsis sometimes occurs after *such*, as after *so* (Gr. 282). K. puts a colon after *art*; but the folio has a comma.

17. *The presence*. The presence-chamber; as in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 289.

22. *They should be good men*, etc. "Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office, but all hoods, etc." (Malone). *Cucullus non facit monachum* is an old Latin proverb. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 263.

24. *Part of a housewife*, etc. To some extent a housewife; I would fain be wholly one, that I may be prepared for the worst that may happen.

30. *O' my conscience*. On *of* in adjurations, see Gr. 169.

36. *Envy and base opinion set against 'em*. Malice and calumny pitted against them. See on ii. 1. 85 above.

37. *So even*. So consistent.

*If your business*, etc. If your business is with me, and concerning my conduct as a wife. Mason read "wise" for *wife*, explaining the passage thus: "If your business relates to me, or to anything of which I have any knowledge." D. adopts this emendation, which W. also regards with favour; but it seems to us quite as awkward as the original reading.

40. *Tanta est*, etc. "So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess."

45. *More strange, suspicious*. Perhaps we ought to read "more strange-suspicious," as Abbott suggests (Gr. 2).

52. *And service to his majesty and you*. Edwards suggested that this line and the next had been accidentally transposed; but, as W. remarks, "integrity cannot alone breed suspicion; it must be joined with misunderstood service to produce such an effect." H. transposes the lines.

61. *Your cause*. The 1st folio has "our cause;" corrected in the 2d folio.

65. *Which was too far*. Cf. i. 1. 38 above.

72. *My weak wit*. My weak judgment, or understanding. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 225: "For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth." The word is also used by S. in its modern sense; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 63: "they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them," etc.

77. *For her sake*, etc. For the sake of the royalty that has been mine.

86. *Though he be grown so desperate*, etc. Though he be so rash as to express an honest opinion. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live?"

88. *Weigh out*. We think this means to estimate fairly, to consider impartially. Johnson hesitated between "deliberate upon, consider with due attention," and "counterbalance, counteract with equal force." *Alf-fictions* is a quadrisyllable; like *distraction* in 112 below.

94. *Much Both for your honour better*. Much better, etc. Gr. 419a, 420.

97. *You'll part away*. On *part*=depart, see *M. of V.* p. 145.

102. *The more shame for ye*. "If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good" (Johnson). On *ye*, see Gr. 236.

117. *Churchmen's habits*. Priestly vestments; "glistening semblances of piety" (*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 117).

125. *Speak myself*. That is, of myself. Cf. iv. 2. 32 below.

131. *Superstitious to him*. "That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required" (Johnson).

134. *A constant woman to her husband*. A woman faithful to her husband. See on 94 just above.

145. *Ye have angels' faces*, etc. Perhaps "an allusion to the saying attributed to St. Augustine, *Non Angli sed Angeli*" (D.).\* Cf. Greene's

\* According to Beda, the paternity of this pun belongs to Pope Gregory the Great,



*Spanish Masquerado*: "England, a little island, where, as Saint Augustin saith, there be people with angel faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions."

151. *Like the lily*, etc. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6. 16: "The lilly, Lady of the flowring field."

164. *Grow as terrible as storms*. Lord Essex was charged with saying, in a letter written in 1598 to the lord keeper, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince" (Malone).

176. *If I have us'd myself*, etc. If I have deported myself, etc.

SCENE II.—2. *Force them*. Enforce or urge them. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 51: "Why force you this?" etc.

3. *If you omit The offer*, etc. If you neglect the opportunity. See *Temp.* p. 125, note on *Omit the heavy offer of it*.

5. *Moe*. See on ii. 3. 95 above.

10. *Have uncontrold*, etc. "Have not gone by him contemned or neglected" (Johnson). As Mason remarks, the negative in *uncontrold* is extended to *neglected*.

16. *Gives way to us*. Leaves a way open to us. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 8: "Security gives way to conspiracy."

22. *He's settled*, etc. "He is fixed in the king's displeasure, never to get out of it" (J. H.).

30. *The cardinal's letter*. The folio has "The Cardinal's Letters;" but below we find "this Letter of the Cardinals" and "the Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse I wrote too's Holinesse."

37. *Will this work?* "Will this influence the king against him?" (J. H.).

38. *How he coasts And hedges*, etc. Creeps along by coast and hedge. As Mason remarks, "*hedging* is by land what *coasting* is by sea."

44. *Now all my joy*, etc. The folio reading, followed by K., D., and W. Capell and the Coll. MS. read, "Now may all joy;" and some editors have "Now all joy." W. compares B. and F., *Carcomb*, iv. 4: "Now all my blessing on thee!"—*Trace* is to follow; as in *Macb.* iv. 1. 153: "all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line."

45. *All men's*. All men's *amen*; with perhaps a play upon *amen*.

47. *But young*, etc. But recent, and not to be told to everybody.

49. *Complete*. Cf. the accent with that in i. 2. 118 above—the only other instance of the word in this play. Gr. 492.

50. *I persuade me*, etc. I persuade myself, etc. For the allusion to Elizabeth, cf. ii. 3. 76 above.

52. *Memoriz'd*. Made memorable. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 40: "Or memorize another Golgotha."

53. *Digest this letter*. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 289:

"for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity."

64. *He is return'd in his opinions*, etc. "The construction is here dif-

who, on seeing some Saxon youths offered for sale in the slave-market at Rome, asked from what country they came; and being told that they were *Angles* (*Angli*), replied that they ought rather to be called *angels* (*angeli*).

ficult, and the meaning equivocal. The passage means probably that Cranmer is actually returned *in his opinions*—in the same opinions which he formerly maintained, supported by the opinions of ‘all famous colleges’” (K.). H. thinks that *in* is used for *with*, and that the opinions are those “of learned canonists and divines in Italy and elsewhere,” which Cranmer had been sent to collect. We should prefer this explanation to the other if *in*=*with* were found anywhere else.

67. *Almost*. On the transposition, see Gr. 420.

72. *Ta'en much pain*. Below (v. i. 120) we have “ta'en some pains.” See *M. of V.* p. 140.

78. *O' the inside*. See Gr. 175.

85. *The Duchess of Alençon*. The daughter of Charles of Orleans, Count of Angoulême, married in 1509 to Charles, Duke of Alençon, who died in 1525. Two years later she was married to Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre. J. H. confounds her with Margaret of Valois, daughter of Henry II. and Catharine de' Medici, and queen to Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France. “The Duchess of Alençon” was the grandmother of Henry of Navarre.

88. *More in 't than fair visage*. More to be thought of than beauty.

92. *Does whet his anger to him*. That is, against him. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 243: “The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you.” Gr. 187.

*Sharp enough*, etc. That is, may it be whetted sharp enough, etc.

101. *Hard-ru'd*. Hard to be ruled, self-willed.

102. *One hath crawl'd*. One who hath, etc. Gr. 244.

106. *Enter the King, reading a schedule*. Steevens remarks: “That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another.” Holinshed relates this incident as follows:

“Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, was, after the death of Henry VII., one of the privy council to Henry VIII., to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom. Afterwards, the king commanded Cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him. This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs), did bind them both after one sort in vellum. Now when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop. The cardinal having the book went from the bishop, and after (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.” The result was that the bishop “shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523,” and “the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishopric,” succeeded thereto.

117. *Hard*. Here a dissyllable. Gr. 485.

122. *Wot*. The present tense of *wit* (A. S. *witan*, to know, of which the 1st and 3d persons sing. are *wit*), used some thirty times by S. See Mätzner, *Eng. Gram.* i. 382. Cf. *Gen.* xxi. 26, xxxix. 8, xlv. 15, etc.

123. *Unwittingly*. Used only here and in *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 56. We find the verb *unwit* in *Oth.* ii. 3. 182: "As if some planet had unwitting them."

127. *At such proud rate*, etc. On so grand a scale that it exceeds what a subject ought to possess.

130. *Withal*. "The emphatic form of *with*" (Gr. 196); but sometimes (as in 164 below) = with this, besides.

132. *Object*. The 4th folio has "objects," which D. and H. adopt.

134. *Below the moon*. "Sublunary; 'of the earth, earthy'" (Adce).

138. *In your mind*. In your memory.

140. *Spiritual leisure*. "That is, time devoted to spiritual affairs. *Leisure* seems to be opposed, not to occupation, but to toilsome and compulsory or necessary occupation" (W.). According to Nares, the word "stands simply for space or time allowed." See *Rich. II.* i. 1. 5: "Which then our leisure would not let us hear;" *Rich. III.* v. 3. 97: "The leisure and the fearful time Cuts off," etc.; and *Id.* v. 3. 238: "The leisure and enforcement of the time Forbids to dwell upon." We still say "I would do it, if leisure permitted," etc. In these instances, *leisure* is not precisely "want of leisure," as some explain it, but rather "what leisure I have"—which may be very little.

142. *An ill husband*. A bad manager. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 71: "I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the University." The word means *husbandman* in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 12: "he is your servingman and your husband."

149. *Tendence*. Attention. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 57: "his love and tendence."

159. *Par'd my present havings*. Diminished my wealth. Cf. ii. 3. 23 above.

162. *The prime man*. The first man. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 425: "My prime request, Which I do last pronounce." See also ii. 4. 221 above.

168. *Which went*. "The sense is, 'My purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt'" (Johnson). *Which*, however, may refer to *graces*.

171. *Yet fill'd with*. That is, kept pace with, came up to. The folio has "fill'd," which Coll. would retain.

172. *So*. In so far as.

178. *Ever has and ever shall be*. On the ellipsis of *been*, cf. Gr. 395.

181. *The honour of it*, etc. "The honour of possessing such a spirit is a reward of its own exercise, as in the contrary case the baseness of a disloyal and disobedient spirit is itself a penal degradation" (J. II.).

188. *Notwithstanding*, etc. "Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me as your particular benefactor" (Johnson)

192. *That am true*, etc. The folio gives this speech as follows:

"I do professe,  
That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd  
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,  
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did

Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty  
 As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,  
 Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,  
 And stand vnshaken yours."

"The last part of the third line has long been incomprehensible to readers, and unmanageable to editors. Rowe read, 'That am I, have *been*, will be.' Mason would have struck the words out. Malone, with some probability, supposed that a line had been lost after 'and will be.' Mr. Singer reads, 'that I am *true*, and will be;' and it appears to me that by the latter word, which it will be seen involves but the change of two letters, he has solved the difficulty. But the introduction of '*I*' is needless, as the pronoun occurs twice in the two preceding lines; and under such circumstances the grammar of Shakespeare's time allowed it to be understood. . . . The slight misprint was doubtless assisted by this omission, and the introduction of the long parenthesis—out of place in any case—was a printer's desperate effort to solve the difficulty of the passage. The words 'that am, have, and will be,' might well stand as equivalent to 'that am, have *been*, and will be;' but this would not solve the difficulty; which is to find a subject and a predicate for all these verbs" (W.).

197. *The chiding flood.* The sounding, or noisy flood. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45: "the sea That chides the banks of England;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter wind;" *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 120: "Never did I hear Such gallant chiding" (of hounds), etc.

203. *What should this mean?* See Gr. 325.

209. *The story of his anger.* The explanation of his anger.

226. *Like a bright exhalation*, etc. Like a shooting star.

227. *Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk*, etc. "Reed remarked that the *Duke of Norfolk*, who is introduced in the first Scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk in 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, in 1525. And not only are two persons made one, but one, two. For this *Earl of Surrey* is the same who married *Buckingham's* daughter, as we learn from his own lips in the first part of this Scene; and the *Earl of Surrey*, *Buckingham's* son-in-law, is also the very *Duke of Norfolk* who here demands the seals; both titles having been at that time in the family, and he having been summoned to Parliament in 1514 as Earl of Surrey in his own right, his father sitting as Duke of Norfolk. But this supposes a needless complication of blunders. Shakespeare's only error was, probably, ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the *Duke of Norfolk*, whom he first brings upon the stage, died before *Wolsey's* fall; and we are to consider *Norfolk* and *Surrey* in this Scene as father and son, and the former as the same person who appears in the first scene" (W.).

It is an historical fact that Wolsey refused to deliver up the great seal at the demand of the dukes. He retained it until the next day, when they returned with the king's written order for its surrender.

231. *Asher-house.* It appears from Holinshed that *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, near Hampton Court. "Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you

must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester" (Malone). See *Addenda* below.

236. *Till I find more than will*, etc. "Till I find more than will or words (*I mean* more than *your malicious* will and words) to do it—that is, to carry authority so weighty—I will deny to return what the king has given me" (Johnson).

240. *My disgraces*. The folio reading. D. and H. have "disgrace;" but the *it* refers to *following my disgraces*.

244. *You have Christian warrant*, etc. This is either ironical or sarcastic.

247. *Mine and your master*. On *mine*, see Gr. 238.

250. *Letters patents*. This is the folio reading, and, as D. remarks, is "according to the phraseology of S.'s time." We find the same form in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 202 and ii. 3. 130—the only other places where S. uses the expression. Cf. Greene's *James IV.* ii. 1: "your letters-patents," etc.

253. *These forty hours*. Malone thought that S. wrote "these four hours;" but, as Steevens remarks, "forty seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary." J. H. suggests that "forty hours would have given the cardinal time to take vengeance on Surrey."

259. *Plague of your policy*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 127: "A plague of all cowards!" with *Temp.* i. 1. 39: "A plague upon this howling!" Gr. 175.

265. *Lay upon my credit*. Bring against my reputation.

267. *Innocent . . . from*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 69: "innocent from meaning treason;" and *Macb.* iii. 2. 45: "innocent of the knowledge."

272. *That in the way*, etc. Theo. reads "That I, in the way," which D. adopts. The meaning may be, *you* that dare mate (match yourself with) *me*, who am a sounder man, etc. Even if we consider *dare* to be in the first person, *that* (relative referring to *I* in *I should tell you*) may be its subject, and Theobald's interpolation is needless.

280. *Faded by a piece of scarlet*. Overborne or overmastered by a priest. As in "scarlet sin" above, there is an obvious allusion to the colour of the cardinal's hat and robes.\* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 56, where Gloster calls Cardinal Beaufort a "scarlet hypocrite."

282. *Dare us with his cap, like larks*. "One of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens). Cf. Greene's *Never Too Late*, part i.: "They set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest may stoope soonest."

291. *Our issues*. Our sons. In the next line the folio has "Whom if he live," which may be what S. wrote. Cf. Gr. 410.

298. *Fairer And spotless*. This may be (as H. makes it) = fairer and more spotless. Cf. *II. of IV.* iii. 2. 295: "The best condition'd and unweari'd spirit;" and see our ed. p. 152. Gr. 398.

\* Cf. Cavendish's description of Wolsey as he used to go from his house to Westminster Hall: "He came out of his privy chamber, about eight of the clock, appareled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet or taffety, but most commonly of fine crimson satin engrained; his pillion [that is, *cap*] of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with black velvet, and a tippet of sables about his neck," etc.

309. *You wrought to be a legate*, etc. You unanœuvred to be one of the pope's legates, and the power you thus gained diminished the jurisdiction of the bishops. As legate, Wolsey took precedence of all other ecclesiastical authorities in the realm.

312. *Ego et Rex meus*. Holinshed says: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or any other foreign prince, he wrote *Ego et Rex meus*, I and my king; as who would say that the king were his servant." But, as Wolsey urged in his defence, this order was required by the Latin idiom.

318. *A large commission*. "That is, a *full-power*, under the great seal, of which Wolsey was the keeper. To grant letters plenipotentiary to conclude a treaty of alliance belongs to the king alone, and Wolsey, in issuing a full-power, usurped the royal prerogative" (Adee).

319. *Gregory de Cassalis*. The folio has "*de Cassado*," which is probably what S. wrote; following Hall, whose words are: "He, without the king's assent, sent a commission to Sir Gregory de Cassado, knight, to conclude a league between the king and the Duke of Ferrara, without the king's knowledge."

323. *Your holy hat*, etc. This charge was made "rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation, inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege" (Douce).

324. *Innumerable substance*, etc. Untold treasure, to supply Rome and prepare the way for dignities you seek. *Innumerable* occurs nowhere else in S. Cf. Holinshed's "innumerable treasure" in note on iv. 2. 34 below.

327. *The mere undoing*. The utter ruin. Cf. *Temp.* p. 111, note on 51.

331. *'Tis virtue*. That is, 'tis virtue to refrain from doing it.

337. *Legatine*. The 1st folio has "Legatitue," the 2d and 3d have "Legantive," and the 4th has "Legatine." *Legatine* is due to Rowe, and is adopted by all the editors.

338. *Premunire*. The word is low Latin for *premonere*. The writ is so called from the first words of it, which *forewarn* the person respecting the offence of introducing foreign authority into England.

341. *Chattels*. The folio has "Castles" (not "Cattles," as W. states); corrected by Theo., who remarks: "the judgment in a writ of *præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection*; and his *lands and tenements, goods and chattels*, forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure." This description of the *præmunire* is given by Holinshed, who has "cattels" for *chattels*. These forms were then used indifferently; "from which we may infer that the pronunciation was *cattels* in either case" (W.).

349. *Farewell, a long farewell*, etc. The punctuation in the folio is, "Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse." Mr. Jos. Hunter (*New Illust. of S.* vol. ii. p. 108) would retain this, explaining the line thus: "Farewell—did I say farewell?—Yes, it is too surely so—a long farewell to all my greatness!"

351. *The tender leaves of hopes*. The folio reading, usually changed to "hope." K. and W. have *hopes*, and the latter remarks: "The *s* may be a scribe's or printer's superfluity. But there is an appreciable, though a delicate, distinction between 'the tender leaves of hope' and 'the tender

leaves of hopes ;' and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming into promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace."

*Blossoms.* Some take the word to be a noun here (the folio prints it with a capital, "Blossomes"), but it is undoubtedly a verb."

358. *This many summers.* Cf. *M. for M.* i. 3. 21: "this nineteen years," etc.; and see Gr. 87.

366. *We would aspire to.* Hammer has "he" for *we*.

367. *That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin.* On the accent of *aspect*, see *M. of V.* p. 128, and cf. v. 1. 89 below. *Their ruin* (altered by some editors to "our ruin" or "his ruin") means the ruin which they (princes) cause, or bring; in other words, *their* is a "subjective genitive." Similar cases are not rare in S. We have three examples in a single scene (v. 1) of the *Tempest*: "your release," "their high wrongs," and "my wrongs." Cf. *M. A. D.* ii. 1. 240: "Your wrongs (the wrongs done by you) do set a scandal on my sex," etc.

380. *These ruin'd pillars.* "Alluding, of course, to his insignia of office" (Adee). See p. 176 above (on *Pillars*).

397. *May have a tomb,* etc. The folio reads: "May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him." The lord chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. Johnson considers the metaphor "very harsh;" but Steevens compares Drummmond's *Tears for the Death of Melanides*:

"The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their teares  
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears."

He also cites an epigram of Martial's, in which, he says, the Heliades are represented as "weeping a tomb of tears over a viper;" but it is not until after the amber tears of the sisters of Phaëthon have hardened around the reptile (so that he is "concreto vineta gelu") that they are compared to a tomb.

402. *In open.* Openly, in public. Steevens considers it a "Latinism," because *in aperto* is used in the same sense! It may be noted that "in the open" is now good English (in England, at least) for "in the open air." Cf. Gr. 90.

405. *There was the weight that pulled me down,* etc. Cf. what Cavendish says: "Thus passed the cardinal his time forth, from day to day and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph and glory, having always on his side the king's especial favour, until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate. And for the better mean to bring him low, she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument; who brought the king in love with a gentlewoman that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, how glad he was to please her, and to grant all her request, wrought the cardinal much displeasure. This gentlewoman was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, knight," etc.

409. *The noble troops that waited,* etc. The number of persons who composed Wolsey's household was not less than one hundred and eighty, and some accounts (undoubtedly exaggerated) make it eight hundred. Cf. Cavendish's description of the cardinal's passage through London on his way to France: "Then marched he forward, from his own house at

Westminster, through all London, over London Bridge, having before him a great number of gentlemen, three in a rank, with velvet coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks. And all his yeomen followed him, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants, all in orange-tawny coats, with the cardinal's hat, and a T and a C (for Thomas, Cardinal) embroidered upon all the coats as well of his own servants as all the rest of his gentlemen's servants. And when his sumpter mules, which were twenty or more in number, and all his carriages and carts, and other of his train, were passed before, he rode like a cardinal, very sumptuously, with the rest of his train, on his own mule, with his spare mule and spare horse—trapped in crimson velvet upon velvet, and gilt stirrups—following him. And before him he had two great crosses of silver, his two great pillars [cf. p. 176 above] of silver, the king's broad seal of England, and his cardinal's hat, and a gentleman carrying his valence, otherwise called his cloak-bag, which was made of fine scarlet, altogether embroidered very richly with gold, having in it a cloak. Thus passed he forth through London, as I said before; and every day on his journey he was thus furnished, having his harbingers in every place before, which prepared lodging for him and his train."

418. *Make use now.* Make interest now, "let not advantage slip" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. G. of F.* ii. 4. 68: "Made use and fair advantage of his days," etc.

428. *Out of thy honest truth.\** See Gr. 168.

431. *Dull, cold marble.* Cf. Gray, *Elegy*: "the dull cold ear of death."

432. *Must be heard of.* For the repeated preposition, see Gr. 424.

441. *Cherish those hearts that hate thee.* Warb. thought that the poet did not mean to make Wolsey so good a Christian as this would imply, and that he probably wrote "cherish those hearts that *wait* thee," that is, thy dependants!

443. *Still in thy right hand,* etc. Some see an allusion here to "the rod of silver with the dove," or "bird of peace," carried at royal processions. See below (v. 1) in the *Order of the Procession*, and also in the account of the coronation that follows.

453. *Had I but served my God,* etc. It is an historical fact that, among his last words to Sir William Kingston, the cardinal said, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure."

\* Cromwell remained with Wolsey during his confinement at Esher, and obtained a seat in Parliament that he might defend him there. The Lords passed a bill of impeachment against the cardinal, but Cromwell opposed it in the Commons with such skill and eloquence that he finally defeated it. "At the length," says Cavendish, "his honest estimation and earnest behaviour in his master's cause, grew so in every man's opinion, that he was reputed the most faithful servant to his master of all other, wherein he was greatly of all men commended."





ANNE BULLEN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The ceremonies attending the coronation of Anne Bullen are minutely described by Hall, from whom S. drew the materials for this scene, including the "Order of the Procession." Sir Thomas More was the chancellor on this occasion.

9. *Their royal minds.* "Their devotion to the king" (Schmidt). Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 193: "our royal faiths" (fidelity to the king). Pope and H. read "loyal minds."

13. *Better taken.* Better received, more heartily welcomed.

16. *Of those that claim their offices,* etc. Holinshed says: "In the beginning of May, 1533, the king caused open proclamation to be made, that all men that claimed to do any service, or execute any office, at the solemn feast of the coronation, by the way of tenure, grant, or prescription, should put their grant, three weeks after Easter, in the Star-Chamber, before Charles, Duke of Suffolk, for that time high steward of England, and the lord chancellor, and other commissioners."

28. *Dunstable.* The court was held at Dunstable Priory, which was a royal foundation of Henry I., who in 1131 bestowed on it the town of Dunstable and all its privileges. *Amptul Castle*, built in the fifteenth

century, was one of the favourite resorts of Henry VIII. It was demolished about the year 1626. After many changes of proprietorship, the estate came into the possession of Lord Ossory, who planted a grove of firs where the castle had stood, and in 1773 erected in the centre a monument, surmounted by a cross bearing a shield with Katherine's arms, of Castile and Arragon. A tablet at the base of the cross bears the following inscription, from the pen of Horace Walpole :

"In days of yore, here Amptill's towers were seen,  
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen;  
Here flow'd her pure but unavailing tears,  
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years.  
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,  
And Love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd;  
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,  
And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed."

29. *Lay*. That is, resided. Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 8: "So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him;" *M. W.* ii. 2. 63: "When the court lay at Windsor;" Milton, *L'Allegro*: "Where perhaps some beauty lies," etc. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

32. *Main assent*. General assent. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 28: "the main voice of Denmark," etc.

34. *The late marriage*. "The marriage lately considered as a valid one" (Steevens); or simply the *previous* marriage.

35. *Kimbolton*. The folio has "Kymmaltou," which was doubtless the pronunciation of the name. Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, successively the property of the Bohuns, the Staffords, and the Wingfields, is now the seat of the Duke of Manchester. From an interesting account of the place in the *Athenæum* (Jan. 1861), I extract a paragraph or two:

"Kimbolton is perhaps the only house now left in England in which you still live and move, distinguished as the scene of an act in one of Shakespeare's plays. Where now is the royal palace of Northampton? Where the baronial hall of Warkworth? . . . The Tower has become a barrack, and Bridewell a jail. . . . Westminster Abbey, indeed, remains much as when Shakespeare opened the great contention of York and Lancaster with the dead hero of Agincourt lying there in state; and the Temple Gardens have much the same shape as when he made Plantagenet pluck the white rose, Somerset the red; but for a genuine Shakespearian house, in which men still live and move, still dress and dine, to which guests come and go, in which children frisk and sport, where shall we look beyond the walls of Kimbolton Castle?"

"Of this Shakespearian pile Queen Katherine is the glory and the fear. The chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, her own cipher on the lid, still lies at the foot of the grand staircase, in the gallery leading to the seat she occupied in the private chapel. Her spirit, the people of the castle say, still haunts the rooms and corridors in the dull gloaming or at silent midnight. . . . Mere dreams, no doubt; but people here believe them. They say the ghost glides about after dark, robed in her long white dress, and with the royal crown upon her head, through the great hall, and along the corridor to the private chapel, or up the grand staircase, past the Pellegrini cartoons."

37. *The Order of the Procession.* Called in the folio "The Order of the Coronation;" but it is only the procession on the return from the coronation. W. remarks: "This elaborate direction is of no service to the action, and was plainly intended only for the prompter and property-man of the theatre, that in getting up this show play they might have exact directions about putting this Scene on the stage. But as it doubtless gives us a very exact measure of the capacity of our old theatre to present a spectacle, it should be retained." The direction for the exit of the procession follows the "Order" in these words: "Exeunt, *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.*"

*Then Garter.* Garter king-at-arms, in his coat of office emblazoned with the royal arms. See *Addenda* below.

*Collars of SS.* The folio has "*Essex.*" "A collar of SS, probably so called from the S-shaped links of the chain-work, was a badge of equestrian nobility."

*Four of the Cinque-ports.* These ports, in the south of England, were originally five (hence the name)—Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich: Winchelsea and Rye were afterwards added. They were under the jurisdiction of barons, called wardens, for the better security of the coast, these ports being nearest to France, and considered the keys of the kingdom. The office was instituted by William the Conqueror in 1078. The Duke of Wellington was lord-warden from 1828 to his death in 1852 (cf. Longfellow's poem, "The Warden of the Cinque Ports").

*Her hair richly adorned.* The folio has "*in her hair,*" etc.; an error probably occasioned by "*in her robe*" immediately preceding.

*On each side her.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 8: "writ o' both sides the leaf," etc.

49. *All are near.* All *who* are near. Gr. 244.

55. *I' the abbey.* That is, Westminster Abbey.

57. *The mere rankness.* The very exuberance. Cf. iii. 2. 327 above.

89. *The choicest music.* The best musicians. See *M. of I.* p. 162.

90. *Parted.* Departed. See on iii. 1. 97 above.

100. *Novely prefer'd.* Just promoted. See *M. of I.* p. 140.

111. *Without all doubt.* Beyond all doubt. See *Macb.* p. 210 (on 11).

114. *Something I can command.* That is, I can do something for your entertainment.

SCENE II.—6. *Great child of honour.* Cf. 50 below.

7. *I think.* The 1st folio has "I thanke;" corrected in the 2d.

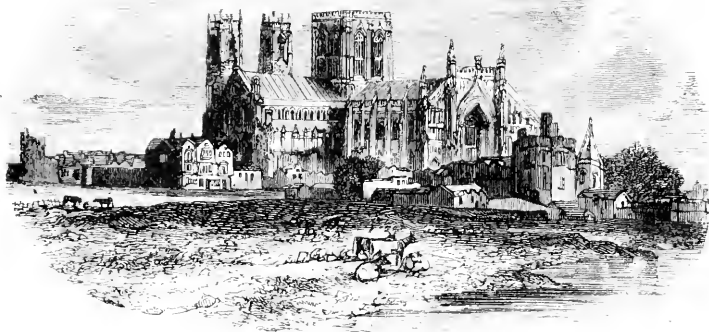
10. *Happily.* Haply; as often in S. See Gr. 42.

12. *The stout earl Northumberland.* See p. 34, foot-note.

13. *At York.* Wolsey had removed to his see of York, by the king's command, and had taken up his residence at Cawood Castle (ten miles from the city), which belonged to the Archbishops of York. There he rendered himself extremely popular in the neighbourhood by his affability and hospitality.

17. *With easy roads.* "The king," said Cavendish to Wolsey, "hath sent gentle Master Kingston to convey you by such easy journeys as you will command him to do." On *with*, see Gr. 193.

*To Leicester.* "The next day," says Cavendish, "we rode to Leicester:



YORK CATHEDRAL.

Abbey ; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule ; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches ; whom



LEICESTER ABBEY.

they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you.'"

Leicester Abbey was founded in the year 1143, in the reign of King Stephen, by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is situated in a pleasant meadow to the north of the town, watered by the River Soar, whence it acquired the name of *St. Mary de Pratis*, or *de la Pré*.

The remains of Wolsey were interred in the abbey church, and were attended to the grave by the abbot and all his brethren. This last ceremony was performed by torchlight, the canons singing dirges and offering orisons, between four and five o'clock on the morning of St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1530. There is a traditional story that the stone coffin in which the remains were placed was, after its disinterment, used as a horse-trough at an inn near Leicester.

19. *With all his covent*. The folio has "his Couent;" and in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 133, "One of our Couent." D., who gives *covent* in both passages, remarks that this is a very old form of *covent*. He quotes a ballad, *A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*:

"The abbot sayd to his covent,  
There he stode on grounde," etc.

He might have added that we still have the old form in "Covent Garden" (in London), which was originally the garden of the *covent* at Westminster.

32. *Speak him*. Speak of him. Cf. ii. 4. 139 and iii. 1. 125 above.

34. *Stomach*. Pride, or *arrogance*. See *Temp.* p. 115.

In this character of Wolsey the poet follows Holinshed very closely: "This cardinal (as you may perceive in this story) was of a great stomach, for he counted himself equal with princes, and by crafty suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced<sup>\*</sup> little on simony, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and say untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little; he was vicious of his body, and gave the clergy evil example."

35. *By suggestion Tith'd all the kingdom*. The folio has "Ty'de all the Kingdome." As the clause is the counterpart of Holinshed's "by crafty suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure," it is probable that "ty'de" is a misprint for "ty'thde." Hanmer was the first to make the correction, and is followed by Sr., D., W., and H. K. retains "tied;" but he has "no doubt that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the cardinal." "By suggestion tied all the kingdom" is explained as meaning "by craft limited, or infringed the liberties of the kingdom."

37. *In the presence*. In the royal presence.

45. *Men's evil manners*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 80:

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

\* Hesitated, or had scruples. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 440: "You force not to forswear"

Reed quotes here Whitney's *Emblemes* (1586):

"*Scribit in marmore læsus.*

In marble harde our harmes wee always grave,  
Because, we still will beare the same in minde:  
In duste wee write the benefittes we have,  
Where they are soone defaced with the winde," etc.

48. *This cardinal*, etc. This speech also follows Holinshed: "This cardinal (as Edmund Campian, in his history of Ireland, describeth him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour: I think (saith he) some prince's bastard, no butcher's son, exceeding wise, fair spoken, high minded, full of revenge, vicious of his body; lofty to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schoolman, thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flattery; insatiable to get, and more princely in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet, as it lieth, for an house of students incomparable throughout Christendom. . . . A great preferrer of his servants, an advancer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till his overthrow; wherein he showed such modération, and ended so perfectly, that the hour of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

50. *Was fashion'd to much honour*, etc. The folio points thus:

"Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle  
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one," etc.

52. *Exceeding*. For the adverbial use, see *M. of I.* p. 128.

59. *Oxford*. It was Christ Church College that Wolsey founded.

60. *The good that did it*. "The goodness that founded it." Pope read "the good he did it;" the Coll. MS., "the good man that did it;" St. has "the good that reard it." K., D., W., and H. follow the folio.

74. *Modesty*. Moderation. Cf. v. 3. 64 below.

78. *Cause the musicians play*. See Gr. 349 and cf. 128 below.

82 (stage-direction). *Solemnly tripping*. "*Trip* signified a dancing kind of motion, either light or serious" (Keightley).

*Vizards*. Visors, masks. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 70: "I'll go buy them vizards;" *Macb.* iii. 2. 34: "make our faces vizards to our hearts." We find also *vizarded*, as in *M. W.* iv. 6. 40: "masked and vizarded."

94. *Bid the music leave*. See on iv. 1. 89 above.

98. *An earthy cold*. Rowe has "earthly;" Sr., Walker, D., and H., "earthy colour;" the Coll. MS., "earthy coldness."

101. *Deserve we no more reverence?* On Katherine's refusal to give up the title of queen, see pp. 31, 34 above.

110. *Capucius*. The Latin form of *Chapuis*. See p. 35 above.

127. *That letter*. The one given on page 35 above.

132. *Model*. Image, representative. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 28:

"In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life."

See also *Ham.* v. 2. 50, *Per.* ii. 2. 11, etc.

146. *Let him be a noble*. Even though he should be a nobleman. Some editors put a semicolon after *husband*.

148. *The poorest*. Very poor. See Gr. 8 (cf. 92).  
 169. *Maiden flowers*. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 256: "maiden strewments;" and see our ed. p. 265.  
 173. *I can no more*. See *Ham.* p. 233, or Gr. 307.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—2. *Hours*. A dissyllable. See on ii. 3. 36 above.

7. *At primero*. A game at cards, very fashionable in that day. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 5. 104: "I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero." Some of the technicalities of the game, as given in Minsheu's *Dialogues in Spanish and English* (quoted by D.), were very similar to those in certain games now in vogue; as "Passe," "I am come to passe againe," "He see it," "I am flush," etc.

13. *Some touch of your late business*. "Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late" (Johnson).

19. *In great extremity, and fear'd*. On the ellipsis, see Gr. 403.

28. *Mine own way*. "Mine own opinion in religion" (Johnson).

34. *Is made master*, etc. The folio reading, altered by Theo. to "he's made master." For the ellipsis, see Gr. 400.

36. *The gap and trade*, etc. "*Trade* is the practised method, the general course" (Johnson). Steevens compares *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 156: "Some way of common trade." The word has no connection with the very rare *trade*=tread, used by Spenser in *F. Q.* ii. 6. 39: "some salvage beastes trade."

37. *Time*. The first three folios have "Lime;" corrected in the 4th folio.

42. *I may tell it you*, etc. The pointing is Dyce's. The folio has

"and indeed this day,  
 Sir (I may tell it you) I think I haue  
 Incenst the Lords o' th' Councell," etc.

43. *Incens'd*. According to Nares, *incense* (or *insense*) means "to instruct, inform; a provincial expression still quite current in Staffordshire, and probably Warwickshire, whence we may suppose S. had it." Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 166. This interpretation is adopted by V., W., and H. K. prints "insensed," without comment.

46. *With which they mov'd*. And they, being moved (incited, influenced) by this.

47. *Have broken with the king*. That is, have communicated with, have broached the subject to him. Cf. *T. G. of F.* iii. 1. 59: "I am to break with thee of some affairs;" *Much Ado*, i. 1. 311: "I will break with her" (see our ed. p. 125), etc.

52. *Convented*. Summoned. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 158: "Whensoever he's convented;" *Cor.* ii. 2. 58: "We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty."

67. *Is she crying out?* Is she in labour?

68. *Sufferance*. See on ii. 3. 15 above.

74. *Estate*. State. See on ii. 2. 68 above.

79. *Enter Sir Anthony Denny*. Denny was one of the companions of

Henry's younger days, knighted about the year 1541, and made one of the privy council.

84. *The bishop spake.* That is, spake about. See on i. i. 197 above.

85. *Ilappily.* Luckily; as in v. 2. 9 below.

86. *Avoid the gallery.* Clear the gallery. See *Temp.* p. 137.

102. *With such freedom purge yourself.* Clear yourself so completely.

106. *You a brother of us.* "You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred" (Johnson). Cf. v. 3. 49 below: "you are a counsellor," etc.

110. *Thoroughly.* Thoroughly. See *M. of I.* p. 144, on *Throughfares*.

116. *By my halidom.* A common oath in that day. Cf. *T. G. of I.* iv. 2. 136. The word is probably from the A. S. *hâlig*, holy, and the suffix *dom* (as in *freedom*, *kingdom*, etc.), and means "holiness," or "sacred oath" (Wb.). The folio has "Holydame," and Rowe reads "holy Dame" (cf. 154 below).

According to Fox, Henry said, "Oh Lorde, what maner o' man be you? What simplicities is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance."

121. *Indurance.* Being put in durance; imprisonment. S. uses the word only here, taking it from Fox. Schmidt makes it = *endurance*.

122. *The good I stand on.* The advantage, or merit, in which I trust. Johnson conjectured "The ground I stand on," which W. adopts.

124. *I weigh not.* I value not. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 27: "You weigh me not? O that 's, you care not for me."

125. *I fear nothing.* Here *nothing* is an adverb. Gr. 55.

126. *Know you not,* etc. Cf. Fox: "Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you," etc.

128. *Practices.* Artifices, machinations. See on i. i. 204 above.

129. *Not ever.* That is, not always; it is *not* equivalent to *never*.

132. *Corrupt minds,* etc. *Corrupt* is here accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun. Cf. *Cor.* p. 268, on *Supreme*.

135. *Ween.* Think, imagine. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 88: "weening to redeem." The instance in the text is omitted by Mrs. Clarke.

136. *Witness.* Testimony. D. prints it "witness," as if = "witnesses." See Gr. 471, and *Temp.* p. 116, note on 172.

138. *Naughty.* Wicked. See *M. of I.* p. 152.

139. *A precipice.* The 1st folio has "a Precepit," and in the next line "woe" for *woo*; both corrected in 2d folio.

157. *Enter an old Lady.* "It is painful to think that Steevens was probably correct in his irreverent supposition that 'this is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen' in a previous Scene" (W.).

159. *Now, good angels,* etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 103:

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!"



164. *And of a lovely boy*, etc. "The humour of the passage consists in the talkative old lady, who had in her hurry said it was a boy, adding 'bless *her*' before she corrects her mistake" (Boswell).

167. *Desires your visitation*, etc. Desires you to visit her and to be acquainted, etc. Cf. Gr. 356. On *visitation*, cf. i. 1. 179 above.

SCENE II.—7. *Enter Doctor Butts*. "Sir William Butts, principal physician to Henry VIII., and one of the founders of the College of Physicians, was a man of great learning and judgment" (J. H.).

13. *Sound not*. That is, proclaim not. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 48:

"Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound the purposes of all their hearts," etc.

15. *I never sought their malice*. I never gave occasion for their malice.

17. *Wait else*. For the transposition, see Gr. 420.

19. *Enter the King and Butts at a window above*. "In America we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passage-ways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor-halls, castles, and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining-room, or banquetting-hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window, there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day" (W.).

28. *They had parted*, etc. "They had *shared*; that is, had so much honesty among them" (Steevens).

SCENE III.—*The Council-chamber*. "Theobald, the first regulator of Shakespeare's plays, should have begun a new scene here, although the stage-direction in the folio is only '*A Council Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State*,' etc. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the scene changed from the lobby before the Council-chamber to that apartment itself. For it will be observed that *Cranmer*, entering the former, finds the doors of the latter shut ('all fast') against him: he is bidden to enter, and the king and Dr. Butts afterward do enter the Council-chamber, according to the direction of the folio. It is true that the *Door-keeper* appears in both scenes; but in the former he is within, in the latter he is summoned from without. This must be regarded, of course, in the performance of the play before a modern audience; but as the scene has remained undivided until the present day, except by those early editors who followed the French custom of making a new scene at every important entrance or exit, a rectification of the slight want of conformity to mere external truth would not compensate for the inconvenience to those who refer to the play consequent upon a disturbance of the old arrangement" (W.).

*Enter the Lord Chancellor.* On the 29th of November, 1529, Sir Thomas More received the great seal, surrendered by Wolsey on the 18th of the same month. As he in turn surrendered it on the 16th of May, 1532, which was before the date of this scene as fixed by the mention of the birth of Elizabeth (September 7th, 1533), Theo. argues that Sir Thomas Audley, More's successor, must be the chancellor meant here. He was, however (as Malone remarks), lord keeper at this time, and did not obtain the title of Chancellor until the January after the birth of Elizabeth. For the purposes of the *drama*, it would be better to consider More as the chancellor here, his appointment to the office having been mentioned in the preceding act; but as a matter of *history*, Audley held the great seal in 1543, when Cranmer was accused of heresy. As has been stated above (p. 15), S. here brings into one scene events separated by an interval of at least ten years.

9. *At this present.* Now used only in the language of the law. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 192, etc. We find also "for this present," in *J. C.* i. 2. 165; "on the present," in *T. of A.* i. 1. 141; "in present," in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 100, etc. Bacon uses "at that present" in his *Hen. VII.*

11. *Capable Of our flesh.* "Liable to, or capable of, the weaknesses belonging to flesh and blood" (V.); "susceptible of fleshly temptations" (St.); "capable of the sins of our flesh" (W.); "subject to the temptations of our fleshly nature" (Schmidt). K. and D. also retain this folio reading. Pope reads "and capable Of frailty;" Malone, "In our own natures frail, incapable; Of our flesh, few are angels;" Mason, "frail and culpable," with Malone's pointing; the Coll. MS., "culpable Of our flesh."

22. *Pace 'em not in their hands.* Do not lead them about.

24. *Manage.* Often used of the training of horses. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

30. *The upper Germany.* "Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Münzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522" (Grey).

38. *A single heart.* A heart free from duplicity. Cf. *Acts.* ii. 46.

39. *Stirs against.* Bestirs himself, or is active against. The Coll. MS. has "strives against;" but cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 3: "To stir against the butchers of his life."

41. *A public peace.* Rowe, D., and H. read "the public peace."

43. *Men that make,* etc. Cf. iii. 2. 240 above.

47. *Be what they will.* Whoever they may be. Gr. 254, 400. Cf. *Lea*, v. 3. 98:

"What in the world he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies."

50. *By that virtue.* By virtue of that office.

60. *I shall both find.* On the transposition, see Gr. 420.

64. *Modesty.* Explained by the preceding *meekness*. Cf. iv. 2. 74 above.

66. *Lay all the weight,* etc. Whatever may be the weight, etc.

71. *Your painted gloss,* etc. "Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning" (Johnson).

85. *This is too much.* The folio gives this speech to the chamberlain, and also the ones beginning at 87 and 107 below. The misprint of "*Cham.*" for "*Chan.*" is easily made. "This is the king's ring" (102)

probably belongs to the chamberlain, who appears to speak only this once during the scene.

109. *My mind gave me.* I suspected. Cf. *Cor.* p. 256.

124. *Such flattery now.* Pope (followed by D.) reads "flatteries;" but they in the next line may refer to *commendations*.

125. *Thin and bare.* The folio has "thin, and base." The correction is Malone's, and is generally adopted.

126. *To me you cannot reach,* etc. The folio has a comma at the end of the preceding line, and points this line thus: "To me you cannot reach. You play the Spanicll," which some editors retain. Mason suggested the reading in the text. See Gr. 244.

133. *Than but once think this place.* The folio has "his place;" corrected by Rowe. K. retains "his."

135. *I had thought I had had.* I thought I had. Cf. Gr. 360. According to Fox, the king said, "Ah, my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst servingmen? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnlie laying his hand upon his brest, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise."

146. *Had ye mean.* S. commonly uses the plural *means*, but has *mean* in *J. C.* iii. 1. 161: "no mean of death;" *A. and C.* iv. 6. 35: "a swifter mean;" *Oth.* iii. 1. 39: "I'll devise a mean," etc. Cf. Bacon, *Essay* 19: "thinke to Command the End, and not to endure the Meane," etc.

149. *What was purpos'd,* etc. "And with that," says Fox, "one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado.' And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man."

156. *Beholding.* Beholden. See on i. 4. 32 above.

161. *That is, a fair young maid.* Rowe read "There is," which D. and W. favour. We may explain it, as it stands, by Gr. 414. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 31: "this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him." Or we may assume an ellipsis of *to* after *godfather*: and compare ii. 1. 48 above:

"whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment" (for).

166. *You'd spare your spoons.* It was the old custom for the sponsors

at christening to make a present of gilt spoons to the child. These were called *apostle spoons*, because figures of the apostles were carved on the handles. Rich people gave the whole twelve, but those who were poorer or more penurious limited themselves to four (for the evangelists), or even to one, which represented the patron saint of the child. Allusions to these spoons are frequent in our old writers. The Var. of 1821 fills a page with examples.

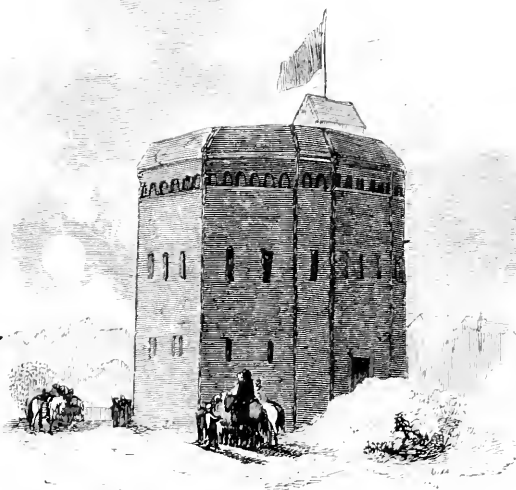
This line and the two that follow are printed as prose in the folio (so in W., H., and the Camb. ed.), but, as Abbott remarks (Gr. 333), this "makes an extraordinary and inexplicable break in a scene which is wholly verse." See also on proper names in the metre of S. on p. 354 of Gr.

173. *True heart*. The 1st folio has "hearts;" corrected in the 2d.

176. *A shrewd turn*. An ill turn. See *M. of I.* p. 151.

177. *Trifle time away*. Cf. *M. of I.* iv. 1. 298: "We trifle time."

178. *Made a Christian*. That is, christened.



THE BEAR GARDEN.

SCENE IV.—*Parish Garden*. The vulgar pronunciation of *Paris Garden*. "This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from

Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of Richard II." (Malone). The Globe Theatre stood on the southern side of the Thames, and was contiguous to this garden, which was noted for its noise and disorder.

3. *Gaping*. "Shouting or roaring. Littleton's Dict. has 'To gape or bawl, *vociferor*'" (Reed). This may be the meaning of the word in *M. of W.* iv. 1. 47: "a gaping pig." Schmidt gives it so.

13. *May-day morning*. All ranks of people used to "go a Maying" on the first of May. Stowe says: "In the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise\* of birds, praising God in their kind."

We read in Hall of the Venetian ambassadors, in 1515, accompanying Queen Katherine, in great state, to meet Henry VIII. at Shooter's Hill, near Greenwich; and, after music and a banquet, they proceeded homeward; certain pasteboard giants (Gog and Magog) being borne in the procession, and "Lincoln green" worn in honour of Robin Hood. Katherine also gathered "May-dew" in Greenwich Park.

14. *Paul's*. St. Paul's Cathedral. It is "Powles" in the folio, as often; "but this is a mere phonographic irregularity, not a characteristic vulgarity like 'Parish' above. 'Paul' was universally pronounced *Pole* in S.'s time" (W.).

17. *Four foot*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 13: "four foot;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 347: "twelve foot and a half," etc. So "three pound of sugar" (*W. T.* iv. 3. 40), "a hundred pound in gold" (*M. W.* iv. 6. 5), etc. This use of the singular for the plural in familiar terms of weight and measure is common even now in vulgar speech.

20. *Sir Guy, nor Colbrand*. Sir Guy of Warwick was a famous hero of the old romances, and Colbrand was a Danish giant whom he subdued at Winchester.

23. *Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again*, etc. This passage stands thus in the folio:

"Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,  
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her."

The Coll. MS. corrector alters *chine* to "queen," and *cow* to "crown;" but, as Lettsom remarks, "he seems to have been confounding in his memory the christening procession of the next scene with the coronation procession of iv. 1." As the former took place on the fourth day after the birth of the princess, it is pretty certain that the queen could not have been present. The main difficulty in the passage has been the "God save her!" as referring to "cow;" but a writer in the *Literary Gazette* (Jan. 25, 1862) says that a phrase identical with that used by Shakespeare is in use to this day in the south of England. "'Oh! I

\* *Noise* sometimes meant chorus, symphony, music, or band of musicians. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13: "See if thou canst find out Sneak's noise: Mistress Tearsheet would fain have some music." For the word as applied to musical sounds, see Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12. 39: "During the which there was an heavenly noise;" Milton, *At a Solemn Music*: "that melodious noise;" *Hymn on Nativity*: "the stringed noise," etc. Coleridge has "a pleasant noise" in the *Ancient Mariner*.

would not do that for a cow, save her tail !' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire." St. quotes Greene and Lodge's *Looking Glasse for London* (1598) : "my blind mare, God bless her !" "On the whole, we may assume that the old reading is the right one, and that the porter's man was thinking, not of a queen, but of a chine of beef.

30. *Moorfields*. "The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields," (Johnson).

32. *Brazier*. A brass-founder, and a small portable furnace. "Both these senses are understood" (Johnson).

34. *Under the line*. Under the equator. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 237.

*Fire-drake*. The word has several meanings : a fiery dragon (as in the Romance of Bevis of Hampton), a will-o'-the-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*, and "a firework which sprang fitfully about in the air with many explosions."

38. *Pinked*. "Worked in eyelet holes." On the passage, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 63 :

"*Haberdasher*. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.  
*Petruccio*. Why, this was moulded on a porringer :

Away with it ! come let me have a bigger.

*Katherine*. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the time,  
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

40. *The metcor*. The "fire-drake."

41. *Clubs*. This was the rallying-cry of the London apprentices, who used their clubs to preserve the public peace ; but sometimes, as here, to raise a disturbance (D.). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 84 : "I'll call for clubs, if you will not away." S. often puts home phrases into the mouths of foreign characters, and we find this one in *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 44, *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, etc.

44. *To the broomstaff to me*. Pope read "with me ;" but cf. "a quarrel to you" (*Much Ado*, ii. 1. 243), and see Gr. 185-190.

45. *Loose shot*. Random shooters.

47. *Win the work*. Carry the fortification.

50. *The Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse*. "No other allusion to these places or assemblages has been discovered. It may be that these are the names of Puritan congregations, and that S. meant a satirical fling at the pretended meekness of that body ; but it may also be that 'their dear brothers' refers to the obstreperous youths first named, and that the 'audiences' referred to were of the same kidney. Within the memory of men now living 'Tribulation' was a common name among New England families of Puritan descent" (W.).

52. *Limbo Patrum*. "In confinement. 'In limbo' continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day" (Malone). The *Limbo Patrum* is properly "the purgatory of the Patriarchs," where they are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 32 : "he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell ;" *T. A.* iii. 1. 149 : "as far from help as Limbo is from bliss ;" *A. W.* v. 3. 261 : "of Satan, and of Limbo," etc.

54. *The running banquet*. The word *banquet* used to mean, not the full dinner or supper, but merely the *dessert*. Cf. Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1 :

"We'll *dine* in the great room : but let the music  
 And *banquet* be prepared here."

So in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "where they did both sup and banquet." In this case, a whipping was to be the *dessert* of the rioters after their regular course of *Limbo*.

64. *Torna-pieces*. See Gr. 24 and 140.

66. *Lay ye all*, etc. According to Lord Campbell, *to lay by the heels* was "the technical expression for committing to prison."

69. *Baiting of bombards*. That is, tippling. See *Temp.* p. 128.

74. *A Marshalsea*. The Marshalsea was a well-known prison.

77. *Get up o' the rail*. Mason would read "off the rail;" but *of* was often used where we should use *from*. See Gr. 166. We still say "out of the house," etc.

78. *I'll pick you*. I'll pitch you. The folio has "He pecke you." Cf. *Cor.* i. i. 204: "as high As I could pick my lance."



CHRISTENING GIFTS.

SCENE V.—*The Palace*. At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, this procession was made from the Church of the Friars.

*Standingbowls*. Bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. See the cut above. According to Hall (whom S. follows here), "the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the princess a standing cup of gold; the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearl; the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover; and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven, all gilt, with a cover."

12. *Gossips*. A *gossip*, in its first and etymological sense, as Trench (*Select Glossary*, etc.) remarks, "is a sponsor in baptism—one *sib* or akin in *God*, according to the doctrine of the mediæval Church, that sponsors

contracted a spiritual affinity with one another, with the parents, and with the child itself. 'Gossips,' in this primary sense, would ordinarily be intimate and familiar with one another, . . . and thus the word was next applied to all familiars and intimates. At a later day it obtained the meaning which is now predominant in it, namely, the idle profitless talk, the *commérage* (which word has exactly the same history) that too often finds place in the intercourse of such."

Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 405: "Go to a gossip's feast;" *W. T.* ii. 3. 41: "needful conference About some gossips for your highness," etc.

23. *Saba*. The folio reading. "Except in the translations of the Bible the word 'Sheba' seems to have been unknown to English and even to Latin literature in the time of Shakespeare. Solomon's dusky admirer was Queen of Sheba; but in the Septuagint, as well as in the Latin Vulgate, she herself is called Saba: *Kai βασιλισσα Σαβὰ ἤκουσε τὸ ὄρομα Σαλωμων. 1 Kings, x. 1*" (W.). We take it that *Σαβὰ* (an indeclinable noun) here is the name of the country, and not of the queen. The Arab legends (which are mere legends, of course) call her Balkis. Peele and Mariowe speak of her as "Saba."

34. *Under his own vine*. Cf. *Micah*, iv. 1.

37. *Ways*. The reading of 4th folio; "way" in the earlier eds.

39. *Nor shall this peace*. Those who believe that this play was written before the death of Elizabeth (see p. 8 above) enclose in brackets the remainder of this speech and King Henry's following it.

40. *The maiden phoenix*. See *Temp.* p. 132.

50. *Wherever the bright sun*, etc. See p. 10 above. On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor* (Malone).

59. *But she must die*, etc. The folio reads:

"But she must dye,  
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,  
A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe  
To th' ground, and all the Worlde shall mourne her."

D. thinks that Cranmer meant to express "regret at his foreknowledge that Elizabeth was to die *childless*, not that she was to *die*," and points thus:

"but she must die.—  
She must, the saints must haue her,—yet a virgin;  
A most unspotted lily," etc.

But, as W. remarks, the archbishop simply means to say "that the Virgin Queen was too good to die."

65. *Did I get any thing*. That is, any thing worth reckoning in comparison with such a blessing. *Happy* = of happy augury, promising.

70. *And your good brethren*. The folio has "And you good Brethren," which Theo. corrected, at the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby. The king would not call the aldermen his brethren.

75. *Has business*. That is, *he* has business. The folio reads "'Has businesse.'" See Gr. 400 and 461.



## THE EPILOGUE.

On the authorship of the Epilogue, see notes on the Prologue.

10. *Good women.* The rhyme would seem to require that *women* be accented on the last syllable, though the measure has to halt for it. Mr. Ades writes us: "The curious rhyme of *in* and *women* is one of Peele's most characteristic earmarks. For instance, he rhymes *brings* and *tidings*. But Peele died ten years too soon to have written this, unless it is an old unused Epilogue, tacked on to *Hen. VIII.* by a later hand."

11. *If they smile*, etc. Steevens remarks that we have the same thought in the Epilogues to *A. Y. L.* and 2 *Hen. IV.*

## ADDENDA.

MR. SPEDDING ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY.—The following extracts from Mr. Spedding's paper (see p. 11 above) will give the reader a general idea of his argument:

"The effect of this play *as a whole* is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katherine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter; which are in fact a part of Katherine's injury, and amount to little less than the ultimate triumph of wrong. For throughout the king's cause is not only felt by us, but represented to us, as a bad one. We *hear*, indeed, of conscientious scruples as to the legality of his first marriage; but we are not made, nor indeed asked, to believe that they are sincere, or to recognize in his new marriage either the hand of Providence, or the consummation of any worthy object, or the victory of any of those more common frailties of humanity with which we can sympathize. The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited; no attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for *him*; yet his passion has its way, and is crowned with all felicity, present and to come. The effect is much like that which would have been produced by *The Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon.

"This main defect is sufficient of itself to mar the effect of the play as a whole. But there is another, which, though less vital, is not less unaccountable. The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought

to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber, though full of life and vigour, and, in point of execution, not unworthy of Shakspeare, are utterly irrelevant to the business of the play; for what have we to do with the quarrel between Gardiner and Cranmer? Nothing in the play is explained by it, nothing depends upon it. It is used only (so far as the argument is concerned) as a preface for introducing Cranmer as godfather to Queen Elizabeth, which might have been done as a matter of course without any preface at all. The scenes themselves are indeed both picturesque and characteristic and historical, and might probably have been introduced with excellent effect into a dramatized life of Henry VIII. But historically they do not belong to the place where they are introduced here, and poetically they have in this place no value, but the reverse.

"With the fate of Wolsey, again, in whom our second interest centres, the business of this last act does not connect itself any more than with that of Queen Katherine. The fate of Wolsey would have made a noble subject for a tragedy in itself, and might very well have been combined with the tragedy of Katherine; but, as an introduction to the festive solemnity with which the play concludes, the one seems to be as inappropriate as the other. . . .

"I know no other play in Shakspeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth,—

'Be sad, as we would make you: think ye see  
The very persons of our history  
As they were living; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends: then in a moment see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding day,'—

the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:

'This day let no man think  
He has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday.'

"Of this strange inconsistency, or at least of a certain poorness in the general effect which is amply accounted for by such inconsistency, I had for some time been vaguely conscious; and I had also heard it casually remarked by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point [Tennyson] that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher*; when I happened to take up a book of extracts, and opened by chance on the following beautiful lines:

'Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts  
What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.'

"Was it possible to believe that these lines were written by Shakspeare? I had often amused myself with attempting to trace the gradual change of his versification from the simple monotonous cadence of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* to the careless felicities of *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, of which it seemed as impossible to analyze the law as not to feel the melody; but I could find no stage in that progress to which it seemed possible to refer these lines. I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of *Henry VIII.*, if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it.

"This is a conclusion which cannot of course be established by detached extracts, which in questions of style are doubtful evidence at best. The only satisfactory evidence upon which it can be determined whether a given scene was or was not by Shakspeare, is to be found in the general effect produced on the mind, the ear, and the feelings by a free and broad perusal; and if any of your readers care to follow me in this inquiry, I would ask him to do as I did—that is, to read the whole play straight through, with an eye open to notice the larger differences of effect, but without staying to examine small points. The effect of my own experiment was as follows:

"The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is

evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace ; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

"In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (i. 2), where the characters of Katherine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

"But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different and full of mannerism. The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper scene which closes the first act.

"The second act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakspeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

"When in like manner I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows (ii. 2) with the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber (i. 2), I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

"The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the second to the third scene of the second act (in which Anne Bullen appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all), I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance), and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

"Next follows the famous trial scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognized the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the act, with their language in the council-chamber (i. 2), I found that it corresponded in all essential features ; when I compared it with their language in the second scene of the second act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katherine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber ; but when I went on to the first scene of the third act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alter-

ation of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspeare; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

"In the next scene (iii. 2) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakspeare; though probably not into Shakspeare pure; a scene by another hand perhaps which Shakspeare had only remodelled, or a scene by Shakspeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspeare's; but in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows, I could recognize little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence;\* and as for the famous 'Farewell, a long farewell,' etc., though associated by means of Enfield's Speaker with my earliest notions of Shakspeare, it appeared (now that my mind was open to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

"Of the fourth act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not, to my mind, the freshness and originality of Shakspeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done. Katherine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And altogether it seemed to me that if this act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had had a hand in it.

"The first scene of the fifth act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what may indeed be supposed well enough if my conjecture with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct) that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening scene, on the other hand (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations), I could see no evidence of Shakspeare's hand at all; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece."

\* As, for instance :

"Now I see  
Of what base metal ye are moulded.—En | vy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgra | ces  
As if it ted ye, and how sleek and wan | ton  
Ye appear in everything may bring my ru | in !  
Follow your envious courses, men of mal | ice :  
Ye have Christian warrant for them," etc.

*Knock it* (p. 170). Mr. Adee says: "The best passage I know to illustrate this use of *it* is in *The Four Elements* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i. 47):

"And I can dance it gingerly,  
And I can foot it by and by,  
And I can prank it properly,  
And I can countenance comely,  
And I can croak it courtesly,  
And I can leap it lustily,  
And I can turn it trimly,  
And I can frisk it freshly,  
And I can look it lordly."

*My lord of Winchester's* (iii. 2. 231). "It has sometimes occurred to me that the possessive *s* of the folio might be superfluous, and that the idea is to make Norfolk sarcastically address Wolsey as 'my lord of Winchester.' Wolsey was degraded by the king's command from his all-powerful primacy to the simple bishopric of Winchester, with his residence at Asher House" (Adee).

*Still in thy right hand*, etc. (p. 190). "Cromwell was in holy orders, and the allusion is more likely to the priestly benediction, the *pax vobiscum*, which was always said with uplifted right hand, the thumb and fore and middle fingers being raised to denote the Trinity" (Adee).

*Then Garter* (p. 193). "In the College of Heralds there are three Kings-at-arms for England: the first and principal one, Garter King-at-arms, was instituted by Henry V. for the service of the Order of the Garter; the other two, or Provincial Kings-at-arms, being respectively entitled *Clarencieux* (so named from the Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.) and *Norroy* (Roy du Nord),—the heraldic jurisdiction of the latter comprising all the country to the north of the Trent, while that of *Clarencieux* lay to the south" (Adee).

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 345) as follows:

"The time of this Play is seven days represented on the stage, with intervals, the length of which it is, perhaps, impossible to determine: see how dates are shuffled in the list below.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.-iv.

*Interval*.\*

" 2. Act II. sc. i.-iii.

" 3. Act II. sc. iv.

" 4. Act III. sc. i.

*Interval*.

" 5. Act III. sc. ii.

*Interval*.

" 6. Act IV. sc. i. and ii.

*Interval*.

" 7. Act V. sc. i.-v.

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\* "It should be short; for at the end of Act I. sc. ii. the King orders the *present* trial of Buckingham; but as in sc. iv. Henry first makes the acquaintance of Anne, the following scenes require it to be long."

HISTORIC DATES, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE PLAY.

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.  
 1522. March. War declared with France.  
 " May-July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.  
 1521. April 16th. Buckingham brought to the Tower.  
 1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.  
 1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham. May 17th, his execution.  
 1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.  
 1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.  
 1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.  
 1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.  
 1529. { Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.  
 1533. }  
 1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.  
 1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.  
 1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.  
 " " 25th. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.  
 1533. March 30th. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.  
 " May 23d. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared.  
 1530. November 29th. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.  
 1533. June 1st. Coronation of Anne.  
 1536. January 8th. Death of Queen Katherine.  
 1533. September 7th. Birth of Elizabeth.  
 1544. Cranmer called before the Council.  
 1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

- King*: i. 2(79), 4(19); ii. 2(32), 4(95); iii. 2(61); v. 1(85), 2(13), 3(50), 5(23). Whole no. 457.  
*Wolsey*: i. 1(5), 2(42), 4(42); ii. 2(32), 4(48); iii. 1(40), 2(227). Whole no. 436.  
*Campeius*: ii. 2(15), 4(15); iii. 1(23). Whole no. 53.  
*Cupucius*: iv. 2(11). Whole no. 11.  
*Cranmer*: v. 1(19), 2(16), 3(43), 5(56). Whole no. 134.  
*Norfolk*: i. 1(105), 2(9); ii. 2(39); iii. 2(54); v. 3(4). Whole no. 211.  
*Buckingham*: i. 1(118); ii. 1(74). Whole no. 192.  
*Suffolk*: ii. 2(17); iii. 2(63); v. 1(7), 3(6). Whole no. 93.  
*Surrey*: iii. 2(79); v. 3(2). Whole no. 81.  
*Chamberlain*: i. 3(34), 4(28); ii. 2(28), 3(22); iii. 2(19); v. 3(1), 4(18). Whole no. 150.  
*Chancellor*: v. 3(32). Whole no. 32.  
*Gardiner*: ii. 2(2); v. 1(42), 3(47). Whole no. 91.  
*Lincoln*: ii. 4(8). Whole no. 8.

- Abergavenny*: i. 1(18). Whole no. 18.  
*Sands*: i. 3(21), 4(27). Whole no. 48.  
*Guildford*: i. 4(9). Whole no. 9.  
*Lovell*: i. 3(27), 4(4); ii. 1(6); v. 1(31). Whole no. 68.  
*Denny*: v. 1(4). Whole no. 4.  
*Faux*: ii. 1(4). Whole no. 4.  
*1st Secretary*: i. 1(2). Whole no. 2.  
*Brandon*: i. 1(14). Whole no. 14.  
*Cromwell*: iii. 2(29); v. 3(20). Whole no. 49.  
*Griffith*: ii. 4(1); iv. 2(58). Whole no. 59.  
*Butts*: v. 2(9). Whole no. 9.  
*Surveyor*: i. 2(61). Whole no. 61.  
*1st Gentleman*: ii. 1(67); iii. 1(3); iv. 1(41); v. 1(1). Whole no. 112.  
*2d Gentleman*: ii. 1(44); iv. 1(44). Whole no. 88.  
*3d Gentleman*: iv. 1(57). Whole no. 57.  
*Sergeant*: i. 1(5). Whole no. 5.  
*Servant*: i. 4(4). Whole no. 4.  
*Scribe*: ii. 4(4). Whole no. 4.  
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*Keeper*: v. 2(3), 3(4). Whole no. 7.  
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*Garter*: v. 5(4). Whole no. 4.  
*Boy*: v. 1(1). Whole no. 1.  
*Queen Katherine*: i. 2(53); ii. 4(86); iii. 1(121); iv. 2(114). Whole no. 374.  
*Anne Bullen*: i. 4(4); ii. 3(54). Whole no. 58.  
*Patience*: iii. 1(12); iv. 2(6). Whole no. 18.  
*Old Lady*: ii. 3(51); v. 1(17). Whole no. 68.  
*"Within"*: v. 4(3). Whole no. 3.  
*"All"*: i. 2(1); v. 3(1). Whole no. 2.  
*"Prologue"*: (32).  
*"Epilogue"*: (14).

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene is as follows: Prol. 32: i. 1(226), 2(214), 3(67), 4(108); ii. 1(169), 2(144), 3(107), 4(241); iii. 1(184), 2(460); iv. 1(117), 2(173); v. 1(177), 2(35), 3(182), 4(94), 5(77); epil. 14. Whole number in the play, 2821.





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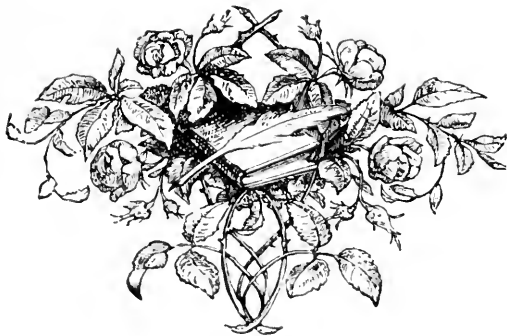
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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.







# THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN







## P R E F A C E.

I HAVE included *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in this edition of Shakespeare's works because, as some critics believe (see p. 10), he appears to have had some share in the composition of the play. I have nothing to add here to the discussion of that question except a few paragraphs from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882), which would have been included in the Introduction if I had seen them in time. He states concisely "the main external testimonies on each side of the question;" and among the "reasons for believing that the great dramatist had no share whatever in the composition" are the following:

"1. When John Waterson, in October, 1646, transferred to Humphrey Moseley his copyright interests in three plays—*The Elder Brother*, *Monsieur Thomas*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*—the undivided authorship of all of them is distinctly assigned to Fletcher in the register, the third appearing there under the title of *The Noble Kinsman*. The Fletcherian authorship of the two other dramas is undisputed; and if Waterson really believed that Shakespeare had written part of the last, there seems no reason why the name of the great dramatist should not have been given in the entry of the assignment. . . . 2. In a list of books printed for Moseley, which is inserted at the end of some copies of Shirley's *Six New Playes*, 1653, occurs 'the Two Noble Kinsmen, a comedy written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, gent., in 4<sup>o</sup>.' The same entry is met with the following year in a similar list of the works of the same publisher, these announcements singularly contrasting with his trading anxiety to use the name of Shakespeare improperly in other instances. It should be carefully recollected that Moseley was specially connected with the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, so that his evidence, valueless in a question of Shakespearian authorship, is most likely important in regard to the works of the former dramatists. . . . 5. The absence of contemporary evidence that Shakespeare and Fletcher were acquainted with each other. . . . 7. The direct evidence of Leonard Digges, about the year 1623, of Shakespeare's aversion to any kind of literary partnership, so that he even carefully avoided the then common practice of availing himself of scenes written for him by other dramatists.—8. The parallel

instance of 'the History of Cardenio by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare' having been entered by Moseley on the registers of the Stationers' Company in the year 1653.—9. Finally, the extreme improbability of a dramatist of Shakespeare's unrivalled power and rapidity of composition entering, at the maturest period of his reputation, into the joint-authorship of a play with a much younger writer, and of the latter having in such a case the assurance to be palpably imitating him, both characterially and verbally, in his portion of the work."

In editing the play, I have made free use, as the frequent acknowledgments in the Notes will show, of the valuable editions by Littledale and Skeat; and I have been almost entirely dependent upon them for the collation of the early texts.

The text is somewhat "expurgated," but less than in Knight's "Pictorial" edition, and much less than in Skeat's, which is intended for school use. In this country the play may be read in colleges, but is not likely to be taken up in the preparatory schools.

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JOHN FLETCHER.



PANATHENAIC PROCESSION. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

### I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

*The Two Noble Kinsmen* was first printed, so far as we know, in 1634, in quarto form and with the following title-page (as given in the New Shakspeare Society reprint, edited by Littledale):

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN: Presented at  
the Blackfriars | by the Kings Maiesties servants, | with  
great applause: Written by the memorable Worthies | of  
their time; | { M<sup>r</sup> John Fletcher, and } Gent. | Printed  
| { M<sup>r</sup> William Shakspeare. }  
at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson: | and are to  
be sold at the signe of the Crowne | in Pauls Church-yard.  
1634.

The two copies of this edition collated by Mr. Littledale differ occasionally, indicating that it was revised while go-

ing through the press.\* It was printed, as Skeat notes, from a prompter's copy; for it contains a few marginal notes that refer to the representation of the play. We learn from these that the name of the actor who took the part of the Messenger in iv. 2 was Curtis; and that two of the Attendants in v. 3 were Curtis and T. Tucke.

The play also appeared in the 2d (1679) edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas, being one of "no fewer than Seventeen Plays more than were in the former" (the 1st folio, of 1647), as the preface tells us.† It is not generally included in editions of Shakespeare, but may be found in Knight's (vol. of "Doubtful Plays"), Dyce's (2d. and later eds.), the "Leopold," and Hudson's ("Harvard" ed.).

That two hands are to be seen in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is now generally agreed, and that one of these is Fletcher's cannot be doubted. Certain eminent critics believe that Shakespeare had something to do with the composition of the play; but just how much is a question on which they differ widely.

Charles Lamb, in his *English Dramatic Poets* (1808), selects from this play nearly all of i. 1, part of i. 3, and the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite before Emilia enters in ii. 2. This last scene, he says, "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher; the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakespeare had a hand in this

\* For an interesting account of variations in old copies of the same edition, see Mr. W. A. Wright's "Golden Treasury" ed. of *Bacon's Essays* (London, 1863), p. 350.

† Dyce, in the 2d ed. of his *Shakespeare* (vol. viii. p. 117) says that "it is printed also in the folios of Shakespeare, 1664 and 1685;" and, as Littledale notes, the slip is not corrected in his 3d ed. (1876). Mr. W. C. Hazlitt repeats the mistake in his ed. of Hazlitt's *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (London, 1870); and so does Hudson (though he mentions only the 1664 folio) in his "Harvard" ed. (vol. xix. p. 129). We find it also in Ulrici's *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art* (3d ed., translated by Schmitz, 1876), vol. ii. p. 403.

play." These and other passages, he adds, "have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakespeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description."

Coleridge, as reported in his *Table-Talk* (1833), said: "I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakespeare's;" and later he writes (Harper's ed. of *Works*, vol. iv. p. 219): "On comparing the prison scene of Palamon and Arcite, ii. 2, with the dialogue between the same speakers, i. 2, I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakespeare." The construction of the blank verse, he adds, "proves beyond all doubt an intentional imitation, if not the proper hand, of Shakespeare. . . . On the other hand, the harshness of many of these very passages, a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical inter-breathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts, keep me from an absolute decision."

In 1833, Professor William Spalding, of Edinburgh, published a *Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen* (reprinted by the New Shakspeare Society, in 1876), which is the most elaborate discussion of the subject that has yet appeared. Mr. Furnivall gives the following abstract of it in his Introduction to the "Leopold" *Shakespeare* (p. xcvi.):

"Professor Spalding contrasts the broken and pauseful versification of Shakspeare with Fletcher's smoother end-stopped and double-ending lines. He finds in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* many of Shakspeare's images and his very words, as well as the energy, obscurity, abruptness, and brevity of his late plays, while in other parts of the play he shows that there is the diffuseness, the amplification, and delicacy of Fletcher. As instances of Shakspeare's metaphors he quotes 'what man *thinks* his own worth?' 'Let us be widows to

our woes ;' 'Our kind air, to them unkind ;' 'Her arms shall  
*corslet* thee ;' 'unpang'd judgment ;'

" 'Our Reasons are not prophets,  
 When oft our Fancies are ;'

" 'Give us the bones  
 Of our dead kings that we may *chapel* them ;'

and the like. Then he finds in one part of the play the active imagination of Shakspeare, hardly ever indulging in lengthened description, whereas in other parts or scenes are Fletcher's poverty of metaphor and his romantic and picturesque descriptions. He contrasts, too, Shakspeare's treatment of mythology with Fletcher's, and shows the difference in the two poets. Then he contrasts Shakspeare's tendency to reflection, and his active and inquiring thought, his practical worldly wisdom, the mass of general truths he puts into his writing, with the want of these characteristics in Fletcher. Shakspeare's faults of conceit and quibbles, too, with their resistless force, he contrasts with the slow elegance and want of pointedness in Fletcher, who is also almost guiltless of plays on words. Then he shows how Shakspeare differs from Fletcher in his personification of Grief and Time, Strife and War, Peace and Love, Mercy and Courage, Reason and Fancy, etc. He also shows what a firm grasp of imagery Shakspeare has as contrasted with Fletcher, and again how the choice of the simple story must have been Shakspeare's, who belonged to the old school, and not Fletcher's, who belonged to the new school of involved and invented plots. Shakspeare relied on characterization and avoided spectacles. He kept in this play the two moving passions of Love and Jealousy always in the front, which Fletcher could not have done. The harmony of its parts was, too, an idea beyond Fletcher's. The shrewdness and good sense of the characters were so likewise. And, on the whole, Professor Spalding con-



cluded that Shakspeare wrote act i., act iii. sc. 1, and act v. except sc. 2."

Later, as Mr. Furnivall points out, Professor Spalding modified his own early judgment. In the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1840 (p. 468), he stated that his opinion "is not so decided as it once was;" and in the same periodical for July, 1847 (p. 578), he declared that "the question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble."

Hallam doubted whether Shakespeare had a share in the play. He says (*Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 318, Amer. ed.): "*The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a play that has been honoured by a tradition of Shakespeare's concern in it. The evidence as to this is the title-page of the first edition; which, though it may seem much at first sight, is next to nothing in our old drama, full of misnomers of the kind. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher have insisted upon what they take for marks of Shakespeare's style; and Schlegel, after 'seeing no reason for doubting so probable an opinion,' detects the spirit of Shakespeare in a certain ideal purity which distinguishes this from other plays of Fletcher, and in the conscientious fidelity\* with which it follows the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* has much of that elevated sense of honour, friendship, fidelity, and love, which belongs, I think, more characteristically to Fletcher, who had drunk at the fountain of Castilian romance, than to one in whose vast mind this conventional morality of particular classes was subordinated to the universal nature of man. In this sense Fletcher is always, in his tragic compositions, a very ideal poet. The subject itself is fitter for him than for Shakespeare. In the

\* Skeat remarks: "This 'conscientious fidelity' is not always conspicuous; the authors follow Chaucer when they please. It is well worth remarking that the confusion in act iv. sc. 2, where the descriptions, copied from Chaucer, are applied to the wrong persons, occurs in a scene which was almost certainly written by Fletcher."

language and conduct of this play, with great deference to better and more attentive critics, I see imitations of Shakespeare rather than such resemblances as denote his powerful stamp. The madness of the gaoler's daughter, where some have imagined they saw the master-hand, is doubtless suggested by that of Ophelia, but with an inferiority of taste and feeling which it seems impossible not to recognize. The painful and degrading symptom of female insanity, which Shakespeare has touched with his gentle hand, is dwelt upon by Fletcher with all his innate impurity. Can any one believe that the former would have written the last scene in which the gaoler's daughter appears on the stage?"

In a foot-note Hallam refers to Spalding's *Letter*, but intimates that he is not convinced by it; and in a later note (1847), alluding to Dyce's concurrence with Spalding as to the share of Shakespeare in the play, he says: "The hypothesis of a joint production is open to much difficulty, which Mr. Dyce hardly removes."

In April, 1847, a very able paper on this question by Mr. S. Hickson was published in the *Westminster Review* (reprinted in the *Transactions of the New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 25\* fol.). The result of his inquiry is summed up thus: "It is that the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is one to which Shakespeare possesses a better title than can be *proved* for him to *Pericles*; that to him belong its entire plan and general arrangement: but that, perhaps for want of time to complete it by a day named, and probably by way of encouragement to a young writer of some promise, he availed himself of the assistance of Fletcher to fill up a portion of the outline." Mr. Hickson assigns to Shakespeare the whole of act i. except perhaps some 20 or 30 lines in sc. 2; act ii. sc. 1; act iii. sc. 1 and 2; act iv. sc. 3; and act v. except sc. 2.\* It follows that, with the partial

\* Mr. Hickson's and Prof. Spalding's papers are both freely quoted in the *Notes* below.

exception of Arcite, every character, even to the Doctor who makes his appearance near the end of act iv., was introduced by Shakespeare. "We have here then," adds Mr. Hickson, "not only the framework of the play, but the groundwork of each character; in each case we find that Shakespeare goes first; and Fletcher follows; and even then we find that the latter is the most successful in the parts where he had Chaucer for a guide."

Fleay (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 61\*, and *Manual*, p. 172) confirms Mr. Hickson's division by metrical tests. The two *prose* scenes (ii. 1 and iv. 3) he assigns to Shakespeare, because "Fletcher never wrote prose in any of his plays." In the Shakespeare portion of the verse, the proportion of lines having double endings is only 10 in 35, while in the Fletcher portion it is 10 in 18. The former average is exactly that of the latter part of Shakespeare's career (the time of the *Winter's Tale*); while the latter exactly agrees with that deduced from an examination of all the undoubted works of Fletcher. Of lines consisting of only four feet, there is but one in the Shakespeare portion (1124 lines); but in the Fletcher portion (1398 lines) there are 19.

Knight (in the paper from which we quote in the "Critical Comments" below) holds that "Fletcher, for the most part, wrote the scenes which the best critical opinions concur in attributing to him;" and that "he had a coadjutor who produced for the most part the scenes attributed to Shakspeare, but this coadjutor was not Shakspeare himself." He then attempts to prove that Chapman was the second author; but, so far as we are aware, he has had no follower in this opinion.

Dyce says: "For my own part, I believe that Shakespeare wrote all those portions of the play which Mr. Spalding assigns to him, though I conceive that in some places they may have been altered and interpolated by Fletcher."

He thinks that Shakespeare's contributions to the play are "stamped everywhere with the manner of his later years," but they nevertheless existed before Fletcher's were written—"in other words, that the two poets did not work on it simultaneously."

Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i. p. 466) considers that the internal evidence is certainly very strong in favour of Dyce's theory; but he is inclined to think after all that the play is mainly if not entirely Fletcher's. "At the most," he says, "I should be ready to suppose that Shakspeare aided the young dramatist in the opening of the play."

Skeat, in his edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Cambridge, 1875), accepts Hickson's division of the play as "probably right in the main." He adds: "The only scenes that seem to me doubtful are iii. 2, iv. 3, and certain parts of v. 1. These have all been claimed for Shakespeare, but I am not convinced about them. But in all the other scenes the marks of partnership are sufficiently distinct. It must surely be admitted that there were *two* authors; that their respective portions have been rightly assigned to them; and that one of those authors, the one who had the least to invent, was Fletcher. The whole of the real conduct of the play, the introduction of all the more important characters, the beginning and the ending of the piece, are due to a greater mind and an abler artist. Why should we hesitate to suppose that that artist was Shakespeare? . . . It is easy also to see the *principle* upon which the division of the play was made. Shakespeare took the more important share, began the play, started all the principal characters, and left Fletcher nothing to do but to fill up the easier portions, where he had Chaucer to guide him, or else had merely to continue what was begun, or lastly, could introduce a morris-dance and some countrymen by way of filling a gap. Obviously, the original division of labour was, that they should write the alternate acts; Shakespeare taking the 1st, 3d, and

5th acts, and Fletcher the 2d and 4th. This was slightly varied in the end, but the principle was not really altered. Shakespeare wrote all the 1st act, the first and most important part of the 3d act, and all of the 5th act but one scene ; but he also helped Fletcher (in all probability) by starting the 2d act for him ; which Fletcher repaid by contributing a scene to act v."

After referring to the opinion once held by Knight that "Shakespeare left a portion of the play, which, after his death, was completed by Fletcher," Skeat remarks that "there is really a sort of truth in it," and adds : "I cannot resist the conviction that the play, *in the exact form in which we have it*, was revised by Fletcher (or another?) after Shakespeare's death ; and that he did to some extent, here and there, alter some phrases at his pleasure. I think he may have done so, for instance, in v. 1 ; and perhaps the Song at the very beginning of the play is such a piece as he might have added. The Prologue and Epilogue may be his ; or, indeed, they may have been added by a third person. . . . The simple and natural order of things would be somewhat of the following description. The authors would roughly divide the work, write contemporaneously, fit the scenes together, and the play would be acted. In case of repetition after an interval of time, nothing would be more natural than that it should be to some extent revised ; and for the revision, one author would suffice. This is, accordingly, the theory which I offer, and which agrees, in the main, with the general result of the opinions of most critics. Suppose Shakespeare and Fletcher to have written the *Two Noble Kinsmen* in conjunction in 1612, and the play of *Henry VIII.* in 1613 ; after which Shakespeare retires from his labours, not to live long afterwards. The play proving a favourite one—as seems to have been the case—Fletcher revises it, not altering much perhaps, but adding a few lines here and there ; and at last, after he also is dead, the play is printed

from an acting copy, representing it *in its latest form*. This will account for all the circumstances of the case, whilst merely requiring the supposition that things took their natural and easiest course."

Prof. J. K. Ingram, in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, Nov. 13, 1874 (see *Transactions*, p. 442 fol.), says: "The answer to the question, Who was the author of the non-Fletcherian portion of the play? does not force itself on my mind with the same clear evidence as the conviction that the non-Shaksperian part of *Henry VIII.* is by Fletcher. The choice of the story, in which the passion is, after all, of an artificial kind, the toleration of the 'trash' which abounds in the underplot, the faintness of the characterization, and, in general, the absence, except in occasional flashes, of the splendid genius which shows itself all through the last period of Shakspeare, I have always found very perplexing. In reading the (so-called) Shaksperian part of the play, I do not often feel myself in contact with a mind of the first order. Still, it is certain that there is much in it that is *like* Shakspeare, and some things that are worthy of him at his best; that the manner, in general, is more that of Shakspeare than of any other contemporary dramatist; and that the system of verse is one which we do not find in any other, whilst it is, in all essentials, that of Shakspeare's last period. I cannot name any one else who could have written this portion of the play. . . . If Shakspeare be—as we seem forced to believe—the author of the part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* now usually attributed to him, this will take its place in the series of his works between the *Winter's Tale* and *Henry VIII.*"

Mr. J. Herbert Stack, in a paper printed in the Appendix of the New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Spalding's *Letter* (p. 113 fol.), takes the ground that the play is not mainly Shakespeare's because, though founded on a poem which is "delicate and noble," it is itself "coarse and trivial;" because Shake-

speare never introduces "love between persons of very different rank" (in the cases of Ophelia and Hamlet, Viola and the Duke, Rosalind and Orlando, Helena and Bertram, "gentlehood unites all"); and because of the un-Shakespearian features, like "the cold, coarse balancing of Emilia between the two men," the final marriage of the Gaoler's Daughter ("as destructive of our sympathy as if Ophelia had been saved from drowning by the grave-digger and married to Horatio at the end of the piece"), the "poor pedantry" of Gerrold, the "forced and feeble fun of the rustics," and "the sternness of Theseus brutal and untouched by final gentleness as in Chaucer." Besides, the underplot is managed with a clumsiness which is in marked contrast to "the skill with which Shakespeare interweaves the two plots and brings together the principal and inferior personages;" here the underplot is not interwoven with the main plot. "It might be altogether omitted without affecting the story. Theseus, Emilia, Hippolyta, Arcite, Palamon, never exchange a word with the group of Gaoler's Daughter, Wooer, Brother, Two Friends, and Doctor." In conclusion, Mr. Stack is inclined to the opinion "that Shakespeare selected the subject, began the play, wrote many passages, had no underplot, and generally left it in a skeleton state; that Fletcher, not Shakespeare, is answerable for all the departures from Chaucer, for all the underplot, and for the revised play as it stands."

Furnivall, quoting this last sentence, says ("Leopold" ed. p. xcix.): "This is as far as any one can rightly go, I think. My present feeling is to substitute 'some' for 'many' in the passage above, and to suggest that Beaumont, or some one who modelled himself on the run-on lines of Shakspeare's later time, as Fletcher did on the extra-syllable lines, wrote much of the work in this play assigned by Spalding (at first) and Hickson to Shakspeare." He also remarks (p. xcvi.): "While reading Professor Spalding's enthusiastic and able

argument, backed by his well-chosen quotations, it is difficult to resist his conclusions. But when you turn to the play and read it by yourself or aloud with a party of friends, then you begin to doubt. Professor Spalding himself hesitated on further reflection, as we have seen. He was from the first obliged to admit that in Shakspeare's specialty, characterization, the play was weak. He could not have denied that whereas in one part the character of Chaucer's Emilia, the huntress seeking no marriage-bed, is rightly seized, in another she is turned into a kind of foolish waiting-maid, not knowing which of her suitors she loves, and fearing that Palamon may be wounded and get his figure spoiled :

‘ Arcite may win me,  
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to  
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity  
Enough for such a chance !’

If the student accepts the theory of Shakspeare's taking anything like a half share in the play, he must yet allow that portions of his work and conception were afterwards spoiled by Fletcher. The comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, the source of the play, with the play itself, is in no way to Chaucer's discredit. The fear expressed in the Prologue that Chaucer's bones might shake on hearing a possible hiss at the play on its first production has a certain justification. That the play opens finely with the woes of the three queens, that Palamon's speech in the temple (act v.) is very fine, one gladly admits. But there is nothing else to match Chaucer's description of the foes engaged in the tournament, of the adornments of the building where it was held ; nor can the sketch of Emilia in the play be set for a minute beside Chaucer's lovely picture of Emilia in the garden. The repulsiveness of the under-plot, whose details are due to Fletcher, detracts terribly from the effect of the play as a whole."

Mr. Harold Littledale, whose edition of the play (pub-



lished by the New Shakspeare Society in 1876) is the best we have, agrees with Mr. Stack, though "hesitating to express a firm opinion on the matter." He suggests that possibly Shakespeare "worked on the 1594 play as a basis."

Mr. Swinburne, in his *Study of Shakespeare* (London, 1880), accepts "the masterly decision of Mr. Dyce." In the portions of the play ascribed to Shakespeare he sees the poet's hand at its best; but he has no patience with "the pestilent abuse and perversion to which Fletcher has put the perhaps already superfluous hints or sketches by Shakespeare for an episodical under-plot, in his transmutation of Palamon's love-stricken and luckless deliverer into the disgusting burlesque of a mock Ophelia."

Mr. Hudson, the most recent editor of the play, adopts Hickson's division. He believes that Shakespeare and Fletcher worked together here as in *Henry VIII.*, and he sees no marked differences of style in the Shakespearian portions of the two plays, such as would indicate any wide interval in the times of writing, though *The Two Noble Kinsmen* may be somewhat the earlier of the two. The non-appearance of the present play in the folio of 1623 "may well have grown from an arrangement for dividing between the authors the fruit of their joint labours."

For our own part, we wish that the question were as simple as in the case of *Henry VIII.*, but we do not find it so. We were at first ready to agree with Spalding and Hickson—with the latter rather than the former on the points as to which they differ—but on more careful study of the play, we find ourself wavering, as Spalding did, and coming to regard the problem as "really insoluble." Shakespeare perhaps had a share in the play; but, if so, it is impossible to decide just what it was, or how it came about. If he and Fletcher worked together, as they perhaps did on *Henry VIII.*, the date of its composition cannot be far from 1612; but though the metrical analysis tends to confirm this date,

the weightier internal evidence is against it. Even in his *Letter* Spalding admits that in characterization, "Shakespeare's special excellence," the play is weak. In this respect it reminds us of his earliest rather than his latest work. If it really belongs to the period of the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale* and *Henry VIII.*, we see no alternative but to suppose (with Dyce, Furnivall, and others) that the Shakespearian part has been more or less worked over by Fletcher and woefully marred in the operation.

To say this, however, is not to say that the play is a poor one. If it is not worthy to be ranked with Shakespeare's latest and best work, it may nevertheless claim a high place in the dramatic literature of the time. Professor Spalding well says in the *Edinburgh Review* article (July, 1847) from which we have already quoted :

"Be the authorship whose it may, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us [Dyce's ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher]. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigour and passion, yield hardly to anything—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection ; while for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it. Never has any theme enjoyed the honours which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

"If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as

any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene, in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting,—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods; and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer's masterpiece, 'the Iliad of the middle ages.'"

We may add that, among the German critics, Ulrici admits that "the diction has a touch of Shakespeare's style;" but considers that the difference between the supposed Shakespearian portions and the rest of the play "is not sufficiently great to exclude the possibility that a poet of such eminent talent as Fletcher might, in one of his earlier works (for the play cannot, probably, be dated later than about 1608-9), have taken some of Shakespeare's characters as his models, and for a time come under Shakespeare's influence,—as the plagiarism from *Hamlet* proves; further, that he might even have succeeded in imitating Shakespeare's style in single features of diction, nay, that he might even have succeeded in striking a tone kindred to Shakespeare's own in whole portions of the play." This, he thinks, is more likely than "that Shakespeare wrote scenes and whole acts which, in substance, stand in direct contradiction to the spirit and character of his own compositions."\*

Gervinus says that Shakespeare may possibly have adapted

\* *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, translated by L. D. Schmitz (3d ed. 1876), vol. ii. p. 409.

the old play of 1594, and Fletcher, making use of Shakespeare's additions, may have remodelled this same old play into *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; "but that Shakespeare ever could have taken a hearty interest in the subject is to be denied with the greatest certainty from one single consideration; for never have his sound ethics had to do with such conventional points of honour in the style of the dramatic Romantics of Spain as those upon which the relation between Palamon and Arcite, the two noble cousins (the central point of the whole play), turns." He is therefore "of Staunton's opinion, who is as little inclined to impute to Shakespeare a share in this as in any other of the plays falsely awarded to him."\*

Ward (vol. i. p. 467) states that H. von Friesen (in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. i., 1865) has also taken the ground that Shakespeare could not have been "associated in the production of a play so different from the works of his maturity."

## II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of the play, as the prologue states, is taken from Chaucer, who gives it in his *Knights Tale*. He got it, as he acknowledges, from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, who calls it a very old story ("una antichissima storia"). The names in it indicate that it was originally from the Greek (cf. Mr. Hales's letter in the *London Academy*, Jan. 17, 1874).

It had been dramatized in English twice at least before the time of Shakespeare, though there is no ground whatever for supposing that the authors of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were indebted to either of the earlier plays. In 1566 a drama called *Palemon and Arcyte*, by Richard Edwardes, was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Oxford. Wood's account in the *Athenæ Oxonienses* mentions the play several times, but the following passages, communicated to Nicholls,

\* *Shakespeare-Commentaries*, translated by Bunnett (ed. of 1875), p. 828 (by permission).

the historian of Elizabeth's Progresses, by Mr. Gatch, from Wood's MSS., are more detailed, and clearly show that Edwardes's play and the play before us must have differed so materially as to make it almost certain that the authors of the latter can have known nothing of the former. Part of the play was performed on Sept. 2, 1566, when a scaffolding fell, and three lives were lost. Wood continues: "Sept. 4, 1566. At night the Queen was present at the other part of the play of *Palæmon and Arcyte*, which should have been acted the night before, but deferred because it was late when the Queen came from disputations at St. Mary's. When the play was ended, she called for Mr. Edwards, the author and gave him very great thanks, with promises of reward, for his pains: then making a pause, said to him and her retinue standing about her, this relating to part of the play: 'By Palæmon, I warrant he dallieth not in love when he was in love indeed; by Arcyte, he was a right martial knight, having a sweet countenance, and a manly face; by Trecatio, God's pity, what a knave it is; by Perithous, throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander-by would have stayed by the arm with an oath, he knoweth his part, I warrant.' In the said play was acted a cry of hounds in the Quadrant, upon the train of a fox in the hunting of Theseus, with which the young scholars, who stood in the windows, were so much taken (supposing it was real), that they cried out, 'Now, now!—there, there!—he's caught, he's caught!' All which the Queen merrily beholding, said, 'O, excellent! those boys, in very troth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds!' . . . . In the acting of the said play there was a good part performed by the Lady Amelia, who, for gathering her flowers prettily in a garden there represented, and singing sweetly in the time of March, received eight angels for a gracious reward by her Majesty's command," etc.

Of the other old play we know nothing except (from

Henslowe's *Diary*) that it was entitled *Palamon and Arsett*, and was acted several times at the Newington Theatre in 1594. Collier conjectures that it was based upon the play of 1566, and that it was in turn remodelled by Shakespeare, who introduced into it the matter afterwards "employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634;" but this is speculating rather wildly on the mere mention of a play in a manager's list.\*

The origin of the underplot cannot be traced. There is no hint of it in Chaucer, and we have no reason to suppose that it came from the play of 1594. It may have been the invention of the authors.

### III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From *Knight's "Pictorial Shakspeare."*†]

*The Knightes Tale* of Chaucer opens with the return to Athens of the "duke that highté Theseus," after he had

"conquer'd all the regne of Feminie,  
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,  
And wedded the freshe queen Hypolita,  
And brought her home with him to his countrey  
With muchel glory and great solempnitie,  
And eke her youngé sister Emelie."

*The Two Noble Kinsmen* opens with Theseus at Athens, in the company of Hippolyta and her sister, proceeding to the

\* Hickson, by the way, ascribes this speculation to Dyce, who quotes it from Collier only to condemn it; and Skeat in turn apparently misunderstands Hickson, who, he says, "needlessly assumes that Henslowe is here referring to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*." What Hickson says, after finding fault with "Dyce" (that is, Collier) for "arguing upon a hypothetical play [Shakespeare's supposed revision of the one mentioned by Henslowe] which, so far as we know, never existed," is this: "In Henslowe's *Diary* we find the following entry: '17 of September, 1594, *we Rd at palamon and arsett ljs*;' we have the *Two Noble Kinsmen* before us: and there is not a tittle of evidence besides."

† *Doubtful Plays*, etc. (2d ed. 1867), p. 171 fol. (by permission). We select the passages that compare the play with *The Knightes Tale*.

celebration of his marriage with the "dreaded Amazonian."  
 Their bridal procession is interrupted by the

"three queens, whose sovereigns fell before  
 The wrath of cruel Creon."

In Chaucer the suppliants are a more numerous company.  
 As Theseus was approaching Athens,

"He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,  
 Where that there kneeled in the highé way  
 A company of ladies tway and tway,  
 Each after other, clad in clothés black ;  
 But such a cry and such a woe they make,  
 That in this world n'is creature living  
 That ever heard such another waimenting."

Briefly they tell their tale of woe, and as rapidly does the  
 chivalrous duke resolve to avenge their wrongs :

"And right anon, withouten more abode,  
 His banner he display'd, and forth he rode  
 To Thebes ward, and all his host beside."

The Queen and her sister remained at Athens. Out of this rapid narration, which occupies little more than a hundred lines in Chaucer, has the first scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* been constructed. Assuredly, the reader who opens that scene for the first time will feel that he has lighted upon a work of no ordinary power. The mere interruption of the bridal procession by the widowed queens—the contrast of their black garments and their stained veils with the white robes and wheaten chaplets and hymeneal songs with which the play opens—is a noble dramatic conception ; but the poet, whoever he be, possesses that command of appropriate language which realizes all that the imagination can paint of a dramatic situation and movement ; there is nothing shadowy or indistinct, no vague explanations, no trivial epithets. When the First Queen says—

“ Oh, pity, duke !

*Thou purger of the earth*, draw thy fear'd sword,  
That does good turns to the world ; give us the bones  
Of our dead kings, that we may *chapel* them :”

we know that the thoughts which belong to her condition are embodied in words of no common significancy. When the Second Queen, addressing Hippolyta, “ the soldieress,” says—

“ *Speak't in a woman's key*, like such a woman  
As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;  
Lend us a knee ;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
*Than a dove's motion when the head's pluck'd off !*”

we feel that the poet not only wields his harmonious language with the decision of a practised artist, but exhibits the nicer touches which attest his knowledge of natural feelings, and employs images which, however strange and unfamiliar, are so true that we wonder they never occurred to us before, but at the same time so original that they appear to defy copying or imitation. The whole scene is full of the same remarkable word-painting. There is another quality which it exhibits, which is also peculiar to the highest order of minds—the ability to set us thinking—to excite that just and appropriate reflection which might arise of itself out of the exhibition of deep passions and painful struggles and resolute self-denials, but which the true poet breathes into us without an effort, so as to give the key to our thoughts, but utterly avoiding those sententious moralizings which are sometimes deemed to be the province of tragedy. When the Queens commend the surrender which Theseus makes of his affections to a sense of duty, the poet gives us the philosophy of such heroism in a dozen words spoken by Theseus :

“ *As we are men*,  
Thus should we do ; *being sensually subdued*,  
*We lose our human title.*”

The first appearance, in Chaucer, of Palamon and Arcite



is when they lie wounded on the battle-field of Thebes. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the necessary conduct of the story, as a drama, requires that the principal personages should be exhibited to us before they become absorbed in the main action. It is on such occasions as these that a dramatist of the highest order makes his characters reveal themselves, naturally and without an effort; and yet so distinctly, that their individual identity is impressed upon the mind, so as to combine with the subsequent movement of the plot. The second scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* appears to us somewhat deficient in this power. It is written with great energy; but the two friends are energetic alike: we do not precisely see which is the more excitable, the more daring, the more resolved, the more generous. We could change the names of the speakers without any material injury to the propriety of what they speak. Take, as an opposite example, Hermia and Helena, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, where the differences of character scarcely required to be so nicely defined. And yet in *description* the author of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* makes Palamon and Arcite essentially different:

“Arcite is gently visag’d: yet his eye  
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon  
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage  
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon  
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow  
Is grav’d, and seems to bury what it frowns on;  
Yet sometimes ’t is not so, but alters to  
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye  
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy  
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite’s mirth;  
But Palamon’s sadness is a kind of mirth,  
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,  
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that  
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him  
Live in fair dwelling.”

This is noble writing; and it is quite sufficient to enable the stage representation of the two characters to be well defined.

Omit it, and omit the recollections of it in the reading, and we doubt greatly whether the characters themselves realize this description ; they are not self-evolved and manifested. The third scene, also, is a dramatic addition to the tale of Chaucer. It keeps the interest concentrated upon Hippolyta, and especially Emilia ; it is not essential to the action, but it is a graceful addition to it. It has the merit, too, of developing the character of Emilia, and so to reconcile us to the apparent coldness with which she is subsequently content to receive the triumphant rival, whichever he be, as her husband. The Queen and her sister talk of the friendship of Theseus and Perithous. Emilia tells the story of her own friendship, to prove

“That the true love ’tween maid and maid may be  
More than in sex dividual.”

This, in some sort, modifies the subsequent position of Emilia, “bride-habited, but maiden-hearted.” Her description of her early friendship has been compared to the celebrated passage in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream* :

“Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,” etc.

In Chaucer, Theseus makes swift work with Creon and with Thebes :

“With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,  
He fought, and slew him manly as a knight  
In plain batáille, and put his folk to flight ;  
And by assault he won the city after,  
And rent adown both wall, and spar, and rafter ;  
And to the ladies he restor’d again  
The bodies of their husbands that were slain,  
To do th’ obsequies, as was then the guise.”

It is in the battle-field that Palamon and Arcite are discovered wounded :

“Not fully quick ne fully dead they were,  
But by their cote-armure and by their gear  
The heralds knew them well in special.”

The incident is literally followed in the play, where the herald says, in answer to the question of Theseus, "They are not dead?"—

"Nor in a state of life : had they been taken  
When their last hurts were given, 't was possible  
They might have been recover'd ; yet they breathe,  
And have the name of men."

In Chaucer, Theseus is to the heroic friends a merciless conqueror :

"He full soon them sent  
To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison  
Perpetual, he n'oldé no ransom."

But in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* he would appear to exhibit himself as a generous foe, who, having accomplished the purposes of his expedition, has no enmity with the honest defenders of their country :

"The very lees of such, millions of rates  
Exceed the wine of others ; all our surgeons  
Convent in their behoof ; our richest balms,  
Rather than niggard, waste ! their lives concern us  
Much more than Thebes is worth."

The fifth scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a scenic expansion of a short passage in Chaucer :

"But it were all too long for to devise  
The greaté clamour and the waimenting  
Which that the ladies made at the brenning  
Of the bodies."

The epigrammatic ending of the scene is perhaps familiar to many :

"This world's a city, full of straying streets ;  
And death's the market-place where each one meets."

Pursuing the plan with which we set out, of following the course of Chaucer's story, we pass over all those scenes and parts of scenes which may be called the underplot.

Such in the second act is the beginning of scene 1. In Chaucer we learn that—

“in a tow’r, in anguish and in woe,  
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite  
For evermore there may no gold them quite.”

The old romantic poet reserves his dialogue for the real business of the story, when the two friends, each seeing Emilia from the prison-window, become upon the instant defying rivals for her love. This incident is not managed with more preparation by the dramatist; but the prelude to it exhibits the two young men consoling each other under their adverse fortune, and making resolutions of eternal friendship. . . .

We are now arrived at a part of the tale where the poetry of Chaucer assumes the dramatic form. The description of Emilia walking in the garden, the first sight of her by Palamon, and his imaginative love, the subsequent prostration of his heart before the same vision by Arcite—are all told with wonderful spirit by the old poet. The entire passage is too long for extract, but we give some lines which will show that the energy of Chaucer imposed no common task of rivalry upon him who undertook to dramatize this scene of passion :

“This Palamon gan knit his browés tway.  
‘It were,’ quod he, ‘to thec no great honour  
For to be false, ne for to be traytour  
To me, that am thy cousin and thy brother  
Ysworn full deep, and each of us to other,  
That never for to dien in the pain,  
Till that the death departen shall us twain,  
Neither of us in love to hinder other,  
Ne in none other case, my levé brother;  
But that thou shouldest truly further me  
In every case as I should further thee.  
This was thine oath, and mine also, certain;  
I wot it well, thou dar’st it not withsain;  
Thus art thou of my counsel out of doubt.  
And now thou wouldest falsely been about

To love my lady, whom I love and serve,  
And ever shall till that my hearté sterve.

“ ‘Now certés, false Arcite, thou shalt not so :  
I lov’d her first, and toldé thee my woe  
As to my counsel, and my brother sworn  
To further me as I have told beforn,  
For which thou art ybounden as a knight  
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,  
Or ellés art thou false I dare well say’n.’

“This Arcita fully proudly spake again.  
‘Thou shalt,’ quod he, ‘be rather false than I,  
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly  
For *par amour* I lov’d her first ere thou.’ ”

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the conditions of the friendship of the young men—the chivalric bond,

“Neither of us in love to hinder other,”—

so capable of dramatic expansion, has been passed over by the writer of this scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The story is followed in Arcite being freed; but in Chaucer he returns to Thebes, and after a long absence comes to the court of Theseus in disguise. The unity of time is preserved in the drama, by making him a victor in athletic sports, and thus introduced to the favour of Theseus and the service of Emilia. In Chaucer, Palamon, after seven years’ durance,

“By helping of a friend brake his prison.”

The Gaoler’s Daughter is a parasitical growth around the old vigorous tree.

Palamon is fled to the woods. Arcite has ridden to the fields to make his May-garland; and his unhappy friend, fearful of pursuit, hears him, unknown, sing—

“O Maye, with all thy flowrés and thy green,  
Right welcome be thou fairé freshé May;  
I hope that I some green here gotten may.”

The old poet continues, with his inimitable humour :

C

“ When that Arcite had roamed all his fill,  
 And sungeu all the roundel lustily,  
 Into a study he fell suddenly,  
 As do these lovers in their quainté gears,  
 Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,  
 Now up, now down, as bucket in a well.”

The lover gives utterance to his lamentations; his rival hears him, and starts out of the bushes with, “ False Arcite, false traitor !” Arcite proposes that they should determine their contention by mortal combat on the following day :

“ Here I will be founden as a knight,  
 And bringen harness right enough for thee;  
 And choose the best, and leave the worst for me:  
 And meat and drinké this night will I bring.”

The corresponding scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is finely written. There is a quiet strength about it which exhibits very high art. . . . The third scene, where Arcite comes to Palamon “with meat, wine, and files,” is merely the carrying out of the action promised in the previous interview. It is unnecessary for the dramatic movement. . . .

The combat itself takes place in the sixth scene. The passage in Chaucer upon which this scene is founded possesses all his characteristic energy. The hard outline which it presents is in some degree a natural consequence of its force and clearness :

“ And in the grove, at time and place yset,  
 This Arcite and this Palamon been met.  
 Tho changen gan the colour of their face;  
 Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace  
 That standeth at a gappé with a spear,  
 When hunted is the lion or the bear,  
 And heareth him come rushing in the greves,  
 And breaking both the boughés and the leaves,  
 And think’th, ‘ Here com’th my mortal enemy,  
 Withouten fail he must be dead or I;  
 For either I must slay him at the gap,  
 Or he must slay me, if that me mishap.’

So fareden they in changing of their hne,  
 As far as either of them other knew.  
 There n'as no good day, ne no saluing,  
 But straight withouten wordés rehearsing,  
 Everich of them help to armen other  
 As friendly as he were his owen brother ;  
 And after that with sharpé spearés strong  
 They foinden each at other wonder long."

It is upon the "everich of them help to armen other" that the dramatist has founded the interchange of courtesies between the two kinsmen. . . . The interruption to the combat by Theseus and his train; the condemnation of the rivals by the duke; the intercession of Hippolyta and Emilia; and the final determination that the knights should depart, and within a month return accompanied by other knights to contend in bodily strength for the fair prize—these incidents are founded pretty closely upon Chaucer, with the exception that the elder poet does not make Theseus decree that the vanquished shall die upon the block. The scene has no marked deviation in style from that which precedes it.

The supposed interval of time during the absence of the knights is filled up by Chaucer with some of the finest descriptions which can be found amongst the numberless vivid pictures which his writings exhibit. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the whole of the fourth act is occupied with the progress of the underplot; with the exception of the second scene, which commences with the long and not very dramatic soliloquy of Emilia upon the pictures of her two lovers, and is followed by an equally undramatic description by a messenger of the arrival of the princes and of the qualities of their companions. This description is founded upon Chaucer. We pass on to the fifth act.

Chaucer has wonderfully described the temples of Venus, of Mars, and of Diana. The dramatist has followed him in making Arcite address himself to Mars, Palamon to Venus,

and Emilia to Diana. Parts of these scenes are without all doubt the finest passages of the play, surpassed by very few things indeed within their own poetical range. The addresses of Arcite to Mars, and of Emilia to Diana, possess a condensation of thought, a strength of imagery, and a majesty of language, almost unequalled by the very highest masters of the art ; but they as properly belong to the epic as to the dramatic division of poetry. The invocation of Palamon to Venus, although less sustained and less pleasing, is to our minds more dramatic : it belongs more to romantic poetry. The nobler invocations are cast in a classical mould. The combat scene is not presented on the stage. The absence of it is certainly managed with very great skill. Emilia refuses to be present ; she is alone ; the tumult is around her ; rumour upon rumour is brought to her ; she attempts to analyze her own feelings ; and we must say that she appears to be thinking more of herself than is consistent with a very high conception of female excellence. Arcite is eventually the victor. Palamon and his friends appear on the scaffold, prepared for death. Then comes the catastrophe of Arcite's sudden calamity in the hour of triumph ; and this again is description. The death of Arcite is told by Chaucer with great pathos ; and the address of the dying man to Emilia is marked by truth and simplicity infinitely touching :

“What is this world ? what asken men to have ?  
Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—  
Alone—withouten any company.  
Farewell, my sweet, farewell, mine Emily !  
And softé take me in your armés tway  
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.  
I have here with my cousin Palamon  
Had strife and rancour many a day agone  
For love of you, and for my jealousy ;  
And Jupiter to wis my soulé gie,  
To speaken of a servant properly,  
With allé circumstances truély,



That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,  
 Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,  
 Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,  
 So Jupiter have of my soulé part,  
 As in this world right now ne know I none  
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,  
 That serveth you, and will do all his life ;  
*And if that ever ye shall be a wife,  
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man."*

The dramatic poet falls short of this :

"Take Emilia,  
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand ;  
 Farewell ! I have told my last hour. I was false,  
 Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin !—  
 One kiss from fair Emilia !—"T is done :  
 Take her. I die !"

[From Ward's "*English Dramatic Literature*."\*]

*The Two Noble Kinsmen* was, according to its publisher of 1634 and the opinion of several critics, written conjointly by Fletcher and Shakespeare. Sceptical as I remain with regard to this statement [cf. p. 16 above], I am the more anxious to advert to the many beauties of this "tragi-comedy," as it originally appears to have been called, doubtless because of its (imperfectly) "happy ending." For the comic element is very slight, being in the main confined to a scene (iii. 5) which is not without reminiscences both of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and more particularly of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the schoolmaster Gerrold being evidently a copy of Holofernes. The main story is of course that of Chaucer's *Knightes Tale* ; but though the divergences in the plot are slight, there are other differences of far greater significance. Chaucer's poem was founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio ; but it is by no means a translation, for of the lines composing it only an eighth or less are said to be

\* *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, by A. W. Ward, A.M. (London, 1875), vol. ii. p. 232.

translated from the original. The drama inevitably reduces the length in time of the action ; it omits (likewise inevitably) many of the vivid descriptions of the poem (for example, that of the three temples and much of the tournament), and discreetly abbreviates the conduct of the catastrophe. The supernatural machinery (skilfully enough interwoven with the action by Chaucer) it leaves aside altogether, except in the incidents of the temple scenes (v. 1-3). On the other hand, it substitutes for Chaucer's in itself very striking description of the two cousins silently arming one another for their mutual combat, a most effective dialogue between them (iii. 6). What is of more importance, the drama develops with greater fulness the character of Emily, which Chaucer treats rather lightly ;\* and introduces the entirely new and exceedingly pathetic character of the Gaoler's Daughter, whose unrequited love liberates Palamon from prison. The earlier scenes in which the poor child discloses her hopeless but irresistible love are very touching ; and her first loss of reason is very powerfully depicted ; though afterwards (not to speak of too obvious reminiscences of Ophelia) this episode is drawn out at too great length and in the end degraded. The play abounds in beauties of detail, and as a whole is a most successful solution of the difficult problem of converting an epos into a drama, chiefly by the proper means of elaborating the characterization. The close is as unsatisfactory in the drama as in the poem ; indeed, more so in the former than in the latter, for Chaucer's philosophy helps to reconcile us to the unequal fates of the two kinsmen as a matter of destiny. Palamon should have killed himself over Arcite's corpse, and Emily resumed her vows of virginity.

\* In one passage indeed, with a genial cynicism not unusual to him, when in a mood of "heresie ayenst the law" of Love :

"For women, as to speken in commune,  
They folwen all the favour of fortune."

[*Comments on the Play by F. G. Fleay, M.A.\**]

The composition of this play by Shakespeare and Fletcher was, nearly without error, analyzed by Weber ; though his unostentatious work has been eclipsed by that of later critics. The correct division is, as I have shown by metrical tests: Shakespeare—i. 1-5, ii. 1*a* (which should, as in the old editions, form a separate scene†), iii. 1, iv. 3, v. 1 (except lines 1-17, which are Fletcher's, as I ought to have pointed out before this), v. 3, 4. Fletcher's scenes are from ii. 1*b* to ii. 5, ‡ iii. 2 to iv. 2, v. 2, and the 17 lines mentioned above. But it has always been felt that, although the same two hands were employed as in *Henry VIII.*, the results were not correspondent. This residuary problem is not soluble by metrical testing: we must have recourse to different considerations.

It is clear that this play was printed from a play-house manuscript, because in i. 3 there are stage-directions in the margin, "2 Hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite ; the 3 Queenes, Theseus and his Lordes ready ;" and again in iii. 5, "Knock for Schoole," etc. In the Prologue we are also told this was a *new* play. Whatever further indications can be found, then, in the quarto as to date will apply to the original production, and not to a revival. Now in iv. 2 we find "Enter Messenger. Curtis." Curtis was then the name of the actor who took the Messenger's part. The only Curtis known among actors in Fletcher's time is Curtis Greville, member of Lady Elizabeth's Players in 1622 ; of the Palsgrave's in the same year ; of the King's in October, 1626, when Massinger's *Roman Actor* was performed. This

\* After the preceding pages were in type, this paper was sent us by Mr. Fleay, with permission to use it in this edition.

† We have made it a separate scene in this edition, as Knight, Little-dale, and Hudson do.

‡ That is, scenes 2-6, according to the numbering of this edition.

gives us as date for our play 1623-1626, which agrees with Dyce's opinion that Fletcher's part was written at the close of his career. But we can get closer than this.

In August, 1624, the King's Players were in difficulties about Middleton's *Game of Chess*.

On June 24, 1625, their patent was granted to the King's Players by Charles I., on condition that they should not perform in London till the number of plague-infested persons should be less than forty in the week.

Charles I. had succeeded to the throne on March 27, and a cloak, etc., had been distributed to each of the King's Players, including three not named in the patent, and fifteen in all, clearly the whole company. Greville's name is *not* on this list.

The last notice of the Palsgrave's Players is on November 3, 1624. The company probably broke up about the time of Charles's accession, and was succeeded by the company of the Fortune. Greville would seem to have taken the first opportunity of joining the King's Players, perhaps immediately after March 27, 1625; certainly before November, 1626. This brings our limits very close.

Again, the Prologue was clearly one of Fletcher's own modest compositions; for, had it been written after his death, there would have been a flourish about him in it (compare the prologues to *The Elder Brother*, *Lover's Progress*, and others written after that event): and in this Prologue we read

"If this play do not keep  
A little dull time from us, we perceive  
Our losses fall so thick, we needs must leave."

This is in anticipation of the inhibition to act during the prevalence of the plague: the losses were the small attendance during the sickly time coming just after the trouble about Middleton's play. They did actually leave London in July because of the plague; and Fletcher left this life in August by the same disease.

We now get as limits of date March 27, 1625, and June 24, 1625, Fletcher's last complete play having been licensed October 19, 1624. This was *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. We are now justified in concluding that as about April, 1625, the plague began to threaten, and Greville had not joined the company on March 27th, we cannot be wrong in absolutely fixing the date at about Easter (April 17th). We may even guess the day as Easter Monday (April 18th), as on that day new plays frequently appeared.

We can now get rid of many difficulties. The play was not included in the 1623 folio because it did not exist. The editors of that folio were not so careless as is supposed. They omitted *Pericles*, indeed, but how could they help it while Rowley and Wilkins, joint authors and owners of copyright, were still alive? They omitted *Edward III.* because it is very likely that Shakespeare never claimed his share in a play that had been acted, not at a regular theatre, but "about the city of London" in the plague-year of 1593. As for this play, I have no doubt they gave it to Fletcher to complete, just as they did *Timon of Athens* to Cyril Tourneur, but he did not get it done in time. For the care exercised in such cases compare the instance of Fletcher's *Wild-Goose Chase*.

Among minor matters confirming this conclusion, note that the prologue was spoken at Blackfriars; had Fletcher and Shakespeare jointly produced the play on the stage, it would have been spoken at the Globe: also the use of the title *Noble*, which was a fashion just coming in at that time. Thus Massinger's *Bondman* was entered as *The Noble Bondman* in December, 1623; and other instances are Massinger's *Noble Choice*, Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, the *Noble Ravishers*, Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, originally entered as the *Spanish Soldier*, Sharpe's *Noble Stranger*, and Glapthorne's *Noble Trial*. All these occur between 1623 and 1636, and in no earlier instance does the word *Noble* occur in a title.

Now for the case of *Henry VIII.* This play was being acted in 1613 when the Globe was burned. It was then a new play, and the allusions to its second title, "All is True," in the prologue written by Fletcher, show that our present copy is the one then produced. Fletcher from the latter part of 1611 till the early part of 1613 was writing with Beaumont for the Children of the Revels. Beaumont then ceased to write, and Fletcher returned to the King's Company. Hence *Henry VIII.* was probably his first play for them after his return. But this also was in all probability not a case of joint composition any more than the *Kinsmen*. Had Shakespeare continued to work after 1611 (the latest date for the *Winter's Tale*), he would hardly have taken two years to finish two plays. He probably began these in 1611 (1612 at latest), and for reasons unknown to us gave up work suddenly. However this may be, the differences in Fletcher's handling of the two plays are fully accounted for by the different dates of work.

I cannot conclude without noticing the epochs marked by these plays: the one coincident with the retirement of Beaumont, Marston, Chapman, and Shakespeare, the beginning of Massinger's career, the burning of the Globe, the abolition of Whitefriars, the marriage of the Palatine; the other, with the deaths of Rowley, Middleton, and Fletcher, the end of the theatrical career of Dekker and Webster, the beginning of Ford's, the epoch of many theatrical changes, and the accession of a new King.

Finally, we have in these two plays the very latest work of our two most influential dramatists; the one in all senses the great playwright of the stage in Blackfriars, the other the still greater poet of the GLOBE. One marks the end of the Silver, the other of the Golden, Age of our theatre: after them came the Brazen Age of Ford, Massinger, and Shirley, again to be succeeded by the Iron Age of the men of the Restoration.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

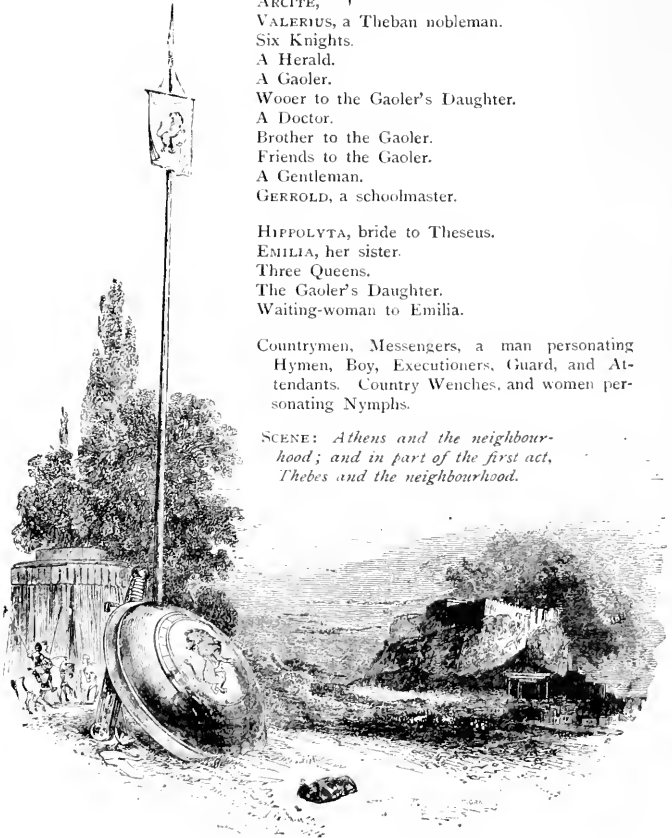
*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

THESEUS, duke of Athens.  
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian general.  
ARTESIUS, an Athenian captain.  
PALAMON, | nephews to Creon, king of Thebes.  
ARCITE, |  
VALERIUS, a Theban nobleman.  
Six Knights.  
A Herald.  
A Gaoler.  
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.  
A Doctor.  
Brother to the Gaoler.  
Friends to the Gaoler.  
A Gentleman.  
GERROLD, a schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, bride to Theseus.  
EMILIA, her sister.  
Three Queens.  
The Gaoler's Daughter.  
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating  
Hymen, Boy, Executioners, Guard, and At-  
tendants. Country Wenches, and women per-  
sonating Nymphs.

SCENE: *Athens and the neighbour-  
hood; and in part of the first act,  
Thebes and the neighbourhood.*







GRECIAN HORSEMEN. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

## PROLOGUE.

New plays and maidenheads are near akin ;  
 Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,  
 If they stand sound and well : and a good play,  
 Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,  
 And shake to lose his honour, is like her  
 That, after holy tie and first night's stir,  
 Yet still is modesty, and still retains  
 More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.  
 We pray our play may be so ; for I'm sure  
 It has a noble breeder and a pure,  
 A learned, and a poet never went  
 More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent.  
 Chaucer, of all admir'd, the story gives ;  
 There constant to eternity it lives.  
 If we let fall the nobleness of this,  
 And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,  
 How will it shake the bones of that good man,

And make him cry from under ground, 'O, fan  
From me the witless chaff of such a writer  
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter 20  
Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we bring ;  
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,  
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.  
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim  
In this deep water, do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,  
And something do to save us : you shall hear  
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear  
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep !  
Content to you !—If this play do not keep 30  
A little dull time from us, we perceive  
Our losses fall so thick, we needs must leave. [Flourish.



AN AMAZON.



## ACT I. .

### SCENE I. *Athens. Before a Temple.*

*Enter HYMEN, with a torch burning; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after HYMEN, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then THESEUS, between two other Nymphs with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then HIPPOLYTA, the bride, led by PIRITHOUS, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, EMILIA, holding up her train; ARTESIUS and Attendants.*

#### The Song.

[*Music*

*Roses, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hue;  
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,  
And sweet thyme true;*

*Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,  
     With her bells dim;  
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
     Larks' heels trim;*

10

*All dear Nature's children sweet,  
 Lie fore bride and bridegroom's feet,  
     Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.  
 Not an angel of the air,  
 Bird melodious, or bird fair,  
     Be absent hence!*

*The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor  
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,  
     Nor chattering pie,  
 May on our bride-house perch or sing,  
 Or with them any discord bring,  
     But from it fly!*

20

*Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, and with imperial crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS; the Second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA; the Third before EMILIA.*

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake and true gentility's,  
 Hear and respect me!

2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,  
 And as you wish yourself may thrive with fair ones,  
 Hear and respect me!

3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath  
     mark'd  
 The honour of your bed, and for the sake  
 Of clear virginity, be advocate  
 For us and our distresses! This good deed

30

Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses  
All you are set down there.

*Theseus.* Sad lady, rise.

*Hippolyta.* Stand up.

*Emilia.* No knees to me !

What woman I may stead that is distress'd  
Does bind me to her.

*Theseus.* What 's your request? Deliver you for all.

I *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell  
before

The wrath of cruel Creon ; who endure 40  
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,  
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.  
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,  
To urn their ashes, nor to take the offence  
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye  
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds  
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!  
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,  
That does good turns to the world ; give us the bones  
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them ! 50  
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note  
That for our crowned heads we have no roof  
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,  
And vault to everything!

*Theseus.* Pray you, kneel not ;

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd  
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes  
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting  
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.  
King Capanëus was your lord: the day  
That he should marry you, at such a season 60  
As now it is with me, I met your groom  
By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,  
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,

Nor in more bounty spread her ; your wheaten wreath  
 Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted ; Fortune at you  
 Dimpled her cheek with smiles ; Hercules our kinsman—  
 Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his club ;  
 He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,  
 And swore his sinews thaw'd. O grief and time,  
 Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

70

1 *Queen.* O, I hope some god,  
 Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,  
 Whereto he 'll infuse power, and press you forth  
 Our undertaker !

*Theseus.* O, no knees, none, widow !  
 Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,  
 And pray for me, your soldier.—  
 Troubled I am.

[ *Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta,  
 Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain  
 The scythe-tusk'd boar ; that, with thy arm as strong  
 As it is white, wast near to make the male  
 To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord—  
 Born to uphold creation in that honour  
 First nature styl'd it in—shrunk thee into  
 The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing  
 Thy force and thy affection ; soldieress,  
 That equally canst poise sternness with pity ;  
 Who now, I know, hast much more power on him  
 Than e'er he had on thee ; who ow'st his strength  
 And his love too, who is a servant for  
 The tenour of thy speech ; dear glass of ladies,  
 Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,  
 Under the shadow of his sword may cool us ;  
 Require him he advance it o'er our heads.  
 Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman  
 As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;  
 Lend us a knee ;

80

90

But touch the ground for us no longer time  
 Than a dove's motion when the head 's pluck'd off;  
 Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,  
 Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon, 100  
 What you would do!

*Hippolyta.* Poor lady, say no more;  
 I had as lief trace this good action with you  
 As that whereto I 'm going, and ne'er yet  
 Went I so willing way. My lord is taken  
 Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;  
 I 'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* O, my petition was [*Kneels to Emilia.*  
 Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,  
 Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,  
 Is press'd with deeper matter.

*Emilia.* Pray stand up;  
 Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* O, woe! 110  
 You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,  
 Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream  
 You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,  
 He that will all the treasure know o' the earth  
 Must know the centre too; he that will fish  
 For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
 To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!  
 Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,  
 Makes me a fool.

*Emilia.* Pray you, say nothing, pray you;  
 Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't. 120  
 Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were  
 The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,  
 T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed,—  
 Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!—but, alas,  
 Being a natural sister of our sex,  
 Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,

That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst  
 My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity  
 'Though it were made of stone ; pray have good comfort !

*Theseus.* Forward to the temple ! leave not out a jot 130  
 O' the sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* O, this celebration  
 Will longer last, and be more costly, than  
 Your suppliants' war ! Remember that your fame  
 Knolls in the ear o' the world. What you do quickly  
 Is not done rashly ; your first thought is more  
 Than others' labour'd meditative ; your premeditating  
 More than their actions ; but—O Jove!—your actions,  
 Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,  
 Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think  
 What beds our slain kings have !

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,  
 That our dear lords have none !

3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead ! 141  
 Those that, with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,  
 Weary of this world's light, have to themselves  
 Been death's most horrid agents, human grace  
 Affords them dust and shadow—

1 *Queen.* But our lords  
 Lie blistering fore the visitating sun,  
 And were good kings when living.

*Theseus.* It is true :  
 And I will give you comfort,  
 To give your dear lords graves ; the which to do  
 Must make some work with Creon. 150

1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself to the  
 doing ;  
 Now 't will take form ; the heats are gone to-morrow.  
 'Then bootless toil must recompense itself  
 With it's own sweat ; now he 's secure,  
 Not dreams we stand before your puissance,



Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,  
To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,  
Drunk with his victory—

3 *Queen.* And his army full  
Of bread and sloth.

*Theseus.* Artesius, that best know'st  
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,  
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a business, forth and levy  
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deed  
Of fate in wedlock!

160

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!  
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay  
Commends us to a famishing hope.

*All the Queens.* Farewell!

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could grief  
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time  
For best solicitation?

*Theseus.* Why, good ladies,  
This is a service, whereto I am going,  
Greater than any war; it more imports me  
Than all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or futurely can cope.

170

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming  
Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,  
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall  
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when  
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall  
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think  
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care  
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able  
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch  
But one night with her, every hour in 't will

180

Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and  
 Thou shalt remember nothing more than what  
 That banquet bids thee to!

*Hippolyta.* [*Kneeling to Theseus*] Though much unlike  
 You should be so transported, as much sorry  
 I should be such a suitor, yet I think,  
 Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,  
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit 190  
 That craves a present medicine, I should pluck  
 All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,  
 As I shall here make trial of my prayers,  
 Either presuming them to have some force,  
 Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,  
 Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang  
 Your shield afore your heart, about that neck  
 Which is my fee, and which I freely lend  
 To do these poor queens service.

*All Queens.* O, help now! [*To Emilia.*  
 Our cause cries for your knee.

*Emilia.* [*Kneeling to Theseus*] If you grant not 200  
 My sister her petition, in that force,  
 With that celerity and nature, which  
 She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare  
 To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy  
 Ever to take a husband.

*Theseus.* Pray stand up!

[*Hippolyta and Emilia rise.*

I am entreating of myself to do  
 That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,  
 Lead on the bride. Get you and pray the gods  
 For success and return; omit not anything  
 In the pretended celebration.—Queens, 210  
 Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you, [*to Artesius.*  
 And at the banks of Aulis meet us with  
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find

The moiety of a number, for a business  
More bigger look'd.—[*To Hippolyta*] Since that our theme  
is haste,

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip ;  
Sweet, keep it as my token !—[*To Artesius*] Set you forward ;  
For I will see you gone.— [*Exit Artesius.*]  
Farewell, my beauteous sister !—Pirithous,  
Keep the feast full ; bate not an hour on 't !

*Pirithous.*

Sir,

320

I 'll follow you at heels ; the feast's solemnity  
Shall want till your return.

*Theseus.*

Cousin, I charge you,

Budge not from Athens ; we shall be returning  
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,  
Make no abatement.—Once more, farewell all !

[*Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy,  
Nymphs, and Attendants enter the temple.*]

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good  
The tongue o' the world—

2 *Queen.*

And earn'st a deity

Equal with Mars—

3 *Queen.*

If not above him ; for

Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend  
To godlike honours ; they themselves, some say,  
Groan under such a mastery.

330

*Theseus.*

As we are men,

Thus should we do ; being sensually subdued,  
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies !

Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Thebes. The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.*

*Arcite.* Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,  
And our prime cousin, yet unhardened in

The crimes of nature, let us leave the city,  
 Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further  
 Sully our gloss of youth:  
 And here to keep in abstinence we shame  
 As in incontinence ; for not to swim  
 I' the aid o' the current were almost to sink,  
 At least to frustrate striving ; and to follow  
 The common stream, 't would bring us to an eddy  
 Where we should turn or drown ; if labour through,  
 Our gain but life and weakness.

*Palamon.* Your advice  
 Is cried up with example. What strange ruins,  
 Since first we went to school, may we perceive  
 Walking in Thebes ! scars and bare weeds,  
 The gain o' the martialist, who did propound  
 To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,  
 Which, though he won, he had not ; and now flurled  
 By Peace, for whom he fought ! Who then shall offer  
 To Mars's so-scorn'd altar ? I do bleed  
 When such I meet, and wish great Juno would  
 Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,  
 To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge  
 For her repletion, and retain anew  
 Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher  
 Than strife or war could be.

*Arcite.* Are you not out ?  
 Meet you no ruin but the soldier in  
 The cranks and turns of Thebes ? You did begin  
 As if you met decays of many kinds ;  
 Perceive you none that do arouse your pity  
 But the unconsider'd soldier ?

*Palamon.* Yes ; I pity  
 Decays where'er I find them ; but such most  
 That, sweating in an honourable toil,  
 Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

*Arcite.*

"T is not this

I did begin to speak of; this is virtue  
 Of no respect in Thebes. I spake of Thebes,  
 How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,  
 It is for our residing; where every evil  
 Hath a good colour; where every seeming good 's  
 A certain evil; where not to be even jump  
 As they are here, were to be strangers, and  
 Such things to be mere monsters.

*Palamon.*

It is in our power—

Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's—to  
 Be masters of our manners. What need I  
 Affect another's gait, which is not catching  
 Where there is faith? or to be fond upon  
 Another's way of speech, when by mine own  
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav'd too,  
 Speaking it truly? Why am I bound  
 By any generous bond to follow him  
 Follows his tailor, haply so long until  
 The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know  
 Why mine own barber is unblest'd, with him  
 My poor chin too, for 't is not scissar'd just  
 To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there  
 That does command my rapier from my hip,  
 To dangle 't in my hand, or to go tip-toe  
 Before the street be foul? Either I am  
 The fore-horse in the team, or I am none  
 That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores 60  
 Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,  
 Almost to the heart, 's—

*Arcite.*

Our uncle Creon.

*Palamon.*

He,

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes  
 Makes heaven unfear'd, and villany assur'd  
 Beyond its power there 's nothing; almost puts

Faith in a fever, and deifies alone  
 Voluble chance ; who only attributes  
 The faculties of other instruments  
 To his own nerves and act ; commands men's service,  
 And what they win in 't, boot and glory ; one 70  
 That fears not to do harm, good dares not. Let  
 The blood of mine that 's sib to him be suck'd  
 From me with leeches ! let them break and fall  
 Off me with that corruption !

*Arcite.* Clear-spirited cousin,  
 Let 's leave his court, that we may nothing share  
 Of his loud infamy ; for our milk  
 Will relish of the pasture, and we must  
 Be vile or disobedient, not his kinsmen  
 In blood unless in quality.

*Palamon.* Nothing truer !  
 I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd 80  
 The ears of heavenly justice ; widows' cries  
 Descend again into their throats, and have not  
 Due audience of the gods.—Valerius !

*Enter VALERIUS.*

*Valerius.* The king calls for you ; yet be leaden-footed  
 Till his great rage be off him. Phœbus, when  
 He broke his whipstock and exclaim'd against  
 The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to  
 The loudness of his fury.

*Palamon.* Small winds shake him ;  
 But what 's the matter ?

*Valerius.* Theseus—who, where he threats, appals—hath  
 sent 90

Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces  
 Ruin to Thebes ; who is at hand to seal  
 The promise of his wrath.

*Arcite.* Let him approach !

But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not  
 A jot of terror to us ; yet what man  
 Thirds his own worth—the case is each of ours—  
 When that his action 's dregg'd with mind assur'd  
 'T is bad he goes about ?

*Palamon.* Leave that unreason'd ;  
 Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.  
 Yet to be neutral to him were dishonour,  
 100  
 Rebellious to oppose ; therefore we must  
 With him stand to the mercy of our fate,  
 Who hath bounded our last minute.

*Arcite.* So we must.—  
 Is 't said this war 's afoot ? or it shall be,  
 On fail of some condition ?

*Valerius.* 'T is in motion ;  
 The intelligence of state came in the instant  
 With the defier.

*Palamon.* Let 's to the king, who, were he  
 A quarter carrier of that honour which  
 His enemy comes in, the blood we venture  
 Should be as for our health ; which were not spent,  
 110  
 Rather laid out for purchase : but, alas,  
 Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will  
 The fall o' the stroke do damage ?

*Arcite.* Let the event,  
 That never-erring arbitrator, tell us  
 When we know all ourselves ; and let us follow  
 The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Gates of Athens.*

*Enter* PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and EMILIA.

*Pirithous.* No further !

*Hippolyta.* Sir, farewell ! Repeat my wishes  
 To our great lord, of whose success I dare not

Make any timorous question ; yet I wish him  
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,  
To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him ;  
Store never hurts good governors.

*Pirithous.*

Though I know

His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they  
Must yield their tribute there.—My precious maid,  
Those best affections that the heavens infuse  
In their best-temper'd pieces keep enthron'd  
In your dear heart !

10

*Emilia.*

Thanks, sir. Remember me

To our all-royal brother, for whose speed  
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and  
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not  
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her  
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts  
Are in his army, in his tent.

*Hippolyta.*

In 's bosom !

We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep  
When our friends don their helms or put to sea,  
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women  
That have sod their infants in—and after eat them—  
The brine they wept at killing 'em ; then if  
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we  
Should hold you here for ever.

20

*Pirithous.*

Peace be to you,

As I pursue this war ! which shall be then  
Beyond further requiring.

| *Exit.*

*Emilia.*

How his longing

Follows his friend ! Since his depart his sports,  
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly  
His careless execution, where nor gain  
Made him regard, or loss consider ; but  
Playing one business in his hand, another  
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal

30



To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him  
Since our great lord departed?

*Hippolyta.* With much labour,  
And I did love him for 't. They two have cabin'd  
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,  
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd  
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power  
I' the least of these was dreadful; and they have  
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd, 40  
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love  
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,  
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,  
May be outworn, never undone. I think  
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,  
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing  
Each side like justice, which he loves best.

*Emilia.* Doubtless  
There is a best, and reason has no manners  
To say it is not you. I was acquainted  
Once with a time when I enjoy'd a playfellow; 50  
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,  
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon--  
Which then look'd pale at parting--when our count  
Was each eleven.

*Hippolyta.* 'T was Flavina.

*Emilia.* Yes.  
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:  
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,  
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs  
The one of th' other may be said to water  
Their intertangled roots of love; but I  
And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent, 60  
Lov'd for we did, and, like the elements,  
That know not what nor why, yet do effect  
Rare issues by their operance, our souls

Did so to one another. What she lik'd,  
 Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,  
 No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck  
 And put between my breasts—then but beginning  
 To swell about the blossom—she would long  
 Till she had such another, and commit it  
 To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like  
 They died in perfume. On my head no toy  
 But was her pattern; her affections—pretty,  
 Though happily her careless wear—I follow'd  
 For my most serious decking. Had mine ear  
 Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd one  
 From musical coinage, why, it was a note  
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn—rather dwell on—  
 And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal—  
 Which, every innocent wots well, comes in  
 Like old importment's bastard—has this end,  
 That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be  
 More than in sex dividual.

*Hippolyta.*

You're out of breath;  
 And this high-speeded pace is but to say,  
 That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,  
 Love any that 's call'd man.

*Emilia.*

I am sure I shall not.

*Hippolyta.* Now, alack, weak sister,

I must no more believe thee in this point—  
 Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself—  
 Than I will trust a sickly appetite,  
 That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister.  
 If I were ripe for your persuasion, you  
 Have said enough to shake me from the arm  
 Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes  
 I will now in and kneel, with great assurance  
 That we, more than his Pirithous, possess  
 The high throne in his heart.

*Emilia.* I am not  
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Field before Thebes.*

*Cornets.* A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS, victor; the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!

2 *Queen.* Both heaven and earth  
Friend thee for ever!

3 *Queen.* All the good that may  
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry amen to 't!

*Theseus.* The impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens  
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,  
And in their time chastise. Go and find out  
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them  
With treble ceremony. Rather than a gap  
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.  
But those we will depute which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and even each thing  
Our haste does leave imperfect. So adieu,  
And heaven's good eyes look on you!—What are those?

10

[*Exeunt Queens.*]

*Herald.* Men of great quality, as may be judg'd  
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told 's  
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.

*Theseus.* By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,  
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey,  
Make lanes in troops aghast; I fix'd my note  
Constantly on them, for they were a mark  
Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner told me  
When I inquir'd their names?

20

*Herald.* We learn, they're call'd  
Arcite and Palamon.

*Theseus.* 'T is right ; those, those.  
They are not dead ?

*Herald.* Nor in a state of life: had they been taken  
When their last hurts were given, 't was possible  
They might have been recover'd ; yet they breathe,  
And have the name of men.

*Theseus.* Then like men use 'em ;  
The very lees of such, millions of rates  
Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons 30  
Convent in their behoof ; our richest balms,  
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us  
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,  
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead ;  
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em  
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily  
From our kind air—to them unkind—and minister  
What man to man may do ; for our sake, more :  
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests, 40  
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,  
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
Hath set a mark—which nature could not reach to  
Without some imposition—, sickness in will,  
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love  
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best  
Their best skill tender !—Lead into the city ;  
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post  
To Athens fore our army. [Flourish. Exeunt



SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter the Queens with the hearses of their husbands in a funeral solemnity, etc.*

Song.

*Urns and odours bring away!  
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!  
Our dole more deadly looks than dying:  
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,  
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,  
And clamours through the wild air flying!  
Come, all sad and solemn shoves,  
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes!  
We content nought else but woes.*

*We content, etc.*

12

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household's grave.

Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 *Queen.* And this to yours!

1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend  
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!

3 *Queen.* This world 's a city full of straying streets,  
And death 's the market-place where each one meets.

*[Excunt severally.]*





FMILIA AND HER WAITING-WOMAN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.*

*Enter Gaoler and Wooer.*

*Gaoler.* I may depart with little, while I live ; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come ; before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker ; I would I were really that I am delivered to be ! Marry, what I have—be it what it will—I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

*Wooer.* Sir, I demand no more than your own offer ; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised. 10

*Gaoler.* Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

*Woover.* I have, sir. Here she comes.

*Enter Gaoler's Daughter, with rushes.*

*Gaoler.* Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business: but no more of that now. So soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it. I' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners. I can tell you they are princes. 19

*Daughter.* These strewings are for their chamber. 'T is pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed; the prison itself is proud of 'em, and they have all the world in their chamber.

*Gaoler.* They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

*Daughter.* By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise above the reach of report.

*Gaoler.* I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers. 29

*Daughter.* Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

*Gaoler.* Do they so?

*Daughter.* It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens; they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 't were i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

*Woover.* I never saw 'em.

*Gaoler.* The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they; what the reason of it is, I know not.—  
[*Palamon and Arcite appear at a window, above*] Look, yonder they are! that's Arcite looks out.

*Daughter.* No, sir, no; that's Palamon. Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him. 50

*Gaoler.* Go to, leave your pointing! They would not make us their object; out of their sight!

*Daughter.* It is a holiday to look on them! Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.*

*Palamon.* How do you, noble cousin?

*Arcite.* How do you, sir?

*Palamon.* Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners I fear for ever, cousin.

*Arcite.* I believe it;  
And to that destiny have patiently  
Laid up my hour to come.

*Palamon.* O, cousin Arcite,  
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?  
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more  
Must we behold those comforts; never see  
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour, 10  
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,  
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,  
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us  
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,  
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,  
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,  
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never



Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,  
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses  
 Like proud seas under us ! Our good swords now— 20  
 Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore—  
 Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,  
 And deck the temples of those gods that hate us ;  
 These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,  
 To blast whole armies, more !

*Arcite.* No, Palamon,  
 Those hopes are prisoners with us : here we are,  
 And here the graces of our youths must wither,  
 Like a too-timely spring ; here age must find us,  
 And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried ;  
 The sweet embraces of a loving wife, 30  
 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,  
 Shall never clasp our necks ; no issue know us,  
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,  
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em  
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,  
 ' Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !'  
 The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,  
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,  
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done  
 To youth and nature. This is all our world ; 40  
 We shall know nothing here but one another,  
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;  
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;  
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,  
 But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

*Palamon.* 'T is too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds  
 That shook the aged forest with their echoes,  
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake  
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine  
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages, 50  
 Stuck with our well-steel'd darts ! All valiant uses—

The food and nourishment of noble minds—  
 In us two here shall perish ; we shall die—  
 Which is the curse of honour—lazily,  
 Children of grief and ignorance.

*Arcite.*

Yet, cousin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries,  
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,  
 I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,  
 If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,  
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.  
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish  
 If I think this our prison !

*Palamon.*

Certainly,

'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes  
 Were twin'd together: 't is most true, two souls  
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer  
 The gall of hazard, so they grow together,  
 Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,  
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.

*Arcite.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place,  
 That all men hate so much ?

*Palamon.*

How, gentle cousin ?

*Arcite.* Let 's think this prison holy sanctuary,  
 To keep us from corruption of worse men.  
 We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,  
 That liberty and common conversation,  
 The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,  
 Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing  
 Can be, but our imaginations  
 May make it ours ? and here being thus together,  
 We are an endless mine to one another ;  
 We are one another's wife, ever begetting  
 New births of love ; we are father, friends, acquaintance ;  
 We are, in one another, families ;  
 I am your heir, and you are mine ; this place

80

70

80

Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor  
 Dare take this from us ; here, with a little patience,  
 We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;  
 The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas  
 Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,  
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;  
 Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men  
 Grave our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,  
 Where you should never know it, and so perish  
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,  
 Or prayers to the gods . a thousand chances,  
 Were we from hence, would sever us.

90

*Palamon.*

You have made me—

I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton  
 With my captivity ; what a misery  
 It is to live abroad, and everywhere !  
 'T is like a beast, methinks ! I find the court here,  
 I am sure, a more content ; and all those pleasures,  
 That woo the wills of men to vanity,  
 I see through now ; and am sufficient  
 To tell the world, 't is but a gaudy shadow,  
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.  
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,  
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance  
 The virtues of the great ones ! Cousin Arcite,  
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,  
 We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,  
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.  
 Shall I say more ?

100

110

*Arcite.*

I would hear you still.

*Palamon.*

Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd  
 Better than we do, Arcite ?

*Arcite.*

Sure, there cannot.

*Palamon.* I do not think it possible our friendship  
 Should ever leave us.

*Arcite.* Till our deaths it cannot;  
And after death our spirits shall be led  
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

*Enter EMILIA and Waiting-woman, below.*

*Emilia.* This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.  
What flower is this?

*Waiting-woman.* 'T is call'd narcissus, madam.

*Emilia.* That was a fair boy certain, but a fool 120  
To love himself; were there not maids enough?

*Arcite.* Pray. forward.

*Palamon.* Yes.

*Emilia.* Or were they all hard-hearted?

*Waiting-woman.* They could not be to one so fair.

*Emilia.* Thou wouldst not?

*Waiting-woman.* I think I should not, madam.

*Emilia.* That 's a good wench;  
But take heed to your kindness though!

*Waiting-woman.* Why, madam?

*Emilia.* Men are mad things.

*Arcite.* Will ye go forward, cousin?

*Emilia.* Canst thou not work such flowers in silk, wench?

*Waiting-woman.* Yes.

*Emilia.* I 'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;  
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do  
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

*Waiting-woman.* Dainty, madam. 130

*Arcite.* Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!

*Palamon.* Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

*Arcite.* Why, what 's the matter, man?

*Palamon.* Behold, and wonder!

By heaven, she is a goddess!

*Arcite.* Ha!

*Palamon.* Do reverence!

She is a goddess, Arcite!

*Emilia.* Of all flowers  
Methinks a rose is best.

*Waiting-woman.* Why, gentle madam?

*Emilia.* It is the very emblem of a maid ;  
For when the west wind courts her gently,  
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
With her chaste blushes ! when the north comes near her,  
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity, 141  
She locks her beauties in her bud again,  
And leaves him to base briers.

*Arcite.* She is wondrous fair !

*Palamon.* She is all the beauty extant !

*Emilia.* The sun grows high ; let 's walk in. Keep these  
flowers ;  
We 'll see how near art can come near their colours.

[*Exit with Waiting-woman.*]

*Palamon.* What think you of this beauty ?

*Arcite.* 'T is a rare one.

*Palamon.* Is 't but a rare one ?

*Arcite.* Yes, a matchless beauty.

*Palamon.* Might not a man well lose himself, and love  
her ?

*Arcite.* I cannot tell what you have done ; I have, 150  
Beshrew mine eyes for 't ! Now I feel my shackles.

*Palamon.* You love her then ?

*Arcite.* Who would not ?

*Palamon.* And desire her ?

*Arcite.* Before my liberty.

*Palamon.* I saw her first.

*Arcite.* That 's nothing.

*Palamon.* But it shall be.

*Arcite.* I saw her too.

*Palamon.* Yes ; but you must not love her.

*Arcite.* I will not, as you do, to worship her,  
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess :

I love her as a woman, to enjoy her ;  
So both may love.

*Palamon.* You shall not love at all.

*Arcite.* Not love at all? who shall deny me?

160

*Palamon.* I that first saw her ; I that took possession  
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her  
Reveal'd to mankind ! If thou lovest her,  
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,  
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow  
False as thy title to her ; friendship, blood,  
And all the ties between us I disclaim,  
If thou once think upon her !

*Arcite.* Yes, I love her ;  
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,  
I must do so ; I love her with my soul.  
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon !  
I say again, I love ; and, in loving her, maintain  
I am as worthy and as free a lover,  
And have as just a title to her beauty,  
As any Palamon, or any living  
That is a man's son.

170

*Palamon.* Have I call'd thee friend?

*Arcite.* Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd  
thus?

Let me deal coldly with you : am not I  
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me  
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

180

*Palamon.* Yes.

*Arcite.* Am not I liable to those affections,  
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

*Palamon.* Ye may be.

*Arcite.* Why then would you deal so cunningly,  
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,  
To love alone? Speak truly ; do you think me  
Unworthy of her sight?

*Palamon.* No ; but unjust  
If thou pursue that sight.

*Arcite.* Because another  
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,  
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

190

*Palamon.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Arcite.* But say that one  
Had rather combat me?

*Palamon.* Let that one say so,  
And use thy freedom ; else, if thou pursuest her,  
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,  
A branded villain !

*Arcite.* You are mad.

*Palamon.* I must be,  
Till thou art worthy, Arcite ; it concerns me ;  
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

*Arcite.* Fie, sir !  
You play the child extremely : I will love her,  
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare ;  
And all this justly.

200

*Palamon.* O, that now, that now,  
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,  
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp  
Our good swords in our hands ! I 'd quickly teach thee  
What 't were to filch affection from another !  
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse !  
Put but thy head out of this window more,  
And, as I have a soul, I 'll nail thy life to 't !

*Arcite.* Thou dar'st not, fool ; thou canst not ; thou art feeble.  
Put my head out ! I 'll throw my body out,  
And leap the garden, when I see her next,  
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

210

*Palamon.* No more ! the keeper 's coming ; I shall live  
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

*Arcite.* Do !

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gaoler.* By your leave, gentlemen.

*Palamon.* Now, honest keeper?

*Gaoler.* Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke;  
The cause I know not yet.

*Arcite.* I am ready, keeper.

*Gaoler.* Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you  
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with Arcite.*]

*Palamon.* And me too,  
Even when you please, of life.—Why is he sent for? 220  
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,  
And like enough the duke hath taken notice  
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!  
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that  
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,  
Let honest men ne'er love again! Once more  
I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden,  
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom  
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter, 230  
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!  
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms  
In at her window! I would bring her fruit  
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,  
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;  
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her  
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;  
And then I am sure she would love me.—

*Re-enter Gaoler.*

How now, keeper!

Where's Arcite?

*Gaoler.* Banish'd. Prince Pirithous  
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more, 240



Upon his oath and life, must he set foot  
Upon this kingdom.

*Palamon.* He 's a blessed man !  
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms  
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,  
Fall on like fire. Arcite shall have a fortune.  
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,  
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her ;  
And if he lose her then, he 's a cold coward.  
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,  
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways !  
Were I at liberty, I would do things  
Of such a virtuous greatness that this lady,  
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,  
And seek to ravish me !

250

*Gaoler.* My lord, for you  
I have this charge too—

*Palamon.* To discharge my life ?

*Gaoler.* No ; but from this place to remove your lord  
ship ;

The windows are too open.

*Palamon.* Devils take 'em,  
That are so envious to me ! Prithee, kill me !

*Gaoler.* And hang for 't afterward ?

*Palamon.* By this good light,  
Had I a sword, I 'd kill thee !

*Gaoler.* Why, my lord ?

260

*Palamon.* Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news con-  
tinually,

Thou art not worthy life ! I will not go.

*Gaoler.* Indeed you must, my lord.

*Palamon.* May I see the garden ?

*Gaoler.* No.

*Palamon.* Then I am resolv'd I will not go.

*Gaoler.*

**I must**

Constrain you then ; and, for you are dangerous,  
I'll clap more irons on you.

*Palamon.* Do, good keeper !

I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep ;  
I'll make ye a new morris ! Must I go ?

*Gaoler.* There is no remedy.

*Palamon.* Farewell, kind window !

May rude wind never hurt thee !—O my lady, 271  
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,  
Dream how I suffer !—Come, now bury me. [*Excunt.*

### SCENE III. *The Country near Athens.*

*Enter ARCITE.*

*Arcite.* Banish'd the kingdom ? 'T is a benefit,  
A mercy I must thank 'em for ; but banish'd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
O, 't was a studied punishment, a death  
Beyond imagination ! such a vengeance  
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never pluck upon me.—Palamon,  
Thou hast the start now ; thou shalt stay and see  
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee ; thou shalt feed 10  
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,  
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.  
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon !  
Twenty to one, he 'll come to speak to her ;  
And, if she be as gentle as she 's fair,  
I know she 's his ; he has a tongue will tame  
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what  
can come,  
The worst is death ; I will not leave the kingdom.  
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,  
And no redress there ; if I go, he has her. 20

I am resolv'd ; another shape shall make me,  
 Or end my fortunes ; either way, I 'm happy :  
 I 'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

*Enter four Countrymen ; one with a garland before them.*

1 *Countryman*. My masters, I 'll be there, that 's certain.

2 *Countryman*. And I 'll be there.

3 *Countryman*. And I.

4 *Countryman*. Why then, have with ye, boys, 't is but a  
 chiding ;

Let the plough play to-day ! I 'll tickle 't out  
 Of the jades' tails to-morrow !

1 *Countryman*. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a turkey :

But that 's all one ; I 'll go through, let her mumble. 30

3 *Countryman*. Do we all hold against the Maying ?

4 *Countryman*. Hold ! what should ail us ?

3 *Countryman*. Arcas will be there.

2 *Countryman*. And Sennois,

And Rycas ; and three better lads ne'er danc'd

Under green tree ; and ye know what wenches, ha !

But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,

Keep touch, do you think ? for he does all, ye know.

3 *Countryman*. He 'll eat a horn-book, ere he fail ; go to !  
 The matter 's too far driven between

Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now ; 40

And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.

4 *Countryman*. Shall we be lusty ?

2 *Countryman*. Here I 'll be,

And there I 'll be, for our town ; and here again,

And there again ! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers !

1 *Countryman*. This must be done i' the woods.

4 *Countryman*. O, pardon me !

2 *Countryman*. By any means ; our thing of learning says so ;  
 Where he himself will edify the duke

Most parlously in our behalfs: he 's excellent i' the woods;  
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.

3 *Countryman*. We 'll see the sports; then every man to  
's tackle! 50

And, sweet companions, let 's rehearse by any means,  
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,  
And God knows what may come on 't.

4 *Countryman*. Content; the sports  
Once ended, we 'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!

*Arcite*. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither  
go you?

4 *Countryman*. Whither? why, what a question 's that!

*Arcite*. Yes, 't is a question

To me that know not.

3 *Countryman*. To the games, my friend.

2 *Countryman*. Where were you bred, you know it not?

*Arcite*. Not far, sir.

Are there such games to-day?

1 *Countryman*. Yes, marry, are there;

And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself 60

Will be in person there.

*Arcite*. What pastimes are they?

2 *Countryman*. Wrestling and running. — 'T is a pretty  
fellow.

3 *Countryman*. Thou wilt not go along?

*Arcite*. Not yet, sir,

4 *Countryman*. Well, sir,

Take your own time.—Come, boys!

1 *Countryman*. My mind misgives me  
'This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip;  
Mark, how his body 's made for 't!

2 *Countryman*. I 'll be hang'd though  
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!  
He wrestle? He roast eggs! Come, let 's be gone, lads.

[*Excunt Countrymen.*]

*Arcite.* This is an offer'd opportunity  
 I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,  
 The best men call'd it excellent; and run  
 Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,  
 Curling the wealthy ears, e'er flew. I'll venture,  
 And in some poor disguise be there; who knows  
 Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,  
 And happiness prefer me to a place  
 Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

70

[*Exit.*SCENE IV. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.**Enter Gaoler's Daughter.*

*Daughter.* Why should I love this gentleman? 'T is odds  
 He never will affect me; I am base,  
 My father the mean keeper of his prison,  
 And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,  
 To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!  
 What pushes are we wenches driven to,  
 When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;  
 I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;  
 He has as much to please a woman in him—  
 If he please to bestow it so—as ever  
 These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;  
 And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,  
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead  
 To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him!  
 Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!  
 And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;  
 But in my heart was Palamon, and there,  
 Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him  
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!  
 And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken  
 Was never gentleman; when I come in  
 To bring him water in a morning, first

80

82

He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus :  
 ' Fair gentle maid, good morrow ! may thy goodness  
 Get thee a happy husband !' Once he kiss'd me ;  
 I lov'd my lips the better ten days after :  
 Would he would do so every day ! He grieves much,  
 And me as much to see his misery.  
 What should I do, to make him know I love him ?  
 For I would fain enjoy him : say I ventur'd  
 To set him free ? what says the law then ?  
 Thus much for law, or kindred ! I will do it,  
 And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. 30 [Exit.

SCENE V. *An Open Place in Athens. A short flourish of  
 cornets, and shouts within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA ; ARCITE,  
 disguised, wearing a garland ; and Countrymen.*

*Theseus.* You have done worthily ; I have not seen,  
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews.  
 Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,  
 That these times can allow.

*Arcite.* I am proud to please you.

*Theseus.* What country bred you ?

*Arcite.* This ; but far off, prince.

*Theseus.* Are you a gentleman ?

*Arcite.* My father said so,

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

*Theseus.* Are you his heir ?

*Arcite.* His youngest, sir.

*Theseus.* Your father,

Sure, is a happy sire then. What proves you ?

*Arcite.* A little of all noble qualities : 10

I could have kept a hawk, and well have halloo'd  
 To a deep cry of dogs ; I dare not praise  
 My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best piece ; last, and greatest,  
I would be thought a soldier.

*Theseus.* You are perfect,

*Pirithous.* Upon my soul, a proper man !

*Emilia.* He is so.

*Pirithous.* How do you like him, lady ?

*Hippolyta.* I admire him ;

I have not seen so young a man so noble,

If he say true, of his sort.

*Emilia.* Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman ;

20

His face methinks goes that way.

*Hippolyta.* But his body

And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

*Pirithous.* Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,  
Breaks through his baser garments !

*Hippolyta.* He 's well got, sure.

*Theseus.* What made you seek this place, sir ?

*Arcite.* Noble Theseus,

To purchase name, and do my ablest service

To such a well-found wonder as thy worth ;

For only in thy court, of all the world,

Dwells fair-eyed Honour.

*Pirithous.* All his words are worthy.

*Theseus.* Sir, we are much indebted to your travail,

30

Nor shall you lose your wish.—*Pirithous,*

Dispose of this fair gentleman.

*Pirithous.* Thanks, Theseus.—

Whate'er you are, you 're mine ; and I shall give you

To a most noble service,—to this lady,

This bright young virgin : pray observe her goodness.

You 've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,

And, as your due, you 're hers ; kiss her fair hand, sir.

*Arcite.* Sir, you 're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,  
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith ! when your servant—

Your most unworthy creature—but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

40

*Emilia.* That were too cruel.  
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't:  
You 're mine; and somewhat better than your rank  
I 'll use you.

*Pirithous.* I 'll see you furnish'd: and because you say  
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you  
This afternoon to ride; but 't is a rough one.

*Arcite.* I like him better, prince; I shall not then  
Freeze in my saddle.

*Theseus.* Sweet, you must be ready—  
And you, Emilia—and you, friend—and all—  
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance  
To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,  
Upon your mistress!—Emily, I hope  
He shall not go afoot.

50

*Emilia.* That were a shame, sir,  
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what  
You want at any time, let me but know it.  
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You 'll find a loving mistress.

*Arcite.* If I do not,  
Let me find that my father ever hated,—  
Disgrace and blows!

*Theseus.* Go, lead the way; you've won it; 60  
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues  
Fit for the honour you have won; 't were wrong else.—  
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,  
That, if I were a woman, would be master;  
But you are wise.

*Emilia.* I hope too wise for that, sir.

[*Flourish.* *Excunt.*



SCENE VI. *Before the Prison.**Enter Gaoler's Daughter.*

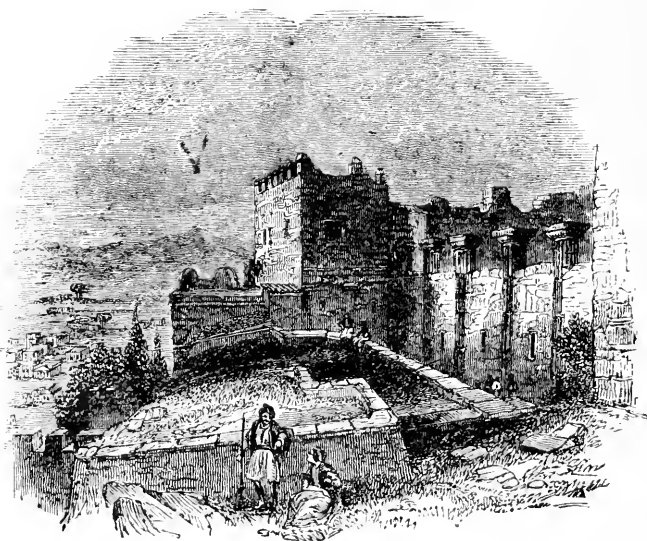
*Daughter.* Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,  
He is at liberty! I've ventur'd for him;  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence. I have sent him where a cedar,  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane  
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,  
Till I provide him files and food, for yet  
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,  
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father  
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.  
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it:  
I care not; I am desperate. If the law  
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,  
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,  
And tell to memory my death was noble,  
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,  
I purpose, is my way too; sure he cannot  
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!  
If he do, maids will not so easily  
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;  
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely  
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,  
He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,  
When he considers more, this love of mine  
Will take more root within him: let him do  
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!  
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,  
And to his face, no man. I'll presently

19

20

30

Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,  
And where there is a patch of ground I 'll venture,  
So he be with me ; by him, like a shadow,  
I 'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoo-bub  
Will be all o'er the prison ; I am then  
Kissing the man they look for.—Farewell, father!  
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,  
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*]



THE PROPYLÆA AT ATHENS.



What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors  
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,  
Are making battle? (iii. 6. 134).

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Forest. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as of People a-Maying.*

*Enter ARCITE.*

*Arcite.* The duke has lost Hippolyta ; each took  
A several laund. This is a solemn rite  
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it  
To the heart of ceremony.—O queen Emilia,  
Fresher than May, sweeter  
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all  
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,  
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,



Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art  
 A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,  
 Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,  
 And these house-clogs away—

40

*Arcite.* Dear cousin Palamon—

*Palamon.* Cozener Arcite, give me language such  
 As thou hast show'd me feat!

*Arcite.* Not finding in  
 The circuit of my breast any gross stuff  
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion  
 That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty  
 I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er  
 You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,  
 I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd  
 To show in generous terms your griefs, since that  
 Your question's with your equal, who professes  
 To clear his own way with the mind and sword  
 Of a true gentleman.

50

*Palamon.* That thou durst, Arcite!

*Arcite.* My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd  
 How much I dare; you've seen me use my sword  
 Against the advice of fear. Sure, of another  
 You would not hear me doubted, but your silence  
 Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

60

*Palamon.* Sir,  
 I've seen you move in such a place, which well  
 Might justify your manhood; you were call'd  
 A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,  
 If any day it rain. Their valiant temper  
 Men lose when they incline to treachery;  
 And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly  
 Were they not tied.

*Arcite.* Kinsman, you might as well

Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to  
His ear which now disdains you.

70

*Palamon.* Come up to me!  
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,  
Though it be rusty, and the charity  
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,  
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say  
That Emily is thine, I will forgive  
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,  
If then thou carry 't; and brave souls in shades,  
That have died manly, which will seek of me  
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,  
That thou art brave and noble.

80

*Arcite.* Be content;  
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.  
With counsel of the night, I will be here  
With wholesome viands; these impediments  
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,  
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, 'Arcite,  
I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice  
Both sword and armour.

*Palamon.* O you heavens, dares any  
So noble bear a guilty business? None  
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite  
In this kind is so bold.

90

*Arcite.* Sweet Palamon—

*Palamon.* I do embrace you, and your offer: for  
Your offer do 't I only, sir; your person,  
Without hypoerisy, I may not wish  
More than my sword's edge on 't. [*Horns winded within.*]

*Arcite.* You hear the horns;  
Enter your musit, lest this match between 's  
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!  
I'll bring you every needful thing; I pray you  
Take comfort, and be strong.

*Palamon.* Pray hold your promise, 100  
 And do the deed with a bent brow. Most certain  
 You love me not; be rough with me, and pour  
 This oil out of your language. By this air,  
 I could for each word give a cuff, my stomach  
 Not reconcil'd by reason!

*Arcite.* Plainly spoken!  
 Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur  
 My horse, I chide him not; content and anger  
 [Horns winded again.  
 In me have but one face.—Hark, sir! they call  
 The scatter'd to the banquet; you must guess  
 I have an office there.

*Palamon.* Sir, your attendance 110  
 Cannot please heaven; and I know your office  
 Unjustly is achiev'd.

*Arcite.* I've a good title,  
 I am persuaded; this question, sick between's,  
 By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor  
 That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,  
 And talk of it no more.

*Palamon.* But this one word:  
 You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;  
 For, note you, mine she is—

*Arcite.* Nay, then—

*Palamon.* Nay, pray you!—  
 You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:  
 You are going now to look upon a sun 120  
 That strengthens what it looks on; there you have  
 A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till  
 I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.**Enter Gaoler's Daughter.*

*Daughter.* He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone  
After his fancy. 'T is now well-nigh morning ;  
No matter! would it were perpetual night,  
And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 't is a wolf;  
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,  
I care for nothing, and that 's Palamon.  
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?  
I cannot halloo; if I whoop'd, what then?  
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf, 10  
And do him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howls this livelong night; why may 't not be  
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons,  
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can  
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down  
He 's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,  
And then they fed on him: so much for that!  
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then? 20  
All 's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie,  
My father 's to be hang'd for his escape;  
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much  
As to deny my act; but that I would not,  
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:  
Food took I none these two days—  
Sipp'd some water. I have not clos'd mine eyes,  
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,  
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,  
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself! 30  
O state of nature, fail together in me,  
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?



The best way is the next way to a grave ;  
 Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,  
 The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl  
 Calls in the dawn ! all offices are done,  
 Save what I fail in ; but the point is this,  
 An end, and that is all !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene I.*

*Enter* ARCITE, *with meat, wine, files, etc.*

*Arcite.* I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon !

*Enter* PALAMON.

*Palamon.* Arcite ?

*Arcite.* The same ; I 've brought you food  
 and files.

Come forth, and fear not ; here 's no Theseus.

*Palamon.* Nor none so honest, Arcite.

*Arcite.* That 's no matter ;

We 'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage ;

You shall not die thus beastly ; here, sir, drink.

I know you 're faint ; then I 'll talk further with you.

*Palamon.* Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

*Arcite.* I might ;

But I must fear you first. Sit down ; and, good now,

No more of these vain parleys ! Let us not,

10

Having our ancient reputation with us,

Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health ! [*Drinks.*

*Palamon.* Do.

*Arcite.* Pray, sit down then ; and let me entreat you,

By all the honesty and honour in you,

No mention of this woman ! 't will disturb us ;

We shall have time enough.

*Palamon.* Well, sir, I 'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

*Arcite.* Drink a good hearty draught ; it breeds good  
 blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you ?

*Palamon.* Stay; I'll tell you  
After a draught or two more.

*Arcite.* Spare it not;  
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

*Palamon.* Yes.

*Arcite.* I am glad 20  
You have so good a stomach.

*Palamon.* I am gladder  
I have so good meat to 't.

*Arcite.* Is 't not mad lodging  
Here in the wild woods, cousin?

*Palamon.* Yes, for them  
That have wild consciences.

*Arcite.* How tastes your victuals?  
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

*Palamon.* Not much;  
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.  
What is this?

*Arcite.* Venison.

*Palamon.* 'T is a lusty meat.  
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches  
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;  
Do you remember her?

*Arcite.* After you, coz. 30

*Palamon.* She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

*Arcite.* She did so; well, sir?

*Palamon.* And I have heard some call him Arcite: and—

*Arcite.* Out with it, faith!

*Palamon.* She met him in an arbour:  
What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?

*Arcite.* Something she did, sir.

*Palamon.* Made her groan a month for 't;  
Or two, or three, or ten.

*Arcite.* The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,  
Else there be tales abroad ; you 'll pledge her ?

*Palamon.*

Yes.

*Arcite.* A pretty brown wench 't is ! There was a time  
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood, 40  
And a broad beech ; and thereby hangs a tale.—  
Heigh-ho !

*Palamon.* For Emily, upon my life ! Fool,  
Away with this strain'd mirth ! I say again,  
That sigh was breath'd for Emily ! Base cousin,  
Dar'st thou break first ?

*Arcite.*

You are wide.

*Palamon.*

By heaven and earth,

There 's nothing in thee honest !

*Arcite.*

Then I 'll leave you ;

You are a beast now.

*Palamon.*

As thou mak'st me, traitor.

*Arcite.* There 's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and  
perfumes.

I 'll come again some two hours hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all.

*Palamon.*

A sword and armour ?

50

*Arcite.* Fear me not. You are now too foul ; farewell !  
Get off your trinkets ; you shall want nought.

*Palamon.*

Sirrah—

*Arcite.* I 'll hear no more !

[*Exit.*

*Palamon.*

If he keep touch, he dies for 't. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter Gaoler's Daughter.*

*Daughter.* I 'm very cold ; and all the stars are out too,  
The little stars, and all that look like aglets :  
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon !  
Alas, no ; he 's in heaven !—Where am I now ?—

Yonder 's the sea, and there 's a ship ; how 't tumbles !  
 And there 's a rock lies watching under water ;  
 Now, now, it beats upon it ! now, now, now !  
 'There 's a leak sprung, a sound one ; how they cry !  
 Run her before the wind, you 'll lose all else !  
 Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys ! 10  
 Good night, good night ; y' are gone !—I 'm very hungry :  
 Would I could find a fine frog ! he would tell me  
 News from all parts o' the world ; then would I make  
 A carack of a cockle-shell, and sail  
 By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,  
 For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,  
 'Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice  
 To-morrow morning ; I 'll say never a word.  
 [Sings] *For I 'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee ;*  
           *And I 'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e.* 20  
                           *Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*  
           *He 's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,*  
           *And I 'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.*  
                           *Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*  
 O for a prick now, like a nightingale,  
 To put my breast against ! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter GERROLD, four Countrymen as morris-dancers, another as the Bavian, five Wenches, and a Taborer.*

*Gerrold.* Fie, fie !

What tediousity and disensanity  
 Is here among ye ! Have my rudiments  
 Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,  
 And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth  
 And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,  
 And do you still cry ' where,' and ' how,' and ' wherefore ?'  
 You most coarse frize capacities, ve jane judgments,

Have I said 'thus let be,' and 'there let be,'  
 And 'then let be,' and no man understand me? 10  
 Proh Deum, medius fidiu, ye are all dunces!  
 For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,  
 Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,  
 And unto him I utter learned things,  
 And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,  
 And then cries 'rare!' and I go forward; at length  
 I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,  
 As once did Meleager and the boar,  
 Break comely out before him, like true lovers,  
 Cast yourselves in a body decently, 20  
 And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!

1 *Countryman*. And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.

2 *Countryman*. Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

3 *Countryman*. Why, Timothy!

*Taborer*. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

*Gerrold*. But I say, where's their women?

4 *Countryman*. Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 *Counitryman*. And little Luce with the white legs, and  
 bouncing Barbary.

1 *Countryman*. And freckled Nell, that never failed her  
 master.

*Gerrold*. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your  
 bodies,

And carry it sweetly and deliverly;

And now and then a favour and a frisk! 30

*Nell*. Let us alone, sir.

*Gerrold*. Where's the rest o' the music?

3 *Countryman*. Dispers'd as you commanded.

*Gerrold*. Couple, then,

And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?—

My friend, carry your tail without offence

Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity and manhood ;  
And when you bark, do it with judgment.

*Bavian.*

Yes, sir.

*Gerrold.* Quousque tandem? Here is a woman wanting!

4 *Countryman.* We may go whistle ; all the fat 's i' the fire !

*Gerrold.* We have,

40

As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile ;  
We have been fatuus, and labour'd vainly.

2 *Countryman.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully she would  
Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter !  
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin ;  
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,  
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.

*Gerrold.* An eel and woman,

A learned poet says, unless by the tail  
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.  
In manners this was false position.

50

1 *Countryman.* A fire-ill take her? does she flinch now?

3 *Countryman.*

What

Shall we determine, sir?

*Gerrold.*

Nothing ;

Our business is become a nullity.

Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity,

4 *Countryman.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,  
Now to be frampal !

Go thy ways ; I 'll remember thee, I 'll fit thee !

*Enter Gaoler's Daughter, and sings.*

*The George aloe came from the south,*

60

*From the coast of Barbary-a ;*

*And there he met with brave gallants of war,*

*By one, by two, by three-a.*

*Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants !  
 And whither now are you bound-a ?  
 O, let me have your company  
 Till I come to the Sound-a !  
 There was three fools fell out about an howlet ;  
 The one said it was an owl,  
 The other he said nay,  
 The third he said it was a hawk,  
 And her bells were cut away.*

70

3 *Countryman*. 'There 's a dainty mad woman, master,  
 Comes i' the nick,—as mad as a March hare !  
 If we can get her dance, we are made again ;  
 I warrant her she 'll do the rarest gambols !

1 *Countryman*. A mad woman ! We are made, boys.

*Gerrold*. And are you mad, good woman ?

*Daughter*. I 'd be sorry else ;

Give me your hand.

*Gerrold*. Why ?

*Daughter*. I can tell your fortune :

You are a fool. Tell ten. I have pos'd him. Buz ! 30

Friend, you must eat no white bread ; if you do,

Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho ?

I know you ; you 're a tinker : sirrah tinker—

*Gerrold*. Dii boni !

A tinker, dâmsel ?

*Daughter*. Or a conjurer :

Raise me a devil now, and let him play

'Qui passa' o' the bells and bones !

*Gerrold*. Go, take her,

And fluently persuade her to a peace.

Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis—

Strike up, and lead her in.

2 *Countryman*. Come, lass, let 's trip it ! 40

*Daughter*. I 'll lead.

3 *Countryman*. Do, do. [ *Wind horns*.

*Gerrold.* Persuasively and cunningly ; away, boys !  
 I hear the horns ; give me some meditation,  
 And mark your cue.— [*Excunt all but Gerrold.*  
*Pallas inspire me !*

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE,  
 and train.*

*Theseus.* This way the stag took.

*Gerrold.* Stay, and edify !

*Theseus.* What have we here ?

*Pirithous.* Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

*Theseus.* Well, sir, go forward ; we will edify.—

Ladies, sit down ! we 'll stay it.

*Gerrold.* Thou doughty duke, all hail !—All hail, sweet  
 ladies! 100

*Theseus.* This is a cold beginning.

*Gerrold.* If you but favour, our country pastime made is.  
 We are a few of those collected here,  
 That ruder tongues distinguish villager ;  
 And to say verity, and not to fable,  
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable,  
 Or company, or, by a figure, choris,  
 That fore thy dignity will dance a morris.  
 And I, that am the rectifier of all,  
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall 110  
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,  
 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,  
 Do here present this machine, or this frame ;  
 And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame  
 From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,  
 Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,  
 And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight  
 Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—  
 —*is* now comes in, which being glued together  
 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither, 120



The body of our sport, of no small study.  
 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,  
 To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenour ;  
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner.  
 The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,  
 The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night  
 That seek out silent hanging ; then mine host  
 And his fat spouse, that welcomes to their cost  
 The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning  
 Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning ;  
 Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,  
 The Bavian, with long tail and eke long tool ;  
 Cum multis aliis that make a dance :  
 Say ay, and all shall presently advance.

130

*Theseus.* Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine !

*Pirithous.* Produce.

*Gerrold.* Intrate, filii ! Come forth, and foot it.

*Enter the four Countrymen, the Bavian, the Taborer, the five Wenches and the Gaoler's Daughter, with others of both sexes. They dance a morris. After which GERROLD speaks the Epilogue.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,  
 And have pleas'd ye with a derry,  
 And a derry, and a down,  
 Say the schoolmaster's no clown.—  
 Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,  
 And have done as good boys should do,  
 Give us but a tree or twain  
 For a Maypole, and again,  
 Ere another year run out,  
 We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

140

*Theseus.* Take twenty, domine. — How does my sweet-heart ?

*Hippolyta.* Never so pleas'd, sir.

*Emilia.* 'T was an excellent dance ; and, for a preface,  
I never heard a better.

*Theseus.* Schoolmaster, I thank you.— 151  
One see 'em all rewarded.

*Pirithous.* And here 's something  
' To paint your pole withal. [ *Gives money.*

*Theseus.* Now to our sports again !

*Gerrold.* May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,  
And thy dogs be swift and strong !  
May they kill him without lets,  
And the ladies eat his doucets !—

Come, we are all made !—Dii Deaque omnes ! [ *Wind horns.*  
Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches ! [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene III.*

*Enter PALAMON from the bush.*

*Palamon.* About this hour my cousin gave his faith  
To visit me again, and with him bring  
Two swords and two good armours ; if he fail,  
He 's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,  
I did not think a week could have restor'd  
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low  
And crest-fallen with my wants ; I thank thee, Arcite,  
Thou art yet a fair foe, and I feel myself,  
With this refreshing, able once again  
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer  
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,  
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,  
And not a soldier. Therefore this blest morning  
Shall be the last, and that sword he refuses,  
If it but hold, I kill him with ; 't is justice :  
So, love and fortune for me !—O, good morrow !

*Enter ARCITE, with armours and swords.*

*Arcite.* Good morrow, noble kinsman!

*Palamon.* I have put you

To too much pains, sir.

*Arcite.* That too much, fair cousin,

Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

*Palamon.* Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye  
As kind a kinsman as you force me find 21

A beneficial foe, that my embraces

Might thank ye, not my blows.

*Arcite.* I shall think either,

Well done, a noble recompense.

*Palamon.* Then I shall quit you.

*Arcite.* Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew

More than a mistress to me ; no more anger,

As you love any thing that 's honourable !

We were not bred to talk, man ; when we are arm'd,

And both upon our guards, then let our fury,

Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us! 30

And then to whom the birthright of this beauty

Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,

Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,

Fitter for girls and schoolboys—will be seen,

And quickly, yours or mine. Will 't please you arm, sir?

Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,

And furnish'd with your old strength, I 'll stay, cousin,

And every day discourse you into health,

As I am spar'd : your person I am friends with,

And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her, 40

Though I had died ; but, loving such a lady,

And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.

*Palamon.* Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,

That no man but thy cousin 's fit to kill thee.

I 'm well and lusty ; choose your arms.

*Arcite.* Choose you, sir.

*Palamon.* Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it  
To make me spare thee?

*Arcite.* If you think so, cousin,  
You are deceiv'd ; for, as I am a soldier,  
I will not spare you !

*Palamon.* That 's well said.

*Arcite.* You 'll find it.

*Palamon.* Then, as I am an honest man, and love 50  
With all the justice of affection,  
I 'll pay thee soundly ! This I 'll take.

*Arcite.* That 's mine then ;  
I 'll arm you first. [Proceeds to arm Palamon.]

*Palamon.* Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,  
Where gott 'st thou this good armour ?

*Arcite.* 'T is the duke's ;  
And, to say true, I stole it.—Do I pinch you ?

*Palamon.* No.

*Arcite.* Is 't not too heavy ?

*Palamon.* I have worn a lighter ;  
But I shall make it serve.

*Arcite.* I 'll buckle 't close.

*Palamon.* By any means.

*Arcite.* You care not for a grand-guard ?

*Palamon.* No, no ; we 'll use no horses ; I perceive 60  
You 'd fain be at that fight.

*Arcite.* I am indifferent.

*Palamon.* Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle  
Through far enough.

*Arcite.* I warrant you.

*Palamon.* My casque now.

*Arcite.* Will you fight bare-arm'd ?

*Palamon.* We shall be the nimbler.

*Arcite.* But use your gauntlets though : those are o' the  
least ;

Prithee take mine, good cousin.

*Palamon.* Thank you, Arcite.

How do I look? am I fallen much away?

*Arcite.* Faith, very little; love has us'd you kindly.

*Palamon.* I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

*Arcite.* Do, and spare not!

I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

*Palamon* [*arming Arcite*]. Now to you, sir.

70

Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,

Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

*Arcite.* That was a very good one; and that day,

I well remember, you outdid me, cousin.

I never saw such valour; when you charg'd

Upon the left wing of the enemy,

I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me

I had a right good horse.

*Palamon.* You had indeed;

A bright bay, I remember.

*Arcite.* Yes. But all

Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,

80

Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little

I did by imitation.

*Palamon.* More by virtue;

You are modest, cousin.

*Arcite.* When I saw you charge first,

Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder

Break from the troop.

*Palamon.* But still before that flew

The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!

Is not this piece too strait?

*Arcite.* No, no; 't is well.

*Palamon.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;

A bruise would be dishonour.

*Arcite.* Now I am perfect.

*Palamon.* Stand off then!

*Arcite.* Take my sword; I hold it better.

*Palamon.* I thank ye, no ; keep it, your life lies on it. 91  
 Here 's one, if it but hold, I ask no more  
 For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me !

*Arcite.* And me my love ! Is there aught else to say ?  
*[They bow several ways ; then advance and stand.]*

*Palamon.* This only, and no more : thou art mine aunt's son,  
 And that blood we desire to shed is mutual ;  
 In me thine, and in thee mine : my sword  
 Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,  
 The gods and I forgive thee. If there be  
 A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour, 100  
 I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.  
 Fight bravely, cousin ; give me thy noble hand.

*Arcite.* Here, Palamon ; this hand shall never more  
 Come near thee with such friendship.

*Palamon.* I commend thee.

*Arcite.* If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward ;  
 For none but such dare die in these just trials.  
 Once more farewell, my cousin !

*Palamon.* Farewell, Arcite !

*[They fight. Horns within ; they stand.]*

*Arcite.* Lo, cousin, lo ! our folly has undone us !

*Palamon.* Why ?

*Arcite.* This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you ; 110  
 If we be found, we are wretched. O, retire,  
 For honour's sake and safety, presently  
 Into your bush again, sir ! We shall find  
 Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,  
 If you be seen, you perish instantly,  
 For breaking prison ; and I, if you reveal me,  
 For my contempt : then all the world will scorn us,  
 And say we had a noble difference,  
 But base disposers of it.

*Palamon.* No, no, cousin ;  
 I will no more be hidden, nor put off

This great adventure to a second trial.  
 I know your cunning, and I know your cause.  
 He that faints now, shame take him ! Put thyself  
 Upon thy present guard—

*Arcite.* You are not mad ?

*Palamon.* Or I will make the advantage of this hour  
 Mine own ; and what to come shall threaten me,  
 I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,  
 I love Emilia ; and in that I'll bury  
 Thee, and all crosses else.

*Arcite.* Then come what can come,  
 Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well 130  
 Die, as discourse or sleep ; only this fears me,  
 The law will have the honour of our ends.  
 Have at thy life !

*Palamon.* Look to thine own well, Arcite !  
[ *They fight again.* *Horns.* ]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and train.*

*Theseus.* What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors  
 Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,  
 Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,  
 Without my leave, and officers of arms ?  
 By Castor, both shall die !

*Palamon.* Hold thy word, Theseus !  
 We are certainly both traitors, both despisers  
 Of thee and of thy goodness : I am Palamon, 140  
 That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison ;  
 Think well what that deserves ! and this is Arcite ;  
 A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,  
 A falser ne'er seem'd friend : this is the man  
 Was begg'd and banish'd ; this is he contemns thee,  
 And what thou dar'st do ; and in this disguise,  
 Against thine own edict, follows thy sister,  
 That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia—

Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,  
 And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly  
 I am—and, which is more, dares think her his !  
 'This treachery, like a most trusty lover,  
 I call'd him now to answer. If thou beest,  
 As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,  
 The true decider of all injuries,  
 Say, 'Fight again !' and thou shalt see me, Theseus,  
 Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy :  
 Then take my life ! I 'll woo thee to 't.

150

*Pirithous.*

O heaven,

What more than man is this !

*Theseus.*

I 've sworn.

*Arcite.*

We seek not

Thy breath of mercy, Theseus ! 'T is to me  
 A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,  
 And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,  
 Let me say thus much : if in love be treason,  
 In service of so excellent a beauty—  
 As I love most, and in that faith will perish,  
 As I have brought my life here to confirm it,  
 As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,  
 As I dare kill this cousin that denies it—  
 So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.  
 For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady  
 Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me  
 Stay here to love her ? and if she say traitor,  
 I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

160

170

*Palamon.* Thou shalt have pity of us both, O 'Theseus,  
 If unto neither thou show mercy ; stop,  
 As thou art just, thy noble ear against us ;  
 As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,  
 Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,  
 Let 's die together, at one instant, duke !  
 Only a little let him fall before me,  
 That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

180



*Theseus.* I grant your wish ; for, to say true, your cousin  
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him  
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences  
Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em !  
For ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

*Hippolyta.* Alas, the pity ! now or never, sister,  
Speak, not to be denied ; that face of yours  
Will bear the curses else of after ages  
For these lost cousins.

*Emilia.* In my face, dear sister, 199  
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin ;  
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em :  
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,  
My knees shall grow to the ground but I 'll get mercy.  
Help me, dear sister ! in a deed so virtuous  
The powers of all women will be with us.—  
Most royal brother—

*Hippolyta.* Sir, by our tie of marriage—

*Emilia.* By your own spotless honour—

*Hippolyta.* By that faith,  
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—

*Emilia.* By that you would have pity in another, 200  
By your own virtues infinite—

*Hippolyta.* By valour,  
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you—

*Theseus.* These are strange conjurings !

*Pirithous.* Nay, then, I 'll in too !—  
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,  
By all you love most,—wars, and this sweet lady—

*Emilia.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing maid—

*Hippolyta.* By your own eyes, by strength,  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—

*Pirithous.* To crown all this, by your most noble soul, 210  
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first !

*Hippolyta.* Next hear my prayers !

*Emilia.* Last, let me entreat, sir !

*Pirithous.* For mercy !

*Hippolyta.* Mercy !

*Emilia.* Mercy on these princes !

*Theseus.* Ye make my faith reel ; say I felt  
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it ?

*Emilia.* Upon their lives ; but with their banishments.

*Theseus.* You are a right woman, sister ! you have pity,  
But want the understanding where to use it.  
If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer than banishment. Can these two live,  
And have the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another ? Every day  
They'd fight about you, hourly bring your honour  
In public question with their swords. Be wise then,  
And here forget 'em ; it concerns your credit,  
And my oath equally : I have said, they die !  
Better they fall by the law than one another.  
Bow not my honour.

220

*Emilia.* O my noble brother,  
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger ;  
Your reason will not hold it : if such vows  
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.  
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,  
Of more authority, I 'm sure more love ;  
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

230

*Theseus.* What is it, sister ?

*Pirithous.* Urge it home, brave lady !

*Emilia.* That you would ne'er deny me anything  
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.  
I tie you to your word now ; if ye fail in 't,  
Think how you maim your honour ;  
For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf  
To all but your compassion. How their lives

240

Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion !  
 Shall any thing that loves me perish for me ?  
 That were a cruel wisdom ; do men proin  
 The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,  
 Because they may be rotten ? O duke Theseus,  
 The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,  
 And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,  
 If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,  
 And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins, 250  
 Despise my cruelty and cry woe worth me,  
 Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.  
 For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em !

*Theseus.* On what conditions ?

*Emilia.* Swear 'em never more  
 To make me their contention, or to know me,  
 To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,  
 Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers  
 To one another.

*Palamon.* I'll be cut a-pieces  
 Before I take this oath ! Forget I love her ?  
 O all ye gods, despise me then ! Thy banishment 260  
 I not mislike, so we may fairly carry  
 Our swords and cause along ; else never trifle,  
 But take our lives, duke ! I must love, and will ;  
 And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,  
 On any piece the earth has.

*Theseus.* Will you, Arcite,  
 Take these conditions ?

*Palamon.* He 's a villain then !

*Pirithous.* These are men !

*Arcite.* No, never, duke ; 't is worse to me than begging,  
 To take my life so basely. Though I think  
 I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve 270  
 The honour of affection, and die for her,  
 Make death a devil.

*Theseus.* What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

*Pirithous.* Let it not fall again, sir!

*Theseus.* Say, Emilia,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you

Content to take the other to your husband?

They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes

As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble

As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,

And if you can love, end this difference;

I give consent.—Are you content, too, princes?

*Both.* With all our souls.

*Theseus.* He that she refuses

Must die then.

*Both.* Any death thou canst invent, duke.

*Palamon.* If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,  
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

*Arcite.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,  
And soldiers sing my epitaph.

*Theseus.* Make choice then.

*Emilia,* I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:  
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

*Hippolyta.* What will become of 'em?

*Theseus.* Thus I ordain it;

And, by mine honour, once again it stands,

Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;

And each, within this month, accompanied

With three fair knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,

Before us that are here, can force his cousin

By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,

He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,

And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,

Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.

Will this content ye?

*Palamon.* Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,  
I am friends again till that hour.

*Arcite.* I embrace ye.

*Theseus.* Are you content, sister?

*Emilia.* Yes; I must, sir,

Else both miscarry.

*Theseus.* Come, shake hands again then;  
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel  
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.

*Palamon.* We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

*Theseus.* Come, I'll give ye  
Now usage like to princes and to friends.  
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;  
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.

[*Exeunt.*





#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Gaoler and First Friend.*

*Gaoler.* Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me  
Concerning the escape of Palamon?  
Good sir, remember!

*1 Friend.*

Nothing that I heard:

For I came home before the business  
 Was fully ended : yet I might perceive,  
 Ere I departed, a great likelihood  
 Of both their pardons ; for Hippolyta  
 And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees  
 Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke  
 Methought stood staggering whether he should follow 10  
 His rash oath or the sweet compassion  
 Of those two ladies ; and to second them,  
 That truly noble prince Pirithous,  
 Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope  
 All shall be well : neither heard I one question  
 Of your name or his scape.

*Gaoler.* Pray heaven, it hold so !

*Enter Second Friend.*

2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man ! I bring you news,  
 Good news.

*Gaoler.* They 're welcome.

2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you  
 And got your pardon, and discover'd how  
 And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's,  
 Whose pardon is procur'd too ; and the prisoner— 21  
 Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness—  
 Has given a sum of money to her marriage,  
 A large one, I 'll assure you.

*Gaoler.* Ye 're a good man  
 And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended ?

2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be ; they that never begg'd  
 But they prevail'd had their suits fairly granted ;  
 The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 't would be so.

2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you 'll hear of  
 At better time.

*Gaoler.* I hope they are good.

*2 Friend.*

They 're honourable ;

How good they 'll prove, I know not.

*1 Friend.*

'T will be known. 31

*Enter Wooer.*

*Wooer.* Alas, sir, where 's your daughter?

*Gaoler.*

Why do you ask?

*Wooer.* O, sir, when did you see her?

*2 Friend.*

How he looks !

*Gaoler.* This morning.

*Wooer.*

Was she well? was she in health, sir?

Where did she sleep?

*1 Friend.*

These are strange questions.

*Gaoler.* I do not think she was very well; for, now

You make me mind her, but this very day

I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me

So far from what she was, so childishly,

So sillily, as if she were a fool,

40

An innocent; and I was very angry.

But what of her, sir?

*Wooer.*

Nothing but my pity;

But you must know it, and as good by me

As by another that less loves her.

*Gaoler.*

Well, sir?

*1 Friend.* Not right?

*2 Friend.*

Not well?

*Wooer.*

No, sir, not well ;

'T is too true, she is mad.

*1 Friend.*

It cannot be.

*Wooer.* Believe, you 'll find it so.

*Gaoler.*

I half suspected

What you have told me; the gods comfort her!

Either this was her love to Palamon,

Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,

50

Or both.



*Wooper.* 'T is likely.

*Gaoler.* But why all this haste, sir?

*Wooper.* I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling  
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,  
From the far shore, thick-set with reeds and sedges,  
As patiently I was attending sport,  
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive  
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive  
'T was one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,  
A boy or woman. I then left my angle  
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not  
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds  
Had so encompass'd it. I laid me down,  
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,  
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,  
I saw it was your daughter.

*Gaoler.* Pray go on, sir!

*Wooper.* She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her  
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,  
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;  
I'll find him out to-morrow.'

*i Friend.* Pretty soul!

*Wooper.* 'His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;  
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,  
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,  
With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,  
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,  
And all we'll dance an antic fore the duke,  
And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, sir;  
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,  
And she must gather flowers to bury you,  
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung  
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow;' and between  
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'  
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place

Was knee-deep where she sat ; her careless tresses  
 A wreath of bulrush rounded ; about her stuck  
 Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours ;  
 That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph  
 That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris  
 Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made  
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
 The prettiest posies,—‘ Thus our true love 's tied,’  
 ‘ This you may lose, not me,’ and many a one ;  
 And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,  
 And with the same breath smil'd and kiss'd her hand.

2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity 't is !

*Woocr.* I made in to her ;  
 She saw me, and straight sought the flood ; I sav'd her,  
 And set her safe to land ; when presently  
 She slipt away, and to the city made  
 With such a cry and swiftness that, believe me,  
 She left me far behind her. Three or four  
 I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em  
 I knew to be your brother ; where she stay'd,  
 And fell, scarce to be got away : I left them with her,  
 And hither came to tell you. Here they are !

*Enter Gaoler's Brother, Daughter, and others.*

*Daughter.* [ Sings ] *May you never more enjoy the light.*  
 etc.

Is not this a fine song ?

*Brother.* O, a very fine one !

*Daughter.* I can sing twenty more.

*Brother.* I think you can.

*Daughter.* Yes, truly can I ; I can sing ‘ The Broom,’  
 And ‘ Bonny Robin.’ Are not you a tailor ?

*Brother.* Yes.

*Daughter.* Where 's my wedding-gown ?

*Brother.* I 'll bring it to-morrow.

*Daughter.* Do, very rarely; I must be abroad else, 110  
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels.

[Sings] *O fair, O sweet*, etc.

*Brother.* You must even take it patiently.

*Gaoler.* 'T is true.

*Daughter.* Good even, good men! Pray did you ever  
hear

Of one young Palamon?

*Gaoler.* Yes, wench, we know him.

*Daughter.* Is 't not a fine young gentleman?

*Gaoler.* 'T is love!

*Brother.* By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd  
Far worse than now she shews.

1 *Friend.* Yes, he 's a fine man.

*Daughter.* O, is he so? You have a sister?

1 *Friend.* Yes.

*Daughter.* But she shall never have him, tell her so, 120  
For a trick that I know; y' had best look to her,  
For if she see him once, she 's gone, she 's done  
And undone in an hour. All the young maids  
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,  
And let 'em all alone: is 't not a wise course?

1 *Friend.* Yes.

*Daughter.* They come from all parts of the dukedom to  
him;

I 'll warrant ye—

*Gaoler.* She 's lost,

Past all cure!

*Brother.* Heaven forbid, man! 120

*Daughter.* Come hither; you 're a wise man.

1 *Friend.* Does she know him?

2 *Friend.* No; would she did!

*Daughter.* You 're master of a ship?

*Gaoler.* Yes.

*Daughter.* Where 's your compass?

*Gaoler.*

Here.

*Daughter.*

Set it to the north ;

And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon  
Lies longing for me ; for the tackling  
Let me alone : come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly !

*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh ! 't is up, the wind is fair ;  
Top the bowling ; out with the mainsail !  
Where 's your whistle, master ?

*Brother.*

Let 's get her in.

*Gaoler.* Up to the top, boy !

*Brother.*

Where 's the pilot ?

*1 Friend.*

Here.

*Daughter.* What kenn'st thou ?

*2 Friend.*

A fair wood.

140

*Daughter.* Bear for it, master ; tack about !

[Sings] *When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, etc.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Athens. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter EMILIA, with two pictures.*

*Emilia.* Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open  
And bleed to death for my sake else. I 'll choose,  
And end their strife ; two such young handsome men  
Shall never fall for me : their weeping mothers,  
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,  
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,  
What a sweet face has Arcite ! If wise Nature,  
With all her best endowments, all those beauties  
She sows into the births of noble bodies,  
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her  
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless  
She would run mad for this man. What an eye,  
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,  
Has this young prince ! here Love himself sits smiling ;  
Just such another wanton Ganymede

141

Set Jove afire with, and enforc'd the god  
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,  
A shining constellation. What a brow,  
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,  
Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,  
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour.  
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory  
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing  
To all the under-world the loves and fights  
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon  
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;  
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy  
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,  
No stirring in him, no alacrity;  
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.— 30  
Yet these that we count errors, may become him;  
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.  
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?  
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;  
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly  
That women ought to beat me.—On my knees  
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,  
And only beautiful; and these the eyes,  
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command  
And threaten Love, and what young maid dare cross 'em? 40  
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,  
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only  
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite!  
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,  
And this the noble body.—I am sotted,  
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me!  
For if my brother but e'en now had ask'd me  
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;  
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—  
Stand both together!—Now come, ask me, brother;— 50

Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;—  
 I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,  
 That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!—

*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now, sir?

*Gentleman.* From the noble duke your brother,  
 Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!

*Emilia.* To end the quarrel?

*Gentleman.* Yes.

*Emilia.* Would I might end first!

What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,  
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd  
 With blood of princes? and my chastity  
 Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—  
 Two greater and two better never yet  
 Made mothers joy—must be the sacrifice  
 To my unhappy beauty?

60

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.*

*Theseus.* Bring 'em in  
 Quickly, by any means! I long to see 'em.—  
 Your two contending lovers are return'd,  
 And with them their fair knights; now, my fair sister,  
 You must love one of them.

*Emilia.* I had rather both,  
 So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

*Theseus.* Who saw 'em?

*Pirithous.* I a while.

*Gentleman.* And I.

70

*Enter Messenger.*

*Theseus.* From whence come you, sir?

*Messenger.* From the knights.

*Theseus.*

Pray speak,

You that have seen them, what they are.

*Messenger.*

I will, sir,

And truly what I think. Six braver spirits  
 Than these they have brought—if we judge by the outside  
 I never saw nor read of. He that stands  
 In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming  
 Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—  
 His very looks so say him ; his complexion  
 Nearer a brown than black ; stern, and yet noble,  
 Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers ;  
 The circles of his eyes show fire within him,  
 And as a heated lion, so he looks ;  
 His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining  
 Like ravens' wings ; his shoulders broad and strong ;  
 Arm'd long and round : and on his thigh a sword  
 Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns  
 To seal his will with ; better, o' my conscience,  
 Was never soldier's friend.

30

*Theseus.* Thou hast well describ'd him.*Pirithous.*

Yet a great deal short,

Methinks, of him that 's first with Palamon.

40

*Theseus.* Pray speak him, friend.*Pirithous.*

I guess he is a prince too,

And, if it may be, greater ; for his show  
 Has all the ornament of honour in 't.  
 He 's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,  
 But of a face far sweeter ; his complexion  
 Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy ; he has felt,  
 Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter  
 To make this cause his own ; in 's face appears  
 All the fair hopes of what he undertakes ;  
 And when he 's angry, then a settled valour,  
 Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,  
 And guides his arm to brave things ; fear he cannot,

100

He shows no such soft temper. His head's yellow.  
 Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy-tods,  
 Not to undo with thunder ; in his face  
 The livery of the warlike maid appears,  
 Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him ;  
 And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,  
 As if she ever meant to crown his valour ;  
 His nose stands high, a character of honour ;  
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.—

110

*Emilia.* Must these men die too?

*Pirithous.*

When he speaks, his tongue

Sounds like a trumpet ; all his lineaments  
 Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean ;  
 He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold ;  
 His age some five-and-twenty.

*Messenger.*

There's another,

A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming  
 As great as any ; fairer promises  
 In such a body yet I never look'd on.

119

*Pirithous.* O, he that's freckle-fac'd?

*Messenger.*

The same, my lord ;

Are they not sweet ones?

*Pirithous.*

Yes, they're well.

*Messenger.*

Methinks,

Being so few and well dispos'd, they show  
 Great and fine art in nature. He's white-hair'd,  
 Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour  
 Next to an auburn ; tough, and nimble-set,  
 Which shews an active soul ; his arms are brawny,  
 Lin'd with strong sinews ; to the shoulder-piece  
 Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,  
 Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting  
 Under the weight of arms ; stout-hearted, still,  
 But, when he stirs, a tiger ; he's grey-eyed,  
 Which yields compassion where he conquers ; sharp

130



To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em  
 He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,  
 Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles  
 He shows a lover, when he frowns a soldier.  
 About his head he wears the winner's oak,  
 And in it stuck the favour of his lady;  
 His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand  
 He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

140

*Theseus.* Are they all thus?

*Pirithous.* They 're all the sons of honour.

*Theseus.* Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!—  
 Lady, you shall see men fight now.

*Hippolyta.* I wish it,  
 But not the cause, my lord: they would shew  
 Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;  
 'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.—  
 O, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?  
 Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.

*Theseus.* You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—Honour'd  
 friend,  
 To you I give the field; pray order it  
 Fitting the persons that must use it!

150

*Pirithous.* Yes, sir.

*Theseus.* Come, I'll go visit 'em; I cannot stay—  
 Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appear.  
 Good friend, be royal!

*Pirithous.* There shall want no bravery.

*Emilia.* Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins  
 Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Gaoler, Wooer, and Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Her distraction is more at some time of the moon  
 than at other some, is it not?

*Gaoler.* She is continually in a harmless distemper ; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking ; dreaming of another world, and a better ; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she 's about, the name Palamon lards it ; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—Look, where she comes ! you shall perceive her behaviour.

9

*Enter Daughter.*

*Daughter.* I have forgot it quite ; the burden on 't was 'down-a down-a ;' and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster : he 's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon 's legs ; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

*Doctor.* What stuff's here ! poor soul !

*Gaoler.* Even thus all day long.

*Daughter.* Now for this charm, that I told you of : you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry ; then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are—there 's a sight now !—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine ; then will I make Palamon a nosegay ; then let him—mark me—then—

24

*Doctor.* How prettily she 's amiss ! note her a little further.

*Daughter.* Faith, I 'll tell you ; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 't is a sore life they have i' the other place, such burning, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing ! O, they have shrewd measure ! Take heed : if one be mad, or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us ! and there shall they be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

34

*Doctor.* How she continues this fancy ! 'T is not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

*Daughter.* To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport!

[Sings] *I will be true, my stars, my fate*, etc. [Exit *Daughter*.

*Gaoler.* What think you of her, sir?

*Doctor.* I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

*Gaoler.* Alas, what then?

44

*Doctor.* Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

*Gaoler.* I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

*Wooc.* I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on 't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

*Doctor.* That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath dis-tempered the other senses; they may return, and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness. Sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres; and let them repair to her with

Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what is now out of square in her into their former law and regiment. I have seen it approved, how many times I know not ; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution, and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. *[Exeunt.]*





THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

## ACT V

SCENE I. *Athens. An Open Space before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and Attendants.*

*Theseus.* Now let 'em enter, and before the gods  
Tender their holy prayers! Let the temples  
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars  
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense  
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!

*[Flourish of cornets.]*

They have a noble work in hand, will honour  
The very powers that love 'em.

*Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, and their Knights.*

*Pirithous.*

Sir, they enter.

*Theseus.* You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,  
 You royal germane foes, that this day come  
 To blow the nearness out that flames between ye,  
 Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like  
 Before the holy altars of your helpers,  
 The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.  
 Your ire is more than mortal ; so your help be !  
 And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice !  
 I 'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye  
 I part my wishes.

*Pirithous.* Honour crown the worthiest !

[*Exeunt Theseus and train.*

*Palamon.* The glass is running now that cannot finish  
 Till one of us expire : think you but thus,—  
 That, were there aught in me which strove to shew  
 Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye  
 Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,  
 I would destroy the offender ; coz, I would,  
 Though parcel of myself : then from this gather  
 How I should tender you.

*Arcite.* I am in labour  
 To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,  
 Out of my memory ; and i' the self-same place  
 To seat something I would confound : so hoist we  
 The sails that must these vessels port even where  
 The heavenly Limiter pleases !

*Palamon.* You speak well.  
 Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin. [ *They embrace.*  
 This I shall never do again.

*Arcite.* One farewell !

*Palamon.* Why, let it be so ; farewell, coz !

*Arcite.* Farewell, sir !—

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,  
 True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you

Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehension  
 Which still is father of it, go with me  
 Before the god of our profession. There  
 Require of him the hearts of lions, and  
 The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too ;  
 Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,  
 Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize  
 Must be dragg'd out of blood ; force and great feat  
 Must put my garland on, where she will stick  
 The queen of flowers. Our intercession, then,  
 Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron  
 Brimm'd with the blood of men ; give me your aid,  
 And bend your spirits towards him.—

*[They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their  
 faces; then kneel.]*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
 Green Neptune into purple ; whose approach  
 Comets prewarn ; whose havoc in vast field  
 Unearthed skulls proclaim ; whose breath blows down  
 The teeming Ceres' foison ; who dost pluck  
 With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds  
 The mason'd turrets ; that both mak'st and break'st  
 The stony girths of cities ; me, thy pupil,  
 Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day  
 With military skill, that to thy laud  
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee  
 Be styl'd the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,  
 Some token of thy pleasure.

*[Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is  
 heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as  
 the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow  
 to the altar.]*

O great corrector of enormous times,  
 Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider  
 Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood

The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world  
 O' the plurisy of people, I do take  
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
 To my design march boldly !—Let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter PALAMON and his Knights.*

*Palamon.* Our stars must glister with new fires, or be  
 To-day extinct ; our argument is love,  
 Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives  
 Victory too : then blend your spirits with mine,  
 You whose free nobleness do make my cause  
 Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus  
 Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
 Her power unto our party !—

70

[*Here they advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their  
 faces ; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets ! who hast power  
 To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,  
 And weep unto a girl ; that hast the might  
 Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,  
 And turn the alarm to whispers ; that canst make  
 A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him  
 Before Apollo ; that mayst force the king  
 To be his subject's vassal, and induce  
 Stale gravity to dance ; the polled bachelor,  
 Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,  
 Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,  
 And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,  
 Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power  
 Hast thou not power upon ? To Phæbus thou  
 Add'st flames, hotter than his ; the heavenly fires  
 Did scorch his mortal son, thine him ; the huntress,  
 All moist and cold, some say, began to throw  
 Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace  
 Me thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy yoke

80

90



As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier  
 Than lead itself, stings more than nettles. I  
 Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law,  
 Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,—would not,  
 Had I kenn'd all that were ; I never practis'd 100  
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read  
 Of liberal wits ; I never at great feasts  
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd  
 At simpering sirs that did ; I have been harsh  
 To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them  
 If they had mothers. I had one, a woman,  
 And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man  
 Of eighty winters—this I told them—who  
 A lass of fourteen bridged. 'T was thy power  
 To put life into dust ; the aged cramp 110  
 Had screw'd his square foot round,  
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots,  
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes  
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life  
 In him seem'd torture. This anatomy  
 Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I  
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
 And who would not believe her? Brief, I am  
 To those that prate, and have done, no companion ;  
 To those that boast, and have not, a defier ; 120  
 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer ;  
 Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices  
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in  
 The boldest language : such a one I am,  
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
 Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,  
 Give me the victory of this question, which  
 Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign  
 Of thy great pleasure !

*[Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter: they  
 fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.]*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st  
 In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,  
 And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks  
 For this fair token, which, being laid unto  
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance  
 My body to this business!—Let us rise  
 And bow before the goddess; time comes on.

130

[*They bow, then exeunt.*]

*Still music of records. Enter EMILIA in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

*Emilia.* O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,  
 Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,  
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
 As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights  
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,  
 Which is their order's robe, I here, thy priest,  
 Am humbled fore thine altar! O, vouchsafe,  
 With that thy rare green eye—which never yet  
 Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin!  
 And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—  
 Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port  
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound—to my petition,  
 Season'd with holy fear! This is my last  
 Of vestal office; I 'm bride-habited,  
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have pointed,  
 But do not know him; out of two I should  
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I  
 Am guiltless of election; of mine eyes,  
 Were I to lose one—they are equal precious—

140

150

I could doom neither; that which perish'd should  
 Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,  
 He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me  
 And has the truest title in 't, let him  
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant  
 The file and quality I hold I may  
 Continue in thy band.—

*[Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the  
 place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.]*

See what our general of ebbs and flows  
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar  
 With sacred act advances! But one rose!  
 If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound  
 Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,  
 Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

*[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and  
 the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under  
 the altar.]*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends!—O mistress,  
 Thou here dischargest me! I shall be gather'd,  
 I think so; but I know not thine own will:  
 Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she's pleas'd;  
 Her signs were gracious. *[They curtsy, and exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Doctor, Gaoler, and Wooer in the habit of PALAMON.*

*Doctor.* Has this advice I told you done any good upon  
 her?

*Wooer.* O, very much: the maids that kept her com-  
 pany

Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;  
 Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,  
 And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her.  
 I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

*Doctor.* 'T was well done; twenty times had been far better,  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Woer.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew  
What hour my fit would take me.

*Doctor.* Let her do so. 10

*Woer.* She would have me sing.

*Doctor.* You did so?

*Woer.* No.

*Doctor.* 'T was very ill done, then;  
You should observe her every way.

*Woer.* Alas!  
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

*Doctor.* That 's all one, if ye make a noise;  
If she 'entreat again, do any thing;  
Lie with her, if she ask you.

*Gaoler.* Ho there, doctor!

*Doctor.* Yes, in the way of cure.

*Gaoler.* But first, by your leave,  
I' the way of honesty.

*Doctor.* That 's but a niceness;  
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty. 20  
Cure her first this way; then, if she 'll be honest,  
She has the path before her.

*Gaoler.* Thank you, doctor.

*Doctor.* Pray, bring her in,  
And let 's see how she is.

*Gaoler.* I will, and tell her  
Her Palamon stays for her; but, doctor,  
Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [Exit.

*Doctor.* Go, go;  
You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!  
An we should give her physic till we find that—

*Woer.* Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

*Doctor.* How old is she?

*Woer.* She 's eighteen.

*Doctor.* She may be ;

But that 's all one, 't is nothing to our purpose. 31

Whate'er her father says, if you perceive

Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,

Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

*Woer.* Yes, very well, sir.

*Enter Gaoler, Daughter, and Maid.*

*Gaoler.* Come ; your love Palamon stays for you, child ;  
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

*Daughter.* I thank him for his gentle patience ;  
He 's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.  
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

*Gaoler.* Yes. 40

*Daughter.* How do you like him?

*Gaoler.* He 's a very fair one.

*Daughter.* You never saw him dance?

*Gaoler.* No.

*Daughter.* I have often :

He dances very finely, very comely ;  
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him !  
He turns ye like a top.

*Gaoler.* That 's fine indeed.

*Daughter.* He 'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,—  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,  
If I have any skill, in all the parish,—  
And gallops to the tune of ' Light o' Love ;'  
What think you of this horse?

*Gaoler.* Having these virtues, 50

I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

*Daughter.* Alas, that 's nothing !

*Gaoler.* Can he write and read too?

*Daughter.* A very fair hand, and casts himself the accounts

Of all his hay and provender ; that hostler  
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know  
The chestnut mare the duke has ?

*Gaoler.* Very well.

*Daughter.* She is horribly in love with him, poor beast ;  
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

*Gaoler.* What dowry has she ?

*Daughter.* Some two hundred bottles,  
And twenty strike of oats : but he 'll ne'er have her ; 60  
He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice  
A miller's mare ; he 'll be the death of her.

*Doctor.* What stuff she utters !

*Gaoler.* Make curtsy ; here your lover comes.

*Woer.* Pretty soul.

How do ye ? That 's a fine maid ! there 's a curtsy !

*Daughter.* Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.  
How far is 't now to the end o' the world, my masters ?

*Doctor.* Why, a day's journey, wench.

*Daughter.* Will you go with me ?

*Woer.* What shall we do there, wench ?

*Daughter.* Why, play at stool-ball.

What is there else to do ?

*Woer.* I am content, 70

If we shall keep our wedding there.

*Daughter.* 'T is true ;

For there, I will assure you, we shall find  
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture  
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish ;  
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,  
And that would be a blot i' the business.  
Are not you Palamon ?

*Woer.* Do not you know me ?

*Daughter.* Yes ; but you care not for me ; I have nothing

But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.

*Woocr.* That 's all one ; I will have you.

*Daughter.* Will you surely ?

*Woocr.* Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

*Daughter.* We 'll to bed then.

*Woocr.* Even when you will. [*Kisses her.*]

*Daughter.* O, sir, you 'd fain be nibbling !

*Woocr.* Why do you rub my kiss off ?

*Daughter.* 'T is a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.— 84

Is not this your cousin Arcite ?

*Doctor.* Yes, sweetheart ;

And I am glad my consin Palamon

Has made so fair a choice.

*Daughter.* Do you think he 'll have me ?

*Doctor.* Yes, without doubt.

*Daughter.* Do you think so too ?

*Gaoler.* Yes.

*Daughter.* We shall have many children. — Lord, how  
y' are grown !

My Palamon I hope will grow too, finely, 90

Now he 's at liberty ; alas, poor chicken !

He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,

But I will kiss him up again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* What do you here ? you 'll lose the noblest  
sight

That e'er was seen.

*Gaoler.* Are they i' the field ?

*Messenger.* They are ;

You bear a charge there too.

*Gaoler.* I 'll away straight.—

I must even leave you here.

*Doctor.* Nay, we 'll go with you ;

I will not lose the sight.

*Gaoler.* How did you like her ?

*Doctor.* I 'll warrant you, within these three or four days  
I 'll make her right again.—You must not from her, 100  
But still preserve her in this way.

*Woocr.* I will.

*Doctor.* Let 's get her in.

*Woocr.* Come, sweet, we 'll go to dinner ;  
And then we 'll play at cards. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Part of the Forest, near the Place of Combat.*

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.

*Emilia.* I 'll no step further.

*Pirithous.* Will you lose this sight ?

*Emilia.* I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly  
Than this decision : every blow that falls  
Threats a brave life ; each stroke laments  
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like  
A bell than blade. I will stay here,—  
It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd  
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is  
No deafing but to hear,—not taint mine eye  
With dread sights it may shun.

*Pirithous.* Sir, my good lord, 10  
Your sister will no further.

*Theseus.* O, she must !  
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,  
Which sometime show well, pencill'd ; nature now  
Shall make and act the story, the belief  
Both seal'd with eye and ear.—You must be present ;  
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland  
To crown the question's title.

*Emilia.* Pardon me ;  
If I were there, I 'd wink.



*Theseus.* You must be there ;  
 'This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you  
 'The only star to shine.

*Emilia.* I am extinct ; 20  
 'There is but envy in that light which shews  
 'The one the other. Darkness, which ever was  
 'The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd  
 'Of many mortal millions, may even now,  
 'By casting her black mantle over both,  
 'That neither could find other, get herself  
 'Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
 'Set off whereto she 's guilty.

*Hippolyta.* You must go.

*Emilia.* In faith, I will not.

*Theseus.* Why, the knights must kindle  
 'Their valour at your eye ; know, of this war 30  
 'You are the treasure, and must needs be by  
 'To give the service pay.

*Emilia.* Sir, pardon me ;  
 'The title of a kingdom may be tried  
 'Out of itself.

*Theseus.* Well, well, then, at your pleasure !  
 'Those that remain with you could wish their office  
 'To any of their enemies.

*Hippolyta.* Farewell, sister !  
 'I am like to know your husband fore yourself,  
 'By some small start of time ; he whom the gods  
 'Do of the two know best, I pray them he  
 'Be made your lot ! 40

[*Exeunt all except Emilia and some of the Attendants.*]

*Emilia.* Arcite is gently visag'd, yet his eye  
 'Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon  
 'In a soft sheath ; mercy and manly courage  
 'Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon  
 'Has a most menacing aspect ; his brow

Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on:  
 Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to  
 The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye  
 Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy  
 Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth: 50  
 But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,  
 So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,  
 And sadness merry; those darker humours that  
 Stick misbecomingly on others, on him  
 Live in fair dwelling.—

[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite  
 The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;  
 And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to  
 The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity  
 Enough for such a chance! If I were by, 60  
 I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes  
 Toward my seat, and in that motion might  
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,  
 Which crav'd that very time: it is much better

[*Cornets. Cry within, 'A Palamon!'*

I am not there; O, better never born  
 Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

*Servant.* The cry's 'A Palamon.'

*Emilia.* Then he has won. 'T was ever likely;  
 He look'd all grace and success, and he is  
 Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run, 70  
 And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and cornets; cry, 'A Palamon!'*

*Servant.* Still 'Palamon.'

*Emilia.* Run and inquire.—[*Exit Servant.*] Poor servant,  
 thou hast lost!

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,  
 Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;  
 I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so.

[*Another cry and shout within, and cornets.*

On the sinister side the heart lies ; Palamon  
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour  
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Servant.* They said that Palamon had Arcite's body  
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry 80  
Was general 'A Palamon;' but anon  
The assistants made a brave redemption, and  
The two bold tilters at this instant are  
Hand to hand at it.

*Emilia.* Were they metamorphos'd  
Both into one—O, why, there were no woman  
Worth so compos'd a man ! Their single share,  
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives  
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,  
[*Cornets. Cry within, 'Arcite, Arcite !'*  
To any lady breathing.—More exulting !  
'Palamon' still ?

*Servant.* Nay, now the sound is 'Arcite.' 90

*Emilia.* I prithee lay attention to the cry ;  
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry, 'Arcite, victory !'*  
Set both thine ears to the business.

*Servant.* The cry is  
'Arcite and victory !' Hark ! 'Arcite, victory !'  
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd  
By the wind-instruments.

*Emilia.* Half-sights saw  
That Arcite was no babe ; God's lid, his richness  
And costliness of spirit look'd through him ! it could  
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,  
Than humble banks can go to law with waters  
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think 100  
Good Palamon would miscarry ; yet I knew not  
Why I did think so : our reasons are not prophets,

When oft our fancies are. They 're coming off;  
 Alas, poor Palamon!

[*Cornets.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, ARCITE as victor,  
 Attendants, etc.*

*Theseus.* Lo, where our sister is in expectation,  
 Yet quaking and unsettled!—Fairest Emily,  
 The gods, by their divine arbitrement,  
 Have given you this knight; he is a good one  
 As ever struck at head.—Give me your hands!  
 Receive you her, you him; be plighted with  
 A love that grows as you decay!

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*Arcite.* Emily,  
 To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,  
 Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,  
 As I do rate your value.

*Theseus.* O, lov'd sister,  
 He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er  
 Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods  
 Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race  
 Should show it the world too godlike! His behaviour  
 So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was  
 To him a sow of lead; if I could praise  
 Each part of him to the all I've spoke, your Arcite  
 Did not lose by't, for he that was thus good  
 Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard  
 Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night  
 With their contentious throats, now one the higher,  
 Anon the other, then again the first,  
 And by and by out-breasted, that the sense  
 Could not be judge between 'em; so it far'd  
 Good space between these kinsmen, till heavens did  
 Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland  
 With joy that you have won!—For the subdued,  
 Give them our present justice, since I know

120

130

Their lives but pinch 'em ; let it here be done.  
 The scene 's not for our seeing ; go we hence,  
 Right joyful, with some sorrow !—Arm your prize ;  
 I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,  
 I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,  
 The which it will deliver.

[*Flourish.*

*Emilia.* Is this winning?  
 O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?  
 But that your wills have said it must be so,  
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,  
 This miserable prince, that cuts away  
 A life more worthy from him than all women,  
 I should and would die too.

140

*Hippolyta.* Infinite pity,  
 That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one  
 That two must needs be blind for 't !

*Theseus.*

So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same Part of the Forest as in Act III. Scene VI.*

*Enter* PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned, Gaoler, Executioner, and Guard.*

*Palamon.* There 's many a man alive that hath outliv'd  
 The love o' the people ; yea, i' the self-same state  
 Stands many a father with his child. Some comfort  
 We have by so considering ; we expire,  
 And not without men's pity ; to live still  
 Have their good wishes ; we prevent  
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile  
 The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend  
 For grey approachers ; we come towards the gods  
 Young and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes  
 Many and stale ; that, sure, shall please the gods  
 Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,  
 For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,

15

Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,  
You 've sold 'em too-too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be  
Of more content? O'er us the victors have  
Fortune, whose title is as momentary  
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour  
They not o'erweigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell,  
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,  
Who, at her certain'st, reels.

20

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?  
*Palamon.* Even he that led you to this banquet shall  
Taste to you all.—Ah ha, my friend, my friend!  
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;  
You 'll see 't done now for ever. Pray, how does she?  
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill  
Gave me some sorrow.

*Gaoler.* Sit, she 's well restor'd,  
And to be married shortly.

*Palamon.* By my short life,  
I am most glad on 't! 'T is the latest thing  
I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so:  
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,  
Tender her this.

30

[*Gives a purse.*]

1 *Knight.* Nay, let 's be offerers all.

2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?

*Palamon.* Verily, I think so;  
A right good creature, more to me deserving  
Than I can quit or speak of.

*All Knights.* Commend us to her. [*Give their purses.*]

*Gaoler.* The gods requite you all,  
And make her thankful!

*Palamon.* Adieu! and let my life be now as short  
As my leave-taking. [*Lays his head on the block.*]

1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin.

2 *Knight*. We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying, 'Run, save, hold !*

*Enter in haste a Messenger.*

*Messenger*. Hold, hold ! O, hold, hold, hold !

40

*Enter PIRITHOUS in haste.*

*Pirithous*. Hold, ho ! it is a cursed haste you made,  
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,  
The gods will shew their glory in a life  
That thou art yet to lead.

*Palamon*. Can that be, when  
Venus I've said is false ? How do things fare ?

*Pirithous*. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear  
That are most dearly sweet and bitter !

*Palamon*. What  
Hath wak'd us from our dream ? [*Palamon rises.*

*Pirithous*. List then ! Your cousin,  
Mounted upon a steed that Emily  
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing 50  
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say  
Weakens his price, and many will not buy  
His goodness with this note ; which superstition  
Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite,  
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins  
Did rather tell than trample ; for the horse  
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his rider  
To put pride in him : as he thus went counting  
The flinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the music  
His own hoofs made—for, as they say, from iron 60  
Came music's origin—what envious flint,  
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd  
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,  
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,  
I comment not ; the hot horse, hot as fire,

Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder  
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,  
 Forgets school-doing, being therein trained.  
 And of kind manage ; pig-like he whines  
 At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather 70  
 Than any jot obeys ; seeks all foul means  
 Of boisterous and rough jadery to disseat  
 His lord that kept it bravely. When nought serv'd,—  
 When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing  
 plunges

Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that  
 He kept him 'tween his legs,—on his hind hoofs  
 On end he stands,  
 That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,  
 Seem'd with strange art to hang ; his victor's wreath  
 Even then fell off his head, and presently 80  
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise  
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living ;  
 But such a vessel 't is that floats but for  
 The surge that next approaches : he much desires  
 To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears !

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, and ARCITE borne in a chair.*

*Palamon.* O miserable end of our alliance !  
 The gods are mighty !—Arcite, if thy heart,  
 Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,  
 Give me thy last words ; I am Palamon,  
 One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arcite.* Take Emilia, 90  
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand ;  
 Farewell ! I've told my last hour. I was false,  
 Yet never treacherous ; forgive me, cousin !—  
 One kiss from fair Emilia ! [*Kisses her.*]—'T is done :  
 Take her. I die ! [*Dies.*]



*Palamon.* Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

*Emilia.* I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!

Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,  
This day I give to tears.

*Palamon.* And I to honour.

*Theseus.* In this place first you fought; even very here  
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods 100  
Your thanks that you are living.

His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,  
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and  
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you.  
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,  
And given you your love; our master Mars  
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave  
The grace of the contention: so the deities  
Have show'd due justice.—Bear this hence.

*Palamon.* O cousin,  
That we should things desire which do cost us 110  
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy  
Dear love but loss of dear love!

*Theseus.* Never fortune  
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,  
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage  
The gods have been most equal. *Palamon,*  
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady  
Did lie in you, for you first saw her and  
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,  
As your stolen jewel, and desir'd your spirit  
To send him hence forgiven. The gods my justice 120  
Take from my hand, and they themselves become  
The executioners. Lead your lady off;  
And call your lovers from the stage of death,  
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two  
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto

The funeral of Arcite ; in whose end  
 The visages of bridegrooms we 'll put on,  
 And smile with Palamon, for whom an hour,  
 But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry  
 As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad 130  
 As for him sorry.—O you heavenly charmers,  
 What things you make of us ! For what we lack  
 We laugh, for what we have are sorry ; still  
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful  
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute,  
 That are above our question.—Let 's go off,  
 And bear us like the time. [Flourish. Exeunt.

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### EPILOGUE.

I would now ask ye how ye like the play ;  
 But, as it is with school-boys, cannot say  
 I am cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,  
 And let me look upon ye. No man smile ?  
 Then it goes hard, I see.—He that has  
 Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, shew his face—  
 'T is strange if none be here—and, if he will  
 Against his conscience, let him hiss and kill  
 Our market ! 'T is in vain, I see, to stay ye ;  
 Have at the worst can come, then ! Now, what say ye ? 10  
 And yet mistake me not : I am not bold ;  
 We 've no such cause.—If the tale we have told—  
 For 't is no other—any way content ye—  
 For to that honest purpose it was meant ye—  
 We have our end ; and ye shall have ere long,  
 I dare say, many a better, to prolong  
 Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,  
 Rest at your service ; gentlemen, good night ! [Flourish.

## NOTES

## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).  
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.  
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).  
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.  
 B. J., Ben Jonson.  
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.  
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.  
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).  
 Coll., Collier (second edition).  
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.  
 Colman, 1778 ed. of B. and F., with notes by Colman, Reed, et al.  
 D., Dyce (second edition).  
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).  
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).  
 Id. (*idem*), the same.  
 K., Knight (second edition).  
 L., H. Littledale's ed. of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (London, 1876).  
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).  
 Prol., Prologue.  
 S., Shakespeare.  
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).  
 Sk., Rev. W. W. Skeat's ed. of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Cambridge, 1875).  
 Sr., Singer.  
 St., Staunton.  
 Theo., Theobald.  
 Tonson, 1711 ed. of B. and F., published by Jacob Tonson (London).  
 V., Verplanck.  
 W., R. Grant White.  
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).  
 Warb., Warburton.  
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).  
 Weber, Henry Weber's ed. of B. and F. (1812).  
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

# NOTES.

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THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

## PROLOGUE.

THIS prologue is certainly not Shakespeare's. It is probably by Fletcher. "Several of his favourite images are employed in it, and the general style resembles that of his undoubted prologues" (L.). K. omits the whole of it, and Sk. the first twelve lines.

24. 25. *Weak . . . water.* The quarto joins this to what precedes, putting a period after *water*. The arrangement in the text is due to D.

26. *Tack.* The reading of the folio; \* the quarto has "take."

29. *Travail.* The old eds. have "travell" or "travel." Cf. *A. W.* p. 153.

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\* That is, the 1679 folio of B. and F. See p. 10 above.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—The critics generally agree that this scene is Shakespeare's; but Dowden, Nicholson, L., Furnivall, and H. assign the *Song* to Fletcher, to whom it probably belongs.

The old stage-direction makes the bride "*led by Pirithous*;" corrected by Theo.\*

On *her tresses likewise hanging*, Nicholson (quoted by L.) says: "This appearance of the bride in dishevelled hair, apparently a classic custom, betokened virginity, and was in use up to Jacobian times at least." He cites the reference to the marriage of the Countess of Essex to Somerset in A. Wilson's *Life of James I.*: "She, thinking all the world ignorant of her sly practices, hath the impudence to appear in the habit of a Virgin, with her hair pendent almost to her feet; which Ornament of her body (though a fair one) could not cover the deformities of her soul."

The *wheaten garland* "seems to have been worn as an emblem of fertility, and perhaps also of peace—the causer of plenty" (L.).

The *Song* is "evidently intended to be sung by the Boy, who also strews flowers, as indicated in the stage-direction and at line 15" (Sk.).

4. *Maiden pinks*. Fresh pinks. L. thinks the reference may be to "the Matted Pinck" of Bacon's *Essay Of Gardens*, where it is specially commended for its odour. Miller (*Gardener's Dict.*) describes a kind of *Dianthus* as "the small creeping or Maiden Pink, commonly called the mated Pink by seedsmen." Sk. says that this is the *Dianthus virginicus*, but the name is probably modern. We may add that S. refers to the pink only once (in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 61) and then figuratively.

5. *Smell-less, yet most quaint*. Furnivall says: "I cannot get over Chaucer's daisies being called 'smell-less yet most quaint:' the epithets seem to me not only poor but pauper, implying entire absence of fancy and imagination." *Quaint*="trim, neat" (Sk.).

6. *Thyme*. Spelt "time" in the quarto; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 249 and *Oth.* i. 3. 326, in the early eds.

7. *Primrose, first-born child of Ver*. Alluding, as Sk. says (in a note sent to L., correcting that given in his own ed.) "to the *apparent* etymology of the French name for the primrose, *primevère*," which was supposed to be = *prima veris*. It is rather = *primula veris*, if taken from the Latin; but Brachet supposes it to be the Italian *primavera*. The usual spelling in old writers is *prime-rose*; as in Bacon's *Essay Of Gardens*.

9. *With her bells dim*. Sk. (followed by H.) reads "hairbells dim." This, as L. remarks, "is very ingenious and supported by strong presumptive evidence;" but he goes on to show that the old reading is

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\* That is, in the 1750 ed. of B. and F., edited by Theobald, Seward, and Symphon. L. says of it: "Theobald, who died before the edition had advanced very far, has left a few good notes; Symphon's are occasionally presentable, but as for Seward—Seward 'never deviates into sense.'" Coleridge asks: "Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Symphon?" Again he apostrophizes the former thus: "Mr. Seward! Mr. Seward! you may be, and I trust you are, an angel; but you were an ass."

probably right. Sk. says that the system requires the accent on the second syllable; but L. replies that "the irregularity of the number of syllables and the words used in these third lines rather indicate that there is but *one* emphatic word in the line." Besides, as he adds, there is "an important *structural* obstacle" to the arrangement of Sk. "Looking through the song, we see one half (three lines exactly) of each stanza occupied by one idea, and the remaining half devoted to a group of objects;" and "the change would destroy this designed symmetry." Sk. also objects that *bells* "makes no sense" as applied to the *primrose*; but S. uses it of the cowslip in *Temp.* v. 1. 89, and both old and modern poets often make *bell*=blossom. *Dim* is as appropriate an epithet for the *primrose* as *fale* in *W. T.* iv. 4. 122 and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 221; but it is not so suitable for the harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) or the blue-bell (*Agrophis nutans*), which Sk. thinks to be probably the flower meant here. "Violets dim" in *W. T.* iv. 4. 120 (see our ed. p. 192) is not a parallel case, as *dim* seems there to be—retiring, modest, "half-hidden from the eye."

10. *Oxlips*. "The greater cowslip, *Primula elatior*" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149.

*Cradles*. Mr. Furnivall wrote to Dr. R. C. A. Prior, author of *Popular Names of British Plants*, for an explanation of this word and of the allusion to *death-beds* in the next line, and got the reply: "I am quite at a loss for the meaning of *cradles* and *death-beds*;" but Mr. William Whale of the Egham Nurseries answered the same inquiry thus: "The root-leaves of the oxlip are cradle-shaped, but circular instead of long. The growth of the leaves would certainly give one an idea of the stem and oxlip flowers being lodged in a cradle [? saucer]. I have seen the marigold (the *Calendula officinalis*, or *medicinal marigold*, not the African or French sorts which are now so improved and cultivated in gardens) in my boyish days frequently placed on coffins; and in a warm death-room they would certainly flower." L. quotes *Per.* iv. 1. 16:

"and marigolds  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave  
While summer days do last."

Cf. *W. T.* p. 191. *On death-beds blowing* may mean planted on graves, as it is said they still are in Wales, and probably elsewhere.

12. *Larks'-heels*. "Not the same as *larkspur*, as one might suppose, but a kind of nasturtium, the *Tropæolum minus*" (Sk.). The name was, however, sometimes used loosely for *larkspur*. Cotgrave, s. v. *Alouette*, has: "*Pied d'alouette*, the herb Larks-spur, Larks-claw, Larks-heel, Larks-toes, Monkshood."

16. *Angel*. "Literally, a messenger (Gk. ἄγγελος), but here prettily used to signify a bird. The same use of the word occurs in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, ii. 2, where the Roman eagle is spoken of as 'the Roman angel.' The idea is as old as Homer, who uses the expression οἰωνόν, τυχὴν ἄγγελον (*Iliad*, xxiv. 292). Observe, too, that *angel* implies a bird of good omen, to the exclusion of such ill-omened birds as the crow, the cuckoo, and the raven" (Sk.).

19. *Slanderous*. Because supposed to tell tales of unfaithful wives. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 908 :

"The cuckoo, then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men," etc.

See also *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 134 and *A. W.* i. 3. 67 ; and cf. *M. W.* p. 143.

20. *The boding raven*. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 191 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 22.

*Chough hoar*. 'The quarto has "clough hee," and the folio "clough he;" corrected by Seward. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 21 ; and see *Temp.* p. 127. Charles Lamb wanted to read

"The crow, the slanderous cuckoo,  
The boding raven, nor the chough"

(the pronunciation *choo* is said to be still heard in the North of England), and L. prefers this to "Seward's very feeble bit of tinkering." He objects to *hoar* that it is "a purely descriptive epithet, and utterly devoid of any symbolic meaning, while all the rest have some reference to the requirements of the case." It may be added that the emendation makes the verse very clumsy ; but if *nor* at the end of 19 is right, this is inevitable, whatever rhyming word may be supplied.

21. *Chattering pie*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 47 : "And chattering pies in dismal discords sung."

22. *Bride-house*. Nares quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585 : "A *bride-house*, as when a hall or other large place is provided to keepe the bridall in, when the dwelling house is not of sufficient roome to serve the turne ;" and the old *Taming of a Shrew* :

"Why come, man, we shall good cheere  
Anon at the bride house,"

24. Walker asks : "Is the Epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It seems unfinished ; and it is more natural, I think, that it should be interrupted."

25. *Gentility*. Gentle birth ; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 22 : "mines my gentility with my education."

33. *Raze you*. Erase for you. Cf. Gr. 220.

34. *All you*, etc. All for which you, etc.

36. *Stead*. Assist. See *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *May you stead me?*

40. *Endure*. The quarto has "endured," and the folio "endur'd ;" corrected by Mason.

In Chaucer *Creon* is "of Thebes kyng," as here.

41. *Talons*. Spelt "Tallents" in the quarto. Cf. the pun in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 64, and see our ed. p. 146.

For the grouping of birds of prey, cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 85 : "ravens, crows, and kites."

44. *Urn*. Cf. *murn'd* in *Ham.* i. 4. 49. Spalding notes the Shakespearian character of the verb, as of *chapel* in 50 below. See Gr. 290 (cf. p. 5).

45. *Eye Of holy Phæbus*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 290 : "Sweats in the eye of Phæbus," and *A. and C.* iv. 8. 29 : "holy Phæbus' car."

47. *Duke*. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 19 : "Thescus, our renowned duke ;" and see our ed. p. 125.



48. *Purger.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 180: "We shall be call'd putgers, not murderers." Spalding remarks that "verbal names expressing the agent . . . are in an especial manner frequent with Shakespeare, who invents them to preserve his brevity, and always applies them with great force and quaintness."

55. *Transported.* Rapt; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 76. "Theseus means that he would have bidden her rise sooner, only that he was so carried away by her story as to make him unobservant of her attitude" (Sk.).

58. *Vengeance and revenge.* The tautology is apparently emphatic. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 67: "shall render vengeance and revenge."

59. *Capaneus.* "Four syllables, accented on the first and third. Chaucer also has it as four syllables, but accents it on the second and fourth. Properly, it has but three syllables, being the Gk. *Καπανεύς*. Capaneus was one of the seven heroes who marched from Argos against Thebes. The story is that he was struck by lightning as he was scaling the walls, because he had dared to defy Zeus; and, whilst his body was burning, his wife Evadne leaped into the flames and destroyed herself. The story in Chaucer and in this play is somewhat different, as Evadne answers to the First Queen" (Sk.).

64. *Spread her.* Overspread her, cover her. Seward ("stupidly," as L. says) would omit *her*, but, as Sk. remarks, "this does not improve either the sense or the metre; the introduction of an extra syllable at a pause in the verse is no blemish, but a beauty." Cf. Gr. 454. H. omits *her*.

66. *Kinsman.* Sk. quotes the Life of Theseus in North's *Plutarch*: "They were neere kinsmen, being cosins remoued by the mothers side. For Æthra [Theseus' mother] was the daughter of Pitheus, and Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, was the daughter of Lysidices, the which was halfe sister to Pitheus, both [being] children of Pelops and of his wife Hippodamia." Cf. *M. A. D.* v. 1. 47: "In glory of my kinsman Hercules." Sk. says that "*Hercules* is apparently a dissyllable here;" but it should certainly have its ordinary pronunciation, the light extra syllable not marring the measure.

68. *Nemcan.* The early eds. have "Nenuan;" corrected by Seward. For the pronunciation, cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 83 and *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 90. See *Ham.* p. 195.

73. *Whereto.* In addition to which. Cf. *thereto* in *W. T.* i. 2. 391, *Oth.* ii. 1. 133, and *Cymb.* iv. 4. 33.

74. *Our undertaker.* The man to *undertake* the work of avenging us. S. uses the word only twice (*T. A.* iii. 4. 349 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 224), and in both instances with a meaning similar to this. Sk. quotes Fletcher, *Love's Progress*, i. 1: "First, for the undertaker, I am he;" Hallam, *Const. Hist. of Eng.*: "Neville, and others who, like him, professed to understand the temper of the commons, and to facilitate the King's dealings with them, were called *undertakers*;" and *Spectator*, No. 432: "I find you are a general undertaker," etc.

75. *Bellona.* For the allusion to the Roman goddess of war, cf. *Mach.* i. 2. 54: "Bellona's bridegroom." See our ed. p. 155.

80. *Wast near to make,* etc. "'Didst nearly make the male sex captive to thine own sex, had it not been that this lord of thine, Theseus—

who was born to keep created things in the same relative position of honour in which nature first appointed them—caused thee to shrink back within the bound which thou wast overflowing.’ *Creation* properly means all created things, but is here used with particular reference to human beings. Cf. Gen. iii. 16” (Sk.). *Styl’d it* = fixed the *style* or rank of it.

87. *Who now, I know.* The quarto has “Whom” for *Who*; corrected by D. The old reading may have been a “confusion of construction.” Cf. K. *John*, p. 166, note on *Whom*.

For *power on*, cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 238: “power upon my life;” *Cymb.* v. 5. 418: “The power that I have on you is to spare you,” etc.

88. *Ow’st.* Ownest, possessest; as in v. 4. 50 below. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 204.

89. *Servant.* Sk. remarks: “*Servant* is used not quite in the modern sense, but in the old sense of an obedient and devoted lover; see iii. 6. 149 below. It is the proper antithesis of *mistress*. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Philaster*, iii. 2, Philaster addresses Arethusa as ‘my dearest *mistress*,’ whereupon Arethusa replies with ‘my dearest *servant*.’ The best comment upon this is furnished by the words of Theseus in Chaucer’s *Knights Tale*, 956—

‘For in my tyme a *servaunt* was I oon.  
And therfor, sine I know of *loues preyne*,’ etc.”

*For* = as regards; as often in S. Cf. Gr. 149. Seward (followed by H.) changed *for* to “to.”

90. *Glass of ladies.* “A Shakespeare fancy,” as Spalding notes. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 161: “The glass of fashion;” and see our ed. p. 219. Cf. also *Hen. V.* p. 152, note on *The mirror*, etc.

93. *Require him he advance it.* Ask him to raise it. On *advance*, cf. *Cor.* p. 210; and for *require*, see on v. 1. 39 below.

98. *Than a dove’s motion*, etc. L. quotes *R. of L.* 457: “Like to a new-kill’d bird she trembling lies.”

99. *Blood-siz’d.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 484: “o’er-sized with coagulate gore” (that is, covered as with *size* or glue).

102. *I had as lief*, etc. I would as soon follow out this good work with you as the marriage ceremony to which I am bound, though I never yet went so willingly as to that. For *had as lief*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

107. *Uncandied.* Thawed, dissolved. Cf. “candied with ice” in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 226, and *discandly* (=thaw) in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165 and iv. 12. 22.

108. *So sorrow*, etc. “So sorrow, lacking shape (that is, power of expression), is oppressed with still greater occasion for it” (Sk.); or sorrow becomes the deeper for being unable to utter itself.

111. *There, through my tears*, etc. There you see it only imperfectly, as pebbles appear distorted in the running brook. *Wrinkled*, to our thinking, is peculiarly expressive. Seward changes *there* to “here” = in my heart (with appropriate gesture).

112. *Glassy.* The early eds. have “glass” or “glasse;” corrected by Seward.

113. *May behold ’em.* D. and H. read “it” for *’em*. In our opinion the change to the plural is to be explained by the intervening *pebbles*;

but Nicholson thinks it is made "either because she is thinking of her eyes as ostents of her grief, or, what is much the same, because she is thinking of the grief in either eye, and therefore *griefs*." Sk. compares the use of *their* = his, in iii. 5. 128 below.

114. *He that will*, etc. "He who desires to discover all the world's wealth must dig deeply towards its centre; he who would win the least good-will from me must let his search descend to my heart, like one who, fishing for minnows, so loads his line with lead as to make it sink deeply. The simile is intentionally strained and far-fetched, to denote the queen's distress; as explained in the next sentence" (Sk.).

118. *Extremity*, etc. L. quotes B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune*, iii. 1 :

"Cunning Calamity,  
That others' gross wits uses to refine,  
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine."

122. *Ground-piece*. Perhaps = study for a picture, sketch (Sk.). L. thinks *ground* may be = surface, and "*ground-piece* = pictured as distinguished from sculptured work, superficial seeming; or (2) *ground* = foundation (cf. *ground-work*) and *ground-piece* = model, subject matter; or (3) *ground* = principal, main, chief, and *ground-piece* = masterpiece; or (4) *ground* = foil, dull 'ground' of a picture, as contrasted with the glare and prominence of her sorrow." In any case, "*seeming* and *being* are contrasted."

132. *Longer*. The old eds. have "long;" corrected by Seward.

134. *Knolls*. Cf. *A. V. I.* ii. 7. 114: "where bells have knoll'd to church." See our ed. p. 166.

135. *Your first thought*, etc. Sk. remarks: "Possibly suggested by a passage in North's *Plutarch*, immediately preceding that quoted in the note to 66 above: 'For then he did manifestly open himselfe, and he felt the like passion in his heart which Themistocles long time afterwards endured when he said, that the victorie and triumph of Miltiades would not let him sleepe. For euen so, the wonderful admiration which Theseus had of Hercules courage made him in the night that he neuer dreamed but of his noble acts and doings, and in the daytime, pricked forward with emulation and enuie of his glory, he determined with himselfe one day to do the like, and the rather because they were neere kinsmen,' etc. Again, in the same *Life of Theseus*, ed. 1612, p. 15, we read: 'Others say . . . that he was at the iourney of Cholchide [Colchis] with Iason, and that he did helpe Meleager to kil the wild bore of Calydonia: from whence, as they say, this prouerbe came: *Not without Theseus*; meaning that such a thing was not done without great helpe of another. Howbeit it is certaine that Theseus selfe did many famous acts without aide of any man, and that for his valiantnesse this prouerbe came in vsc, which is spoken: *This is another Theseus*. Also he did helpe Adrastus, king of the Argives, to recouer the bodies of those that were slaine in the battell before the city of Thebes.'"

136. *Meditance*. Premeditation; not found elsewhere in S.

138. *As ospreys*, etc. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 7. 34: "As is the osprey to the fish," etc. See the note in our ed. p. 261. Here, as there, the spelling is *aspray* in the old eds.

142. *Cords, knives, drams, precipitance.* That is, hanging, stabbing, poison, leaping down a precipice. K. and Sk. read "cords', knives', drams' precipitance ;" making *precipitance* = "headlong haste, desperate rashness." The early eds. have no comma after *drams*. Sk. compares *Cymb.* v. 5. 213 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 388.

143. *Weary of this world's light.* Sk. quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 434 :

"Proxima deinde tenent moesti loca, qui sibi letum  
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi  
Proiecere animas."

146. *Visitating.* Surveying. Sk. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.* : "*Visiter*, to visit, or go to see ; to view, survey, overlook, oversee." *Visit* is often similarly used in S. ; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 308, *M. for M.* iii. 1. 46, iii. 2. 272, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 861, etc.

149. *To give.* By giving ; "one of the commonest constructions in S." Cf. iii. 1. 25 below ; and see Gr. 356.

152. *Now 't will take form,* etc. That is, "Strike while the iron is hot" and can be shaped, not wait till it is cold, when you will sweat to no purpose in trying to make it *take form*.

154. *It's.* See *W. T.* p. 155. In i. 2. 65 below, the quarto has "its."

*Secure.* Careless, unguarded. See *Ham.* p. 196.

155. *Not dreams.* Seward and H. change *Not* to "Nor."

156. *Rinsing.* The early eds. have "wrenching," which, as L. notes, is "probably phonetic." In *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 167, the 1st folio has "wrenching." There is no other instance of the word in S.

158. *Full of bread.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 80. Sk. quotes *Esch.* xvi. 49.

159. "*Artesius* must be supposed to be an Athenian captain, present on the stage, though no speech is assigned to him, and his entrance and exit are alike unnoticed in the old copies. Theseus addresses him again in 211 ; and the proper time for his exit is at 218" (Sk.).

D. and H. take *fit* to be the verb, and point the passage thus :

"Artesius, that best know'st  
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise  
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a business ; forth and levy," etc.

We prefer (with Sk. and L.) to follow the early eds.

165. *Take hands.* "Let us join hands and depart together ; intended as an expression of despair" (Sk.).

166. *Let us be widows to our woes.* Hickson cites this as an example of Shakespeare's "certain boldness of metaphor, carried sometimes to that extreme that it requires a considerable effort of the understanding to follow it." It is certainly far from clear, but we think it means, Let us continue to weep over our woes, as we do over our husbands ; we have no hope here. Sk. says : "Perhaps this obscure expression intimates that they would not have even the opportunity of mourning at their husbands' tombs. Having no memorials of their husbands to point to, they had but their woes to shew that they were widows." L. explains it thus : "Let us be widows to our woes, as well as to our husbands ; for as Creon has left our dead lords unburied, so our woes have been left unburied by Theseus."

172. *War*. The early eds. have "was;" corrected by Theo. *Imports* = concerns.

176. *Lock*. Detain by embraces. For *synod* as applied to an assembly of the gods, see *Cor.* p. 266, or *A. V. L.* p. 173.

177. *Corslet*. See on *urn*, 44 above.

178. *Twinning*. The early eds. have "twyning" or "twining;" corrected by Theo. Cf. B. and F., *Night-Walker*, iii. 6:

"Let me suffer death  
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries  
Be more akin than her lips to Maria's;"

and *Philaster*, ii. 2: "they are two twinn'd cherries" (referring to lips).

*Fall*. Let fall; as often in S. Cf. *J. C.* p. 169.

179. *Tasteful*. Not found elsewhere in S. Richardson quotes Crasshaw, *The Flaming Heart*:

"Say, all ye wise and well-pierc'd hearts,  
That live and die amidst her darts,  
What is't your *tasteful* spirits do prove,  
In that rare life of her, and love?"

180. *Blubber'd*. "The reader ought to recollect that formerly this word did not convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present" (D.). The only other instance of it in the text of S. (it is found in a stage-direction in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 421) is in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 87, where it is put into the mouth of the Nurse. For the form, see Gr. 374 (cf. 290).

186. *Though much unlike*, etc. "Though I think it very improbable that you should be so transported as she describes, and equally sorry that I should urge such a petition as I now proceed to make" (Sk.). H. reads "much I like," which seems unmaidenly.

190. *Surfeit*. Sickness, from excess of grief.

195. *Or sentencing*, etc. "Or forever condemning their power to silence" (Sk.). H. explains it: "Or concluding them to be forever without force, or no better than speechless."

209. *Success*. Accented on the first syllable. Cf. v. 3. 69 below.

210. *Pretended*. Intended. See *Mach.* p. 202 (note on *Pretence*), or *T. G. of V.* p. 136.

211. *Follow your soldier*, etc. The early eds. point the line thus: "Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you;" corrected by Mason.

212. *Aulis*. The early eds. have "Anly;" corrected by Theo. H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "Ilisse" (= Hyssus), assuming that the name of a river is required; but *bank* (as Sk. and L. note) is often applied to the sea-shore. See 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 83, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 525, *Sonn.* 56. 11, etc.

214. *Moiety*. Part; not necessarily a half. See *Ham.* p. 174.

215. *More bigger look'd*. "Which was expected to have been a greater one. We are to suppose that Theseus had planned some great expedition, to be undertaken after his marriage-feast was over, and had collected part of an army for that purpose. He now intends to march against Thebes, the taking of which he looked upon as easy, without completing that army to its full number" (Sk.). For the double comparative, see Gr. 11; and for the form of *look'd*, cf. *blubber'd* in 180 above.

216. *Stamp . . . currant . . . token.* There is a play upon the words as applied to coin.

222. *Want.* Lack, be incomplete. H. adopts Seward's conjecture of "wait." Sk. remarks: "The suggestion is a poor one; he must have forgotten the common use of *want* in our old dramatists." Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 4, etc. On *solemnity*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 187, *T. of S.* iii. 2. 103, etc.

230. *They themselves.* That is, the gods, who are sometimes slaves to their passions.

233. *Human.* The quarto has "humane." Cf. *Macb.* p. 218. *Human title* = the right to the name of man.

Spalding says of this scene: "It has sometimes Shakespeare's identical images and words; it has his quaint force and sententious brevity, crowding thoughts and fancies into the narrowest space, and submitting to obscurity in preference to feeble dilation; it has sentiments enunciated with reference to subordinate relations, which other writers would have expressed with less grasp of thought; it has even Shakespeare's alliteration, and one or two of his singularities in conceit; it has clearness in the images taken separately, and confusion from the prodigality with which one is poured out after another, in the heat and hurry of imagination; it has both fulness of illustration, and a variety which is drawn from the most distant sources; and it has, thrown over all, that air of originality and that character of poetry, the principle of which is often hid when their presence and effect are most quickly and instinctively perceptible."

Hickson remarks: "The first thing that seems to indicate the presence of the mind of Shakespere is the clearness with which, in the first scene, we are put in possession of the exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically. And, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of Shakespere is, if we may so express it, the downright honesty of his genius, that disdains anything like trick or mystery. This is almost peculiar to Shakespere. Where, in his works, as much is revealed at the very opening as is necessary to the understanding of the plot, we find, in the works of other dramatists, as much kept back as possible; and we are continually greeted with some surprise or startled with some unexpected turn in the conduct of the piece."

SCENE II.—1. *Dearer in love than blood.* Sk. contrasts this with *Ham.* i. 2. 65: "A little more than kin, and less than kind."

2. *Prime.* Chief, first in our love.

6. *We shame.* 11. reads "were shame."

8. *I' the aid o' the current.* With the stream. "What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that, if they struggled against the current of the fashion (which is denoted by *not* swimming *in the aid* of it), their striving would answer no purpose; and that, if they followed the common stream, it would lead them to an eddy where they would either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness" (Mason).

13. *Ruins*. "Not material ruins of houses, but wrecks of men, that is, men who are but wrecks of their former selves. Palamon is following up the idea started by Arcite, that the men in Thebes were mostly coming to ruin. Hence the word *walking* may just as well agree with *ruins* as refer to Palamon himself; and he goes on to say that he sees upon them little else but scars and bare garments (such being the common meaning of *weeds* in our old authors); and these scars are all that the martialists (or men fond of war) really gain, though hoping to win honour and money. Observe the phrase 'when such I meet' in 21; and so in 27" (Sk.). There can be no doubt, we think, that *walking* refers to *ruins*. For *weeds*, cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149. *Bare*=threadbare. L. notes that *martialist* is not used elsewhere by S., while B. and F. have the word twice.

18. *Had not*. "Did not get for himself, for it went to the captain. Cf. 34 below" (Sk.).

*Flurled*. Scorned; used by S. only in the compound *flurt-gills* (*R. and J.* ii. 4. 162), but rather common in B. and F.

22. *Jealousy*. Referring to the origin of the Trojan war.

24. *For her repletion*. L. makes this =against her repletion, as a remedy for it (Gr. 154); but we do not see why it may not mean on account of it. *Repletion* is not used elsewhere by S.

*Retain*= "employ, take into service; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 192" (L.). H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "reclaim." Sk. suggests "regain;" but, as L. says, *regain anew* would be =*gain anew anew*.

28. *Cranks*. Winding streets.

40. *Even jump*. Just exactly. Cf. *Ham.* p. 172.

41. *As they are here*, etc. Weber and Sk. follow the old eds. in putting the comma after *are*, joining *here* to what comes after. The sense is the same, and the rhythm better, with the pointing in the text.

42. *And Such things to be mere monsters*. "And to be such things (as they are) were to be mere monsters" (Nicholson). Weber makes the words a mere expansion of what precedes: "we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere (that is, absolute) monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs." On *mere* in this sense, cf. *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. On the form of the passage, cf. 7 fol. above: "for not to swim," etc.

46. *Faith*. Self-reliance.

48. *Conceiv'd*. Understood. Cf. *Lear*, p. 235.

51. *Follo'os*. For the ellipsis of *who*, see Gr. 244.

52. *Make pursuit*. There is a play upon this phrase, which means to prosecute, or bring a suit against, as well as to follow.

54. *For*. Because. Gr. 151.

61. *Plantain*. For the use of plantain leaves for wounds and bruises, see *R. and J.* p. 147.

63. *Whose successes*, etc. K. adopts Heath's conjecture of "success," and some change *Makes* to "Make." L. says that "it is only ignorance of Shakespearian usage that has led editors to admit any change in either the noun or the verb here." Cf. Gr. 333.

65. *Its*. See on i. i. 154 above. *Who* is understood before *puts*; it is expressed two lines below.

67. *Attributes*. Accented on the first syllable. The word is found elsewhere in S. only in *A. W.* iii. 6. 64, where it occurs in prose. L. accents *voluble* on the penult, but this is not absolutely necessary. The word is used here in the etymological sense of "inconstant, fickle" (Latin *volubilis*, from *volvere*, to roll). Cf. the noun in Holland's *Pliny*: "The heaven bendeth and inclineth toward the centre, but the earth goeth from the centre, whiles the world, with continuall *volubilitie* and turning about it, driveth the huge and excessive globe thereof into the forme of a round ball."

69. *Men's*. The old eds. have "men;" corrected by Seward.

70. *Glory*; *one*, etc. Some copies of the quarto (cf. p. 9 above) read "glory on 'That feares," others put a semicolon after "on." Seward, followed by most of the editors, reads "glory too;" but, as Ingram suggested, the old "on" is = *one*, as not unfrequently. In i. 3. 75 below, the quarto has "humd on." In *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 142, the folio reads "On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes," etc.

72. *Sib*. Akin, related. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 205, note on *Gossip*.

74. *Clear-spirited*. Sk. quotes Milton, *Lycidas*, 70: "Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise." See also v. 4. 13 below.

76. *Our*. Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

79. *In blood unless in quality*. "Not in *kin*, unless in *kind*" (L.). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 3. 18:

"But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners."

See also i above.

85. *Phabus*, etc. Sk. remarks: "The allusion is probably to the story of Phaëthon in Ovid; the day after Phaëthon's death, Phœbus could hardly be persuaded to drive the chariot of the sun once more, and wreaked some of his anger upon the horses, which he lashed severely. Cf. *Met.* ii. 398:

"Colligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes  
Phœbus equos: *stimuloque* dolens et verbere *saevit*:  
*Saevit* enim, natumque obiectat et imputat illis."

86. *Whipstock*. The English editors think it necessary to explain this as "the handle of a whip;" but the word is in common use in this country.

87. *To*. In comparison with. Gr. 187.

88. *Small winds shake him*. L. prints this as an exclamation (which it certainly is not), and cites as a parallel *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136: "The south-fog rot him!"

95. *Yet what man*, etc. "The meaning is, what man can exert a third part of his powers when his mind is clogged with a consciousness that he fights in a bad cause?" (Mason).

103. *Who*. Referring to *fate*. "The writer was no doubt thinking of the personified Fates, especially of Atropos, the Fate who cuts the thread of life" (Sk.).



106. *Intelligence*. Sk. says that this is =messenger, as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 116: "O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?" but we see no necessity for explaining it so here, and in *K. John* the figure is similar to that in *Macb.* i. 7. 35: "Was the hope drunk," etc. *Intelligence* is no more used concretely than *care* in the next line:

"O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?"

107. *Who, were he*. Il. omits *who*.

109. *Comes*. The quarto has "come," the folio "came;" corrected by Colman.

112. *Our hands advanc'd*, etc. If we lift our hands when we have no heart for the fight, etc. Cf. Warwick's description of his soldiers in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 130 fol.:

"Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards,  
But all in vain: *they had no heart to fight*,  
And we in them no hope to win the day."

For *advanced*=uplifted, see on i. 1. 93 above.

116. *Becking*. Beckoning; as in *K. John*, iii. 3. 13, and *A. and C.* iv. 12. 26.

Spalding says of this scene: "Its broken versification points out Shakespeare; the quaintness of some conceits is his; and several of the phrases and images have much of his pointedness, brevity, or obscurity. The scene, though not lofty in tone, does not want interest, and contains some extremely original illustrations."

Hickson thinks "that either Shakespeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partly re-written by Shakespeare."

L., after quoting these opinions, asks: "Does it not therefore appear more likely that the view put forward by Spalding, and upheld by Dyce, Skeat, and Swinburne—that Shakespeare was the first sketcher of the piece, Fletcher the 'padder;' that the play is 'gilt o'er-dusted,' rather than 'dust that is a little gilt'—gives after all the true explanation of the mystery?"

SCENE III.—1. *No further*. "Pirithous is going to follow Theseus to the war, and, taking leave of Hippolyta and Emilia at the gates of Athens, bids them accompany him no further" (Sk.).

5. *Dare*. The early eds. have "dure," which Seward changed to "cure." *Dare* was the conjecture of Sympson and Heath. The latter, as quoted by D., remarks: "The words *excess and overflow of power* relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is—Though I dare not question the success of my lord even

with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy Fortune to disappoint him." Nicholson (quoted by L.) thinks that *dare* is used in "the fowling and hawking sense of terrifying a bird till it lay still and subdued, or, not daring flight, fled crouching on the ground." Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 176, note on *Dare the field*.

7. *His ocean*, etc. Weber quotes *A. and C.* iii. 12. 8-10.

10. *Pieces*. Works, creations. *In=*into; as often.

12. *Speed*. Success, fortune. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 143.

14. *Terrene*. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 153: "our terrene moon."

20. *Broach'd*. Spitted. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. prol. 32: "Bringing rebellion broached on his sword," etc. Sk. quotes *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 38.

21. *Sod*. Seethed, boiled. Cf. *R. of L.* 1592: "Sod in tears," etc.

11. "improves" the arrangement of the passage thus:

"or women that  
Have sod their infants in the brine they wept  
At killing 'em, and often eat them," etc.

24. *Peace be to you*, etc. "Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war; when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it" (Mason).

27. *Depart*. For the noun, see *T. G. of V.* p. 152.

*Sports*. Amusements, diversions; referring to the festivities which Pirithous had charge of (Sk.).

31. *Playing one*. The quarto has "ore" for *one*, a misprint which the folio changes to "o'er." The correction is Mason's. "The business which Pirithous was executing with his hand was the conducting of the festivities; that which he directed in his head was the preparation for war" (Sk.).

36. *As dangerous as poor*. As dangerous as it was poor. Some put a comma after *dangerous*.

37. *They have skiff'd*, etc. "They have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dreadful" (Weber).

43. *Cunning*. Skill. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 127, or *Ham.* p. 257.

53. *Count*. That is, of years.

58. The quarto has here the following "warning" in the margin: "2. Hearses ready with Palamon: and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. The-sens: and his Lordes ready." This is one of the indications that the quarto was set up from an acting copy of the play. Cf. pp. 10, 39 above.

61. *For we did*. Because we did. See on i. 2. 54 above.

63. *Operance*. Operation. We find *operant* in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 25 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 184.

66. *No more arraignment*. That is, without further trial.

67. *Then but beginning*. The early eds. have "breasts, oh (then but beginning," etc. L. thinks that the parenthesis may be an interpolation of Fletcher's. He adds: "The statement cannot be objected to physiologically, but it certainly seems a superfluous piece of information from a dramatic point of view."

71. *Toy*. Bit of finery. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 326: "Any toys for your head?"

72. *Her affections*. "What she *affected*, or liked" (K.).

73. *Though happily her careless wear*. The quarto reads "Though happily, her careless, were;" corrected by Colman, who paraphrases the passage thus: "Her *fancy* (which was sure to be pretty, even in her most *careless* dress) I copied in my most studied adornments." For *happily*=haply, see 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 164, or Gr. 42.

75. *One*. The early eds. have "on," which was an old spelling of *one*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 129. See also on i. 2. 70 above.

78. *This rehearsal*, etc. The quarto (followed essentially by the folio) reads:

"This rehearsal  
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in  
Like old importments bastard, has this end,  
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be  
More then in sex individuall."

The correction of *every innocent* for "fury-innocent" is Lamb's; and *dividual* for "individual" is due to Seward and Sympson. The meaning of the expression, *Like old importment's bastard*, is not clear; but the editors have perhaps tried to find too much in it. Weber explains the whole passage thus: "This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end," etc. L. gives it thus: "The end of this long relation, as every innocent is aware, comes in like the 'illegitimate conclusion' of a long story told very consequentially." This is better than Weber's exegesis, because simpler and more in keeping with the playful tone of the parenthesis. Mason took *importment* to be = the French *emportement*, "which signifies passion or transport," and made the parenthesis "(Which fury innocent, wot I well, comes in Like old emportment's bastard)," which he paraphrased as follows: "the innocent enthusiasm of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina," etc. *Innocent*, of course, is = idiot; as in *A. III.* iv. 3. 213, *Per.* iv. 3. 17, etc.

Sk. remarks here: "This beautiful passage is unfortunate in one respect; for it suggests a comparison with the well-known lines in the *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 203, where Helena uses very similar language:

'Both warbling of one song, both in one key.' etc.

There is a remarkable parallel passage in Fletcher's play of the *Lover's Progress*, ii. 1, descriptive of the love of two male friends:

'Both brought up from our infancy together,  
One company, one friendship, and one exercise  
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,  
One grief and one joy parted still between us,  
More than companions, twins in all our actions,  
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still.  
Time call'd us on to arms; we were one soldier,  
Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,  
Gloried alike one in another's nobleness.'

"The word *dividual* here merely means *different*, and seems to have been

used to round off the description. In Milton it means separable, and occurs in the *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 39, l. 25, as well as in the *P. L.* vii. 382, xii. 85. Richardson has also the following quotation containing the word (from Brooke's *Universal Beauty*):

‘While through the pores nutritive portions tend,  
Their equal aliment *dividual* share,  
And similar to kindred parts adhere.’”

Spalding says of this scene that much of it “has Shakespeare’s stamp deeply cut upon it,” and that it is “probably all his.” Hickson also praises it highly, as showing “the judgment of Shakespeare.” He adds: “The friendship of Theseus and Pirithous becomes a natural introduction to the object of friendship in general, and female friendship in particular; and, in this light, the character of Emilia is shown so simple, so pure, yet so fervent, that we justify and account for her irresolution and inability to decide between the rivals, both of whom she admires without actually loving either. It is a scene, in fact, necessary to that perfection of character and consistency of purpose which but one writer of the age attained. Struck out, the play would still be intelligible, as no part of the action would thereby be lost; but Emilia would straightway sink into one of those conventional characters that strange circumstances throw into the power of the dramatist, and, judged by any other than his own peculiar standard, would certainly have little claim upon our respect.”

SCENE IV.—On a battle struck in the stage direction, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 54: “When Cressy battle fatally was struck;” and see our ed. p. 160.

11. *Even.* Make even. Cf. *A. W.* p. 140, note on *To even your content.*

13. *What are those?* Who are those? Gr. 254. Here Theseus perceives the bodies of Palamon and Arcite. They are brought in “on hearses;” but no stage-direction appears in the old copies, as the “warning” in the margin at i. 3. 58 above was sufficient. D. (followed by H.) wrongly adds to the heading of the scene, “*Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them Palamon and Arcite.*”

15. *Appointment.* Accoutrement. Cf. *Ham.* p. 253. See also iii. i. 40 below.

18. *Smear’d.* Some copies of the quarto (see p. 9 above) have “smeard,” others “succard.” L. compares *Cor.* i. 6. 69.

19. *Make lanes.* Cut their way through. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 9: “Three times did Richard make a lane to me.”

21. *What was ’t that prisoner,* etc. The early eds. have “What prisoner was ’t that;” corrected by D.

22. *We learn.* The early eds. have “We leave;” corrected by Heath. K. and Sk. follow Seward in reading “With leave.” D. at first gave “Wi’ leave,” but afterwards adopted Heath’s conjecture. L. is inclined to think “leave” = “lieve” (believe).

31. *Convent.* Call together; as in i. 5. 10 below. Cf. *T. N.* p. 169.

40. *Since I have known,* etc. This is the great *crux* of the play, and has been the subject of much emendation and discussion. The quarto (followed essentially by the folio) reads:

"Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, becheastes,  
 Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,  
 Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,  
 Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too  
 Without some imposition, sicknes in will  
 Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love," etc.

Seward transposed the line, *Sickness in will*, etc., after *madness*, and gave *friends' behests* and *Love's provocations*, and suggested "I hath" for *Hath*. Heath would read "fights, fury" (for which D. gives *fight's fury*) and "Have" for *Hath*. D. also reads "zeal in a mistress' task," which Sk. adopts. H. has "zeal in misery's task," and "They've" for *Hath*. He adopts Seward's transposition and readings, and says: "The idea running through the passage seems to be that the several things mentioned, from *fight's fury* to *strength in reason*, all crave or aim at something higher than man's natural powers can accomplish, unless specially stimulated thereto by moral and religious incitements. So Theseus proceeds to urge upon his subordinates *our love and great Apollo's mercy* as motives for outdoing themselves in order to effect the matter in question." But surely this is a strange preamble to such an appeal. If the thought had passed through the mind of Theseus at the time, he would not have paused to utter it. There is more of the clergyman than of the critic in this interpretation.

Sk. says: "I do not see that the transposition suggested by Seward is necessary, or that it helps us in any way. With a slighter mending, we can do better. It is clear that *friends* should be a genitive case, coupled as it is with *Love's provocations*; and the suggestion *fight's fury* is a great improvement upon the *frights, fury* of the old editions. The introduction of *in* after *zeal*, as proposed by Mr. Dyce, is also a happy thought. But there we may as well stop. I understand the word *that* before *Hath*, nothing being commoner in our dramatists than the omission of the relative; and I retain *Hath*, without altering it, as some have done, to *Have*. I interpret it thus: 'For I have known the fury of fight, the requisitions of friends, the provocations of love, the zeal employed in executing a mistress's task, or the desire of liberty—to be (or, to amount to) a fever or a madness, which has proposed an aim (for endeavours) which the man's natural strength could not attain to, without at least some forcing, or some fainting of the will, or some severe struggle in the mind.' This is at least as good as any previous explanations, and further discussion of so difficult a passage would be useless. *Imposition* means demand or requirement, in an excessive degree."

The reading and pointing in the text are those of L. except that he retains the old "frights, fury." His explanation, which, if not perfectly satisfactory, has the merit of simplicity, and also of connecting the passage naturally and appropriately with the context, is as follows: "Theseus directs that the prisoners shall be removed from all sights that might be suggestive of their captivity and so hinder their recovery, since he knows that, among other causes, *desire of liberty* hath sometimes produced a degree of mental apathy or delirium (*set a mark of sickness in will or wrestling strength in reason*) which could only be combated by practising some deception (*nature could not reach to*, etc.). Compare

what the Doctor says of the Daughter's *wrestling strength in reason* (in her case produced by *love's provocations*), iv. 3. 73 below: 'It is a falsehood she is in, which is *with falsehoods to be combated*.'" The singular *hath* is used because the subjects govern it separately, not collectively.

46. *Our best*. That is, our best physicians.

Spalding says of this scene that its phraseology is "like Shakespeare's, being brief and energetic, and in one or two instances passing into quibbles." Hickson considers that it "bears the marks of Shakespeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken."

SCENE V.—3. *Dole*. Dolour, grief. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 143.

4. *Heavy cheers*. Sad faces. For *cheer*, see *M. of V.* p. 152.

6. *Wild*. For this poetical epithet II. substitutes Walker's tame conjecture of "wide."

10. *Convent*. See on i. 4. 31 above.

11. *Household's grave*. The quarto has "housholds grave," the folio "houshold graver."

15, 16. *This world's a city*, etc. This couplet is found on old grave-stones in England and Scotland, with slight variations and with additional lines; as in the following (given by L.) from Abernethy:

"The world 's a city  
Full of streets,  
And death 's a market  
That every one meets;  
But if life were a thing  
That money could buy,  
The poor could not live  
And the rich would not die "

Southey, in his *Commonplace Books*, gives the following as an epitaph at Worpleton:

"Life is a city full of crooked streets.  
And Death the Marketplace where all men meets.  
If life were a merchandize which men could buy,  
The rich would purchase it, and only the poor would die."

Spalding assigns this scene to Shakespeare; Hickson is in doubt about it, but inclines to the same opinion. To L. the evidence seems to point the other way. The epithet *quick-eyed* does not occur once in S.; and the whole tone of the song is Fletcherian.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Depart with*. Part with. See *K. John*, p. 150.

5. *Better lined*. "Better off," better furnished with property. Sk. compares *Mach.* i. 3. 112. See our ed. p. 164. L. quotes Cleveland, *Works*, p. 93: "But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it seems, with 133*l.* 8*d.*"

6. *Delivered*. "Given out," reported.

12. *Of her*. From her. Gr. 165.

20. *Strewings*. Rushes to strew the floor. See *Rich. II.* p. 167, note on *The presence strewed*.

25. *Absolute*. Complete, perfect. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman;" and see also *Hen. V.* p. 170.

26. *Stammers 'em*. "Speaks stammeringly concerning them, does them but small justice" (Sk.).

27. *Grise*. Step, grade. See *Oth.* p. 165. The quarto has "greise," the folio "grief." Nares quotes from William Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1561, II 2: "certain scaffolds of borde, with *grices* or steppes one above another." Sk. cites Way's note at p. 209 of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, which has "Grece, or tredyl, or steyre. *Gradus*." We find in Wiclif, *Exod.* xx. 26: "thou schalt not stye [ascend] by *grees* to myn auter," and the singular form *gree* is also found, meaning a step. Some have supposed that *grise* is a mere corruption of the plural of *gree*.

28. *In the battle*. Modifying *doers*, not *reported*.

41. *Presently*. Immediately. See *Cymb.* p. 184.

46. *And so did they*. Explaining why the Wooer had not seen them.

53. *Lord, the difference of men!* Sk. quotes *Lear*, iv. 2. 26: "O, the difference of man and man!"

Spalding gives this scene (as he does all the underplot) to Fletcher; but Hickson is firm in the belief that it is Shakespeare's. The fact that it is in prose is against its being Fletcher's; and so is the fact that it does not fit exactly with the next scene, which is certainly his. In this scene the kinsmen are referred to as if in conversation, but in the next they begin with mutual salutations. There the Daughter speaks of them as having no sense of their captivity and as discoursing nothing of their own restraint and disasters, while here they discourse of nothing else.

SCENE II.—Weber, D., and Sk. make this scene a continuation of the preceding; but the quarto distinguishes the two. Cf. p. 35 above.

17. *Have*. H. adopts Dyce's conjecture of "had."

21. *Wore*. The old eds. have "were;" corrected by Seward. D. reads "ware."

22. *Ravish'd*. Snatched from. The old eds. have "Bravishd;" corrected by Seward.

28. *Too-timely*. Too early, too forward. For *timely*=early, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 139: "my timely death."

31. *Louden*. For the form, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140.

51. *Stuck*. The early eds. have "Strucke" or "Struck." The emendation is due to Heath, and is favoured by the comparison of the swine to a *quiver*. For the allusion to the Parthian custom of shooting as they fled, cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 20: "Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight." *Uses*=exercises.

54. *Lazily*. The old eds. have "lastly," which is explained as ="worst of all;" but the measure as well as the sense of the context favours Seward's emendation of "lazily."

58. *Mere*. Absolute. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc.

63. *Main goodness*. "Special piece of good luck" (Sk.).

64. *Twin'd*. The old eds. have "twyn'd" or "twin'd;" but perhaps we should read "twinn'd," with Seward, K., and L., as that word was often spelled with one *n*. See on i. i. 178 above. Weber, D., Sk., and H. have *twin'd*.

74. *Conversation*. Intercourse with others.

91. *Grave*. Bury, destroy. The old eds. have "Crave," which L. defends. *Grave* is due to D., and is adopted by Sk. and H. Theo. suggests "Craze," Sympson "Carve," Mason "Cleave," and Heath "Raze."

100. *A more content*. A greater content than there. For *more*, see Gr. 17.

112. *Record*. The noun is often accented by Elizabethan writers on the last syllable. Cf. *Ham.* p. 197.

118. *This garden*, etc. The old eds. give this line to Arcite; corrected by Seward.

122. *Forward*. That is, go on with what you were saying. "Palamon had said above, 'you shall hear me;' and now Arcite is eagerly waiting to hear the remainder of his speech. Palamon, engrossed in watching Emilia, pays little attention, and merely says 'yes,' without adding more. Hence Arcite's repeated remonstrance below, 'Will you go forward, cousin?' And again he says, 'Cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon'—supposing, for the moment, that Palamon is seized with a fit of illness. Cf. iii. 5. 98 below" (Sk.).

138. *Gently*. A trisyllable here. Gr. 477. Cf. iv. i. 111 below.

142. *She locks her beauties in her bud again*. Cf. Keats, *St. Agnes' Eve*: "As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again." Sk. also notes this poetic parallel.

146. *Can come near*. H. changes *near* to "to."

156–159. *I will not*, etc. L. compares *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 64:

"A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me."

163. *Mankind*. Accented on the first syllable; as it is by S., except in *T. of A.* (Schmidt).

171, 172. *If that will lose ye*, etc. H. gives, without note or comment:

"If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! I say  
Again, I love her; and, in loving her, maintain," etc.

The addition of "her" in 172 was suggested by Walker, who would arrange thus:

"I say again  
I love her; and, in loving her, maintain," etc.

191. *If he be but one*. "That is, if the enemy be but a single person. The 'enemy,' in this instance, is Emilia. Arcite's reply is—suppose the enemy would prefer to fight with *me*; that is, suppose Emilia were to prefer me. Palamon rejoins that, in *that* case, Arcite would be free to love; *otherwise*, he looks upon him as a villain" (Sk.).

215. *Enter Gaoler*. In the old theatre the platform of the stage would be the garden, while the raised balcony at the back would be the interior



of the prison, where Palamon and Arcite are, and where the Gaoler now enters.

231. *Apricock*. Apricot; the old spelling. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197.

261. *Pelting*. Paltry. See *M. N. D.* p. 142.

269. *Morris*. That is, morris-dance. Cf. iii. 5 below, where one is introduced.

Spalding remarks that "this scene, if it be Fletcher's, is among the very finest he ever wrote." Hickson says that "with all its beautiful poetry, it does not exhibit dramatic power."

SCENE III.—10. *Into thee*. II. has "unto thee;" but whether it is a misprint or an emendation we cannot say.

21. *Another shape*. That is, a disguise. On *make me*, cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 4: "It makes us, or it mars us," etc.

26. *Have with ye*. I'll be with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

31. *Hold*. Hold to our engagement.

35. *Ye know*. The old eds. have "yet know;" corrected by Seward.

37. *Keep touch*. Keep his appointment; a phrase of doubtful origin. Nicholson says that it probably came from the custom of *shaking hands* on a bargain or agreement. Cf. the old word *handfast*.

38. *Horn-book*. The child's primer, which at first was a single leaf set in a frame of wood, and covered with horn to keep it from being soiled or torn. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 47. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 49: "he teaches boys the horn-book."

43. *For our town*. That is, for its credit or honour.

44. *Weavers*. Probably =singers here. For the reputation of weavers as singers, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 165, or *T. N.* p. 137.

46. *By any means*. By all means; as in iii. 5. 134 below. For *says* the old eds. have "sees;" corrected by Seward.

48. *Parlously*. Amazingly. See *M. N. D.* p. 155, or Gr. 461.

49. *Makes no cry*. Makes no noise, amounts to nothing.

50. *Tackle*. "Equipments, things prepared for the occasion" (Sk.).

65. *Trick o' the hip*. Trick in wrestling. Sk. says: "The reference is not to the hip of the vanquished wrestler, as some think, but to that of the victor. If a wrestler can succeed in hitching his hip in a certain way under his adversary's body, he may often succeed in throwing with almost irresistible violence. This is the 'trick of the hip' referred to here and by Shakespeare." Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 42, iv. 1. 334, and *Oth.* ii. 1. 314. For the use of *vengeance*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 6: "he's vengeance proud;" and see our ed. p. 227.

68. *He roast eggs!* "A contemptuous expression, intimating the speaker's doubt as to Arcite's capacity even for cooking an egg. The phrase 'like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side' is in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 38. It looks as if eggs were sometimes roasted, like apples, before the fire, and required turning at intervals. Ray gives the phrase 'I have eggs on the spit' as a common proverb, adding that it means 'I am very busy. Eggs, if they be well roasted, require much turning.' Two more proverbs are 'Set a fool to roast eggs, and a wise man to eat them;' and 'There goes some reason to the roasting of eggs'" (Sk.).

73. *E'er flew*. The old eds. have "never flew," which Sk. thinks may be what the author wrote. Cf. Gr. 406.

76. *Happiness*. Good luck.

As Spalding says, "neither this scene nor the following have anything in them worthy of particular notice."

SCENE IV.—2. *Affect*. Love. See *Much Ado*, p. 124.

18. *Coil*. Ado, stir. See *Much Ado*, p. 146, or *M. N. D.* p. 168.

20. *Fairer spoken*. See Gr. 374 (cf. 294).

SCENE V.—4. *Allow*. Approve, praise. L. quotes Webster, *Westward Ho*, iii. 4: "they allow my wit for it extremely."

7. *Gave me life*. H. adopts Seward's conjecture of "my" for *me*.

9. *Proves you*. That is, to be a gentleman. *Sire* is here a dissyllable; like *fires* in v. i. 3 below. Gr. 480.

12. *Deep cry*. "Deep-mouthed" (*T. of S.* ind. i. 18) pack. See *Cor.* p. 248.

16. *Proper*. Comely. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*.

24. *Baser garments*. It will be borne in mind that Arcite is disguised as a countryman.

26. *Purchase*. Win, gain. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 177.

51. *To do observance*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. i. 167: "To do observance to a morn of May."

65. *Wise*. Discreet.

SCENE VI.—*Devils roar*. "Probably we have here a relic of the old mysteries. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 75, *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 75 [see our ed. p. 179], etc." (L.).

33. *Path*. The old eds. have "path." The emendation is Dr. Ingleby's, and is adopted by L. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 18.

35. *Whoo-bub*. Hubbub. See *W. T.* p. 204.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *Laund*. Lawn, glade. The old eds. have "land." *Laund* was suggested by D. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. i. 2: "For through this laund anen the deer will come;" and see our ed. p. 154. Sk. cites Chaucer, *Kn. T.* 833: "And to the launde he rydeth him ful ryghte." *Sev-eral*=separate.

6. *Buttons*. Buds. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 40.

7. *Knacks*. Knick-knacks. Cf. *W. T.* p. 199.

10. *Place*. The old eds. have "pace;" corrected by Seward.

12. *Eftsoons*. Soon after; used again in *Per.* v. i. 256.

13. *Chop*. "Exchange, make an exchange. Arcite means, Oh! that I might, whilst thou art meditating, come between, soon after some cold or sober thought, and make an exchange, by changing those cold thoughts to thoughts of love!" (Sk.).

36. *Void'st.* The old eds. have "voydes;" corrected by Sympson.

37. *Gentle token.* The mark or badge of gentle birth.

40. *Appointment.* Accoutrement, weapons. See on i. 4. 15 above.

42. *Nor worth.* L. conjectures "not worth," which may be right.

43. *House-clogs.* That is, his fetters.

44. *Cœneer.* Cf. the similar play on *cousin* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 254; and for other instances see our ed. p. 155.

45. *As thou hast shew'd me feat.* That is, in keeping with your behaviour.

47. *Your blazon.* Your description. "The original sense of *blazon* in Old French was simply a shield; then it came to mean a coat-of-arms, which is still the sense it has in French; then, in English only, it passed on to the sense of description of arms, and even to description in a general sense, as in *Ham.* i. 5. 21, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 307" (Sk.).

52. *Skip them.* Ignore their existence.

54. *Griefs.* Grievances; as often. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

58. *Advertis'd.* Accented on the second syllable; as it is regularly in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 235.

68. *Compell'd.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. See Schmidt, p. 1413 fol. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 57: "I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins," etc.

On the passage, cf. *Mach.* v. 7. 1:

"They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly.  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

72. *Quit me of these cold gyres.* Free me from these iron fetters. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 215, note on 14.

74. *Come before me then,* etc. Sk. cites *Mach.* iv. 3. 234:

"Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!"

83. *With counsel of the night.* When the approach of night tells me that I may safely do it. Sk., who makes *counsel*="assistance," considers it "rather a bold phrase;" but the transition from advice to assistance is an easy one.

86. *The smell o' the prison.* This gives us a hint of the "unsanitary" condition of prisons in the poet's time. Sk. refers to iii. 3. 48, 51 below.

88. *In plight.* In condition for the combat. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 168: "To keep her constancy in plight," etc.

89. *Dares.* The reading of the quarto, and, to our thinking, preferable to the "dare" of the folio and the modern editors (except L.).

90. *Business.* Changed by D. and H. to "baseness." Sk. has "nobly" for *noble*.

The meaning is, "Dares any one who shews himself so noble be capable of aught base? None, save Arcite, could be so; and therefore in proportion to the height of his generosity is the depth of his baseness" (L.).

97. *Musit.* The early eds. have "Musicke" or "Musick;" corrected by K. Nares defines *musit* as "the opening in a hedge through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass." Cf. *1<sup>st</sup> and A.* 683:

"The many musits through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth, to amaze his foes;"

where a hunted hare is referred to. Here the word is = hiding-place.

101. *Bent brow*. That is, a frowning or angry brow. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 34: "See how the ugly wench doth bend her brows?" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 19: "And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?"

104. *My stomach*, etc. That is, if my stomach were not, etc. Sk. thinks that *stomach* is "probably = inclination, used much as we now use *palate*; the *oil* did not suit his palate and he could scarcely persuade himself to like it." The word may, however, be = resentment (cf. *Lear*, p. 254), as some explain it.

112. *I've*. The old eds. have "If;" corrected by Seward.

114. *Bleeding*. For the figure, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 157, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 57, etc.

SCENE II.—1. *Brake*. The old eds. have "Beake" or "Beak;" corrected by Weber (the conjecture of Theo.). Sympson suggested "brook," and Seward reads "beck" (= brook). Cf. ii. 6. 6 above. Sk. remarks: "Just above (iii. 1. 30) we have—'Enter Palamon out of a *bush*.' And again below (iii. 6. 113) we have—'into your *bush* again!' We may compare also Arcite's expression—'your hawthorn-house' (iii. 1. 82) with Shakespeare's expression—'This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house' (*M. N. D.* iii. 1. 3), and again, 'enter into that *brake*' in the same scene, 77."

5. *But for one thing*. H. reads "but one thing," as "*for* serves no purpose but to mar both sense and rhythm." The change does not improve the measure, and mars the sense by shifting the accent from *one* to *thing*.

7. *Reck*. The quarto has "wreake," as the word is sometimes spelled in the early eds. of S. So *reckless* is sometimes spelled "wreckless." The verb *juro* is not found elsewhere in S.

19. *Feed*. The quarto has "feed."

20. *Be bold to ring the bell*. "You may, without hesitation, begin to toll the bell for him; that is, he is certainly dead" (Sk.). H. thinks the reference is probably to "the bell of the prison, which will be rung as an alarm-signal when Palamon is found to have escaped."

21. *All's char'd*. The deed is done. For the noun *chare* (the Yankee "chore"), see *A. and C.* p. 210. Sk. says: "The present passage is particularly well illustrated by the old proverb, given in Hazlitt's collection, 'That *char* is *char'd* (that business is done), as the good wife said when she had hanged her husband.' In the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, ii. 375), we have—

"This *char* is *char'd* well now, Ignorance, my son,  
Thou seest all this, how fealty it is done."

We also find, in B. and F., the spelling *chewre*; as in *Love's Cure*, iii. 2: "Here's two *chewres chew'd*."

25. *Mof'd*. Moping, stupid. Cf. *Ham.* p. 237.

26, 27. *Food took I none*, etc. We follow the old eds. except in the

pointing. Cf. iv. 3. 4 below. Sympson conjectured "‘cept some water." Seward filled up a supposed gap thus :

"Food took I none these two days, only sipt  
Some water, two nights I’ve not clos’d my eyes," etc.

D. (followed by Sk. and H.) reads :

"Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,  
I sipp’d some water; I’ve not clos’d mine eyes," etc.

H. has, however, "have" for "I’ve." L. says: "It is possible that some words have dropped out; guessing can avail little in such a case."

28. *Brine*. The old eds. have "bine;" corrected by Tonson. Cf. i. 3. 22 above.

29. *Lest I should drown*, etc. "The enumeration of deaths should be noticed, and their connection with insanity" (L.). Cf. i. 1. 142 and iv. 3. 30 below; also *Temp.* iii. 3. 58.

31. *State of nature*. "Natural reasoning power" (Sk.). Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 290 and *Much.* i. 3. 140.

*Together*. Apparently = altogether; otherwise it seems a strange word here. We wonder that somebody has not suggested "fall together" (=collapse).

33. *Next*. Nearest. Cf. *W. T.* p. 181.

35. *Crickets . . . screech-owl*. Sk. quotes *Much.* ii. 2. 16: "I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry."

36. *All offices are done*, etc. "All the duties of the day and night are done, and a new day is beginning; I alone have failed to give Palamon the file I brought for him, which might have saved him" (Sk.).

Spalding, who assigns this scene (with all the underplot) to Fletcher, says that there is "some pathos in several parts of the soliloquy, but little vigour in the expression, or novelty in the thoughts." Hickson remarks: "It is to this scene that we referred by anticipation as giving an instance of Shakespeare's judgment. It can hardly be said to explain any necessary circumstance; . . . but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and madness; and in connection with another scene at which we shall shortly arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this state only exceeded by Shakespeare himself, in *Lear*. Let our readers observe in particular the unselfish anxiety for Palamon's safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The introduction of the popular notion that wild beasts 'have a sense to know a man unarm'd' is quite a Shakespearian illustration; and we do not know an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as absolute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next step is madness."

SCENE III.—6. *Beastly*. Like a beast. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 40: "We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey," etc. For the adverbial use, cf. *A.* and *C.* p. 178.

34. *Virginals*. "A keyed instrument, somewhat like a small piano-forte, probably so called because used by young girls" (Nares). It was



VIRGINAL.

sometimes called a *pair of virginals*; as in Dekker's *Gul's Hornbooke*: "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals." See also *Harper's Mag.* vol. lviii. p. 857. The noun is not used by S. (this scene is not his), but *virginalling* occurs in *W. T.* i. 2. 125.

41. *Thereby hangs a tale.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 159, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 60, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 28, etc.

45. *Break.* That is, break our agreement.

51. *Fear me not.* Fear not for me. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 70, etc.

53. *Keep touch.* See on ii. 3. 37 above.

"This is one of those scenes by the introduction of which Fletcher succeeded in spoiling a good play" (L.). Spalding says: "In most respects the scene is not very characteristic of either writer, but leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the two kinsmen, in which they retort on each other former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety; and needless degradation of his principal characters is a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty."

Hickson says: "The 3d scene, without any doubt, is by Fletcher. Arcite brings 'food and files' to Palamon; and, after some patter of early reminiscences between them utterly out of character, they separate."

SCENE IV.—2. *Aglets.* "Properly, tags to laces, or (as here) the bright tops or heads of such tags" (Sk.); or "spangles" (L.). Coles

(*Latin Dict.*) gives both "An Aglet (tag of a point), *aramentum lignæ*," and also "An Aglet (a little plate of metal), *Bractea, Bracteola*." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 26:

"yclad, for heat of scorching aire,  
All in a silken camus lilly-white,  
Purled upon with many a folded plight,  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
With golden *aygulets*, that glistred bright,  
Like twinckling starres."

See also *T. of S.* p. 138, note on *Aglet-baby*.

9. *Run*. The early eds. have "Vpon" or "Upon." Seward reads "Up with," and Weber (followed by D. and H.) "Spoon" (Theo. had suggested "Spoon"), which they explain as "let her spoon." *Run* is the emendation of Sk., who says: "The old text has '*Upon* her,' where the first two letters are clearly due to the repetition of the *Up* of the next line; and the most likely word is one which shall be a short monosyllable, ending with *n*. Nearly all the modern editions read *Spoon* her, from a conjecture of Weber's, founded on the fact that *spoom* occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, ii. 1; but the word *spoom*, in that passage, is an intransitive verb, meaning to sail steadily, and is a mere variation, apparently, of *spume* (foam), as if the sense were to throw up foam. Nares remarks: 'an attempt has been made to introduce *spoom* into the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 4, but with small critical judgment.'"

10. *Course*. A name applied to the large lower sails of a ship. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *Set her two courses*.

14. *Carack*. A large ship. See *Oth.* p. 160. Sk. says: "Cotgrave has '*Carraque*, the huge ship termed a *Carricke*.' Cf. Span. *carraca*, Ital. *caracca*, a ship of heavy burden."

15. *Pigmies*. "A fabulous people, said to be of the height of a *pygme* (*πυγμαί*), or 13½ inches, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, iii. 5) as dwelling on the shores of Ocean, and at times subject to attacks by cranes. Dwarfs have often been credited with supernatural powers, especially in Northern mythology" (Sk.). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 278.

19. Sk. suggests that this *Song* may have been part of an old ballad. He compares *The Nut-brown Maid*:

"Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
Yf ye wyll go with me:  
As cut your here up by your ere,  
Your kirtel by the kne."

22. *He's*. A vulgar contraction of *he shall*, still in use in the North of England. Cf. Gr. 461. See also *Lear*, p. 248, note on 220. Sk. (as quoted by L.) suggests that it be printed *He s'*.

For *cut* as applied to a horse, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 156, or *T. A.* p. 139 (note on *Call me cut*). Cf. also v. 2. 44 below.

25. *O for a prick now*, etc. Allusions to the old idea that the nightingale presses her breast against a thorn while singing are very common in the poems. Cf. *P. P.* 379:

"Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone;

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty," etc.

Hickson says of this scene: "there is some affectation of nautical language (why, Heaven only knows), and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense." Spalding has nothing of importance to say about it.

SCENE V.—*The Bavarian*. A character sometimes introduced into the *morris-dance*, dressed up as a baboon. He performed some pantomimic tumbling, with occasional barking like a dog. Cf. 33–37 below.

2. *Tediosity* and *disensanity* are the pedantic coinage of the Schoolmaster.

L. compares *The Spanish Curate*, iii. 2:

"I have taught these twenty years,  
Preach'd spoonmeat to ye, that a child might swallow,  
Yet ye are blockheads still."

8. *Frize*. A coarse woollen cloth (cf. *Oth.* p. 173), as *jane* was a cheap cotton one. For the latter the old eds. have "jave;" corrected by D. Seward has "sleave" (cf. *Macb.* p. 191), and K. "jape."

11. *Medius fidius*. "An old Latin oath, apparently short for *me dius Fidius adiuvet*, may the divine Fidius help me! If *fidius* stands for *filius*, then it means, may the divine son of Jupiter help me! The reference, in that case, is most likely to the god Hercules" (Sk.).

18. *Meleager*. The hero who slew the monstrous *boar* in the woods of Calydon. Cf. 2 *Ilen. VI.* p. 153, note on 231.

21. *Trace*. A term in dancing. L. quotes several instances of the noun; as Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* June: "trimly trodden traces;" *Handful of Pleasant Delites*: "Yet daunceth on the trace," etc.

29. *Deliverly*. Nimble. Under the adjective, Nares quotes Holinshed: "nimble, leane, and deliver men;" and, again: "all of them being tall, quicke, and deliver persons," etc.

38. *Quousque tandem?* How long? evidently from Cicero's 1st *Oration against Catiline*: "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?"

41. *Wash'd a tile*. Laboured in vain. "It is a Latin proverb, *laterem lavare*, and occurs in Terence, *Phormio*, i. 4. 9. There is a similar proverb in Greek, *πλῶθους πλύνειν*, to wash bricks" (Sk.).

42. *Fatuus*. Foolish.

43. *Hilding*. A term of contempt. See *R. and J.* p. 172.

45. *Sempster*. Sempstress; which word has a double feminine affix, -ster being originally feminine, as it still is in *spinster*. Cf. the old play of *The Roaring Girl* (quoted by Nares):

"S. A sempster speak with me, sayst thou?  
N. Yes, sir, she's there *viva voce*."

48. *Wine and bread*. That is, the sacrament. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 177: "God's bread! it makes me mad."

*Break*. That is, break her promise. II. has "brake," which is probably a misprint.

49. *An eel and woman*, etc. Sk. says: "In Hazlitt's *Collection of*



*Proverbs* we find 'There is as much hold of his words as of a wet eel by the tail.' Who the 'learned poet' is, I cannot say. Plautus (*Pseudolus*, ii. 4. 56) has 'anguilla est, elabitur.'

53. *A fire-ill take her!* "Pox take her!" (Nares). Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 142. Seward reads "feril" (=ferule), and Sk. "wildfire."

58. *Frampal.* Pettish, perverse. We find the form *frampold* in *M. W.* ii. 2. 94. See our ed. p. 146.

60. *Alow.* Low down; "possibly referring to the appearance of a ship on the horizon" (Sk.). Quite as likely, as L. suggests, it is a mere exclamation.

67. *I come.* The early eds. omit *I*, which was supplied by Jonson. Weber reads "we come."

68. *Hozlet.* Owllet. See *Mach.* p. 228.

74. *I' the nick.* That is, in the nick of time.

80. *Tell ten.* Count ten. "It was a trial of idiocy to make the person count his fingers" (Weber). For *tell*, cf. *Temp.* p. 123. See also v. 4. 56 below.

For *buz* as an interjection of impatience when one is about to tell what is already known, see *Ham.* p. 208, or *Mach.* p. 243.

87. *Qui passa.* Here passes (Italian); unexplained in this connection. It may be the contracted name of some old tune. The *bells* are those of the morris-dancers. For the *bones* as instruments of music, see *M. A. D.* p. 173, note on *The tongs and the bones*.

88. *To a peace.* "To be quiet" (Sk.); or, perhaps, to an alliance with us, to joining our dance (L.). Mason would read "a place," and Weber suggests "a pace" (=a dance).

89. *Et opus exegi*, etc. From Ovid, *Met.* xv. 871:

"Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignes  
Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas."

101. *A cold beginning.* A play on *hail*. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 339. Walker cites Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*:

"Andelocia. Brother, all hail!  
Shadow. There 's a rattling salutation."

L. adds, from *The Faithful Friends*, iii. 2:

"Pergamus. All hail!  
Learchus. He begins to storm already."

and Cleveland, *A zealous Discourse between the Person of the Parish and Tabitha*:

"Hail, Sister, to your snowy Breast—  
The Word permitteth us to jeast," etc.

104. *Distinguish villager.* Mark as villagers or peasants.

106. *Rable.* The pedagogue's rhyming variation of *rabble*, as *choris* of *chorus*. So in 113 he accents *machine* on the first syllable.

112. *Ferula.* Sk. says: "It was made of wood and shaped like a bat-tledore, but with the bat much diminished, so as to be adapted for administering a severe pat on the palm of the victim's hand. In a picture called 'The Schoolmaster,' by Gerard Dow, in the Fitzwilliam Museum,

Cambridge, it will be seen that the master holds a *ferula* in his left hand, ready for use."

114. For the alliteration, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 147; and see our ed. p. 184.

118. *Mickle*. Much, great. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 169.

123. *This tenour*. To this tenour, to this effect.

124. *Penner*. A pen-case, a case for holding pens (Nares); used here, of course, as a symbol for what he has *penned*.

125. Sk. remarks: "We have here a list of the characters in the Morris-dance—namely, the Lord of May, the Lady of May (also called Queen of May, or Maid Marian), the Chambermaid, the Servingman, the Host, the Hostess, etc.; to which should be added the Bavian or Tumbler, and the Clown or Jester, who was seldom absent from such festivities. By putting together the account in this part of the scene and the preceding part, we may make out the list of the twelve principal characters, six of each sex, with the persons who took the parts:

"*Male*. 1. Lord of May; 2. Servingman; 3. Host; 4. Clown; 5. Bavian; 6. Taborer.

"*Female*. 7. Lady of May; 8. Chambermaid; 9. Hostess; 10. 11. 12. Dancers.

"The parts may be thus distributed among the actors:

"*Male*. 1. 2. 3. 4. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Countrymen; 5. A fifth Countryman; 6. A man named Timothy.

"*Female*. 7. Friz; 8. Gaoler's Daughter, taking the place of Cicely (for it is clearly the Second Countryman's partner who failed to appear); 9. Maudlin; 10. Luce; 11. Barbary; 12. Nell.

"In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv. 5, we have 'Enter Ralph, dressed as a May-lord;' he describes himself as having a 'gilded staff, and crossed scarf.'"

127. *Silent hanging*. Tapestry, behind which to hide. *Silent* may be = "that does not rustle" (Sk.). Cf. *K. John*, p. 163, note on *Within the arras*.

128. *Welcomes*. Changed by most of the editors to "welcome," as *Inform*s below to "Inform." L. remarks: "With Mr. Skeat, I have left this passage as it stands in the old eds., objections to the *grammar* seeming hypercritical, and to a student of Dr. Abbott's *Shakes. Gr.* almost absurd." *Their* is also generally changed to "his;" but the plural is implied in *traveller*.

131. *Beast-eating*. Mason conjectures "beef-eating." H. is probably right in making it = eating *like* a beast. The *Fool* and the *Bavian* are of course the same character. See on 125 above.

132. *With long tail*. H. prints "with long long tail" (a misprint?).

137. *Intrate, filii*, etc. The old eds. give this to "*Pir.*," but Colman is clearly right in transferring it to Gerrold.

139. *Ye with*. The old eds. have "thee with;" corrected by Seward. In 142 the quarto has "three" for *thee*.

156. *Lets*. Hindrances. Cf. *R. of L.* 330: "these lets attend the time," etc.

157. *Doncets*. "The testes of a deer;" a word not used by S., but often by Fletcher and B. J. Cf. Nares.

Spalding refers to "the learned and high-fantastical schoolmaster Gerrold" as "a personage who has the pedantry of Shakespeare's Holofernes, without one solitary spark of his humour." Hickson says that the scene is "not only imitation, but the imitation of a young and inexperienced writer."

SCENE VI.—10. *Out-dure*. Outlast, endure; printed as two words in the quarto.

22. *Beneficial*. Beneficent; as in *C. of E.* i. i. 152, *Hen. VIII.* i. i. 56, etc.

24. *Quit*. Requite; as often in *S.* See *Rich. II.* p. 208, note on 43. Cf. v. 4. 35 below.

30. *Like meeting of two tides*. Spalding notes Fletcher's "want of distinctness in grasping images, and inability to see fully either their picturesque or their poetical relations;" in illustration of which he quotes this passage and S3 fol. below: "When I saw you charge first," etc.

59. *Grand-guard*. A piece of defensive armour, of which the best description that we have seen is in Meyrick's *Ancient Armour* (quoted by D.): "It has over the breast, for the purpose of justing, what was called the *grand-garde*, which is screwed on by three nuts, and protects the left side, the edge of the breast, and the left shoulder."

82. *Virtue*. Valour (the Latin *virtus*). Cf. *Cor.* p. 195.

87. *Strait*. Tight; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 57: "your strait strossers," etc.

106. *For none but such*, etc. Seward remarks: "Our scene lies rather in the land of *knight-errantry* than of Athens; our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous."

112. *Safety*. The early eds. have "safely;" corrected by Seward.

131. *Fears me*. Frightens me. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

133. *Have at thy life*. "The usual exclamation of warning" (L.).

147. *Thine own*. The early eds. have "this owne" or "this own;" corrected by D. For the accent of *edict*, cf. 170 below. See also *M. A. D.* p. 129.

161. *Soon*. Easy, ready.

162. *And no more mov'd*. "And I am no more moved than thou wouldst be in giving the order" (Sk.). *Where*=whereas. See Gr. 134.

177. *Thy cousin's soul*. Referring to Hercules. See on i. i. 66 above.

192. *Kill*. The old reading, changed by some to "kills." For many similar examples of the "confusion of proximity," see Gr. 412.

217. *Right*. Downright, true. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 171, or Gr. 19.

228. *Bow not*. Do not try to bend or bring down. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 73: "necessity so bow'd the state," etc.

238. *Fall*. The old eds. have "fall," which L. retains. He quotes Dr. Ingleby, who says: "Cf. 274 below: 'Let it not fall again, sir.' These are remarkable instances of the use of this intransitive verb as a synonym of *fail*. . . . *Fall*, of course, is the opposite of *succeed*. Now our word for this is *fail*. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*: 'Alas! poor rebels, there your aid

must fall.' There is also one example in *The London Prodigal*, and two in *Isaiah*—xxx. 3 and lix. 14, 15."

242. *Name's opinion.* The reputation of my name. The early eds. have "name; opinion." The correction was suggested by Theo., and is adopted by K., D., Sk., and H. L. reads "name, opinion!" and says: "*Opinion* is emphatic, and is used here (as again by Fletcher) in the sense of *notoriety, disrepute*. Cf. *Thierry and Theodoret*, ii. 2:

"my fair reputation,  
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,  
Suffers opinion.'"

D. points the passage thus:

"Think how you maim your honour  
(For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf  
To all but your compassion); how their lives  
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!"

Sk. says: "This can only mean—Think how you maim your honour; (for now that I begin to beg, I am deaf to all but your pity); think how their lives, etc. But this makes no sense, and can only be made into sense by altering *lives* into *deaths*; and even then it is not clear why their deaths should damage her good name, at any rate in her own estimation. I take the sentence to mean something very different—namely, Think how you maim your honour! [After which there is a pause; and then a new thought arises.] For now that I have begun to beg, sir, I am deaf to all but your compassion; (I am deaf to the thought) how their lives may bring about the loss of my reputation. That this is clearly right, may be seen from a perusal of 220–226." It seems to us that this is the general idea of the passage, but that it is more simply and directly brought out by the pointing in the text (given, without comment, by H.), which makes *How their lives*, etc., a contemptuous or indignant exclamation, referring to what Theseus has said in 220–226.

244. *Proin.* The early eds. have "proyne" or "proyn;" changed by later editors to "prune" (of which it is an old form) until D. restored it as *proin*. He has been followed by Sk., L., and H. L. cites examples of it from B. J., Milton (*Comus*, 378), Gascoigne, and Bacon (*Essay* 50).

248. *That ever lov'd.* D. and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "lov'd them," which is in keeping with "the Fletcherian rhythm," but unnecessary.

251. *Woe worth me.* Woe be to me. Sk. remarks: "The A. S. verb *wærdian*, to become, cognate with the German *werden*, once in very common use, now survives only in such phrases as 'woe *worth* thee,' or 'woe *worth* the day.'"

258. *Cut a-pieces.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. So: "torn a-pieces." Gr. 24, 140.

272. *Make death a devil.* "Though you should make death as formidable as a devil" (L.). Sk. considers the expression "obscure," and suggests that it means "I will turn death into a horrible monster;" but L. is clearly right.

276. *To your husband.* For your husband. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen*.

284. *From that mouth.* By a sentence pronounced by her.

295. *Pyramid.* Apparently = *pillar* in the same sentence. Chaucer mentions two *stakes*, one at each side of the lists (Sk.).

*Whether.* Which of the two. Cf. iv. 2. 48 below; also *Mutt.* xxi. 31, xxiii. 19.

299. *And all his friends.* Sk. remarks here: "Some readers have expressed surprise at the apparently strange doom of Theseus, in decreeing death not only to the principal, but to 'all his friends,' if worsted in the combat. Chaucer does not, it is true, go so far as this; but it was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age even in Fletcher's time. Seward's note on the subject is much to the purpose: 'As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our authors' age it was reckoned cowardice to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in [Beaumont and Fletcher's play of] *The Little French Lawyer*. Mankind were mad after knight-errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he 'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquered as a refuge from shame.' In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Lover's Progress*, ii. 3, the seconds fight as well as the principals. Perhaps the most striking instance is afforded by the ferocious duel fought in Kensington Gardens, on the 15th of November, 1712; in which not only the principals, Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, were both killed, but the seconds fought with fierce hatred, though interrupted before either of them was slain. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, ii. 583."

304. *Miscarry.* Perish. Cf. *T. A.* p. 152. See also v. 3. 101 below.

Spalding says that this scene "is a spirited and excellent one; but its tone is Fletcher's, not Shakespeare's." Hickson considers it "of a much higher character than either of the preceding" scenes.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *Business.* Here a trisyllable.

11. *Compassion.* A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

14. *That I hope.* So that I hope. Gr. 283.

16. *Scap.* "It is quite unnecessary to prefix an apostrophe, as Mr. Knight does [so H. and others]; it is a common old spelling" (Sk.). Cf. *Macb.* p. 214, note on *Scap'd*. In 20 below the quarto has "escapt."

35. *Where did she sleep?* The early eds. have "When" for *Where*, which was suggested by D.

37. *Mind her.* Think of her, call her to mind. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 53: "Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

41. *Innocent.* Idiot. See on i. 3. 79 above.

45. *Not right.* Not sane, not in her right mind. L. says that "the

expression is still heard in Ireland in this sense." It is also common enough in this country.

48. *You have told.* The early eds. omit *have*, which Seward supplied.

55. *Attending.* "Watching for, waiting for" (Sk.).

58. *Smallness.* Sk. quotes *T. A.* i. 4. 32 :

"thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound."

Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 49: "speaks small like a woman."

60. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

64. *Glade.* Sometimes = an open track in the wood, as here one cut through the reeds.

71. *Bevy.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 4: "In all this noble bevy," etc. Wedgwood quotes Florio: "*Beva*, a drinking; a bevy, as of pheasants."

75. *Antic.* "An antique dance, a quaint dance" (Sk.). *Antick* and *antique* are used interchangeably in the early eds. of *S.* Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 179.

80. *Willow, willow, willow.* For this old song, see *Oth.* p. 203, note on 39.

89. *Of rushes.* Alluding to the rush-rings used in mock-marriages. Cf. *A. J. W.* p. 150, note on *Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*

90. *Posies.* Short mottoes, often inscribed on rings, knives, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 164.

91. *Lose.* The old eds. have "loose" (as in 77 above); but, as Sk. and L. agree, it is only an old spelling for *lose.*

107. *The Broom.* A very popular old song. Weber quotes it from an old interlude thus :

"Brome, brome on hill,  
The gentle brome on hill, hill:  
Brome, brome on Hive hill," etc.

108. *Bonny Robin.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 187: "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy;" and see our ed. p. 252.

For the *tailor* making a *wedding-gown*, cf. *2 Hen. IV.* p. 177, note on *A woman's tailor.*

110. *Rarely.* Early; the reading of the old eds., changed by Weber and others to "rearily," which is only another spelling of the word (L.). Halliwell (*Archaic Dict.*) gives *rare* = early, as a Devonshire word.

111. *Minstrels.* A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Cf. *tackling* in 134 below.

112. *O fair, O sweet,* etc. D. notes that among "Certaine Sonets" at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1598, p. 474, we find one beginning—"Oh faire, O sweet, when I do looke on thee," etc.

117. *Means.* The early eds. have "meane;" corrected by Colman. In the next line they have "For" for *Far*, which is found in Tonson.

135. *Weigh.* That is, weigh anchor. For *cheerly* = cheerily, cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 29: "Cheerly, good hearts!"

136. *Ough, ough, ough.* "Obviously intended to represent the sounds uttered by sailors while weighing the anchor. The Gaoler and his friends humour the daughter by pretending to do as she wishes them. When the anchor is supposed to be weighed, they say -'t is up!' (Sk.).

137. *Top*. Raise or tighten. "The *bowling* or *bowline* is used to keep the weather-edge of a square sail tight forward, when the ship is close-hauled" (Sk.). Cf. *Pericles*, p. 146.

140. *What kenn'st thou?* What do you descry? In the reply, L. suggests that there is a play on *wood* or *wode* = mad. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. i. 192: "And here am I, and wode within this wood;" and see our ed. p. 147.

Spalding remarks: "The 4th act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's. All of it, except one scene, is taken up by the episodical adventures of the Gaoler's Daughter; and, while much of it is poetical, it wants the force and originality, and, indeed, all the prominent features of Shakespeare's manner, either of thought, illustration, or expression." Hickson shows that the Gaoler's Daughter is not, as some have asserted, a copy of Ophelia. "The description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstances of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the *character* of the Gaoler's Daughter, and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and to Ophelia."

SCENE II.—16. *Love*. The early eds. have "Love;" corrected by Seward.

It is strange, as L. notes, that D. and Sk. (and H. may be added) follow Mason in making *such another* refer to *smile* (implied in *smiling*), and not to *eye*, as it clearly does.

18. *Constellation*. The Greeks identified the zodiacal constellation *Aquarius* with Ganymede.

21. *Pelops' shoulder*. "Tantalus, the favourite of the gods, once invited them to a repast, and on that occasion killed his own son Pelops, and having boiled him, set the flesh before them that they might eat it. But the immortal gods, knowing what it was, did not touch it; Demeter alone, being absorbed by grief for her lost daughter, consumed the *shoulder* of Pelops. Hereupon the gods ordered Hermes to put the limbs of Pelops into a cauldron, and thereby restore him to life. When the process was over, Clotho took him out of the cauldron, and as the shoulder consumed by Demeter was wanting, the goddess supplied its place by one made of ivory; his descendants (the Pelopidae) as a mark of their origin, were believed to have one shoulder *as white as ivory*" (Smith's *Classical Dict.*).

*Fame and Honour*, etc. Sk. compares B. and F., *Philaster*, iv. 4:

"Place me, some god, upon a pyramis  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence  
I may discourse to all the underworld  
The worth that dwells in him!"

27. *Swarth*. Swarthy. The word occurs in *T. A.* ii. 3. 72. For *swart*, see *K. John*, p. 152.

35. *Leviedly*. Wickedly. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 158.

38. *These the eyes*. The reading of the quarto, which Sk. retains. The editors generally change *the* to "thy," as the folio does; but Emilia is supposed to be looking at the portrait.

39. *These*. H. adopts Mason's "They're."  
 44. *A changeling*. Referring to the old notion that the fairies would steal beautiful babies, and leave ugly elves in their place. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 138. For the contemptuous use of *gipsy*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44: "Dido a dowly, Cleopatra a gipsy," etc.  
 45. *Sotted*. Besotted, infatuated.  
 46. *Virgin's*. Seward, D., and H. read "virgin."  
 48. *Whether*. Which of the two; as in iii. 6. 295 above.  
 49. *Now if my sister*, etc. "And now, if my sister had asked me, I should have said I was more inclined to Palamon" (Sk.).  
 52. *Fancy*. Love. See *M. of V.* p. 148. Cf. v. 3. 103 and v. 4. 118 below.  
 53. *Garuds*. Baubles, toys. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 126.  
 63. *Joy*. Rejoice. Some editors have printed "mothers' joy."  
 67. *Fair*. H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "six."  
 74. *These*. The folio has "those," which some prefer.  
 81. *Fire*. The early eds. have "faire" or "fair;" corrected in Heath's MS. notes, and independently by D. Cf. Chaucer:

"The *cercles of his eyen* in his heed  
 They *gloweden* bytwixe yelwe and reed,  
 And lyk a griffoun lokede he aboute."

85. *Arm'd long and round*. Seward and H. read "Arms long and round;" which of course is what is meant.  
 86. *Baldrick*. Belt. See *Much Ado*, p. 123. *Curious* = elaborate, elegant. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 135.  
 97. *What he fights for*. That is, love.  
 104. *Ivy-tods*. The eds. all have "ivy-tops," but, as L. says "tops" is obviously a misprint for *tods*. "Ivy-tops" are not mentioned by any writer, but *ivy-tods* (thick bushes of ivy) are often alluded to by B. and F.  
 105. *Not to undo with thunder*. Not to be destroyed by thunder. Sk. remarks: "It was supposed that some plants were thunder-proof. In the 'Poet-Prologue' to Beaumont's *Four Plays in One*, we have the expression, 'thunder-fearless verdant bays.'"  
 106. *The warlike maid*. Probably referring to Pallas (Minerva).  
 109. *Crown*. The old eds. have "corect" or "correct;" corrected by Seward. L. reads "court," which is perhaps to be preferred. In the MS. it might easily be mistaken for "corect."  
 114. *Clean*. Sk. quotes *L. L. L.* v. 2. 642: "Hector was not so cleantimbered."  
 122. *Well dispos'd*. "Well placed or situated. It is evident that the poet wishes to express that the few freckles on the hero's face were rather becoming to him. This curious line is probably due to an attempt to improve upon Chaucer" (Sk.). In the *Knights Tale*, Emetrius is said to have "A few fraknes [freckles] in his face yspreynd" [sprinkled].  
 125. *Auburn*. Spelled "aborne" in the quarto. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 163, note on *Young Abraham Cupid*.  
 131. *Grey-eyed*. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 169.



132. *Which yields compassion*, etc. Which indicates that he will be merciful to the vanquished.

137. *The winner's oak*. Probably alluding to "the oaken garland" (*Cor.* ii. 1. 137), or *corona civica* of the Romans. "For whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland" (North's *Plutarch*). See *Cor.* p. 171.

140. *Charging-staff*. Probably = lance. Sk. thinks that possibly a *warder* (see *Rich. II.* p. 163) may be meant.

144. Seward (followed by Colman and H.) reads

"they would show bravely  
Fighting about the titles," etc.

154. *Bravery*. Splendor, display. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

Hickson calls this scene "Fletcher's masterpiece." Spalding says: "In the soliloquy of the lady, while the poetical spirit is well preserved, the alternations of feeling are given with an abruptness and a want of insight into the nicer shades of association, which resemble the extravagant stage effects of the *King and No King* infinitely more than the delicate yet piercing glance with which Shakespeare looks into the human breast in the *Othello*; the language, too, is smoother and less powerful than Shakespeare's, and one or two classical allusions are a little too correct and studied for him."

SCENE III.—6. *Lards it*. Is mixed up with it. Cf. *Ham.* p. 247.

7. *Farces*. Fills; literally, stuffs. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 280: "The farced title running fore the king." For *forced* in the same sense, see *T. and C.* v. 1. 64: "wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit." Cf. our ed. p. 185.

11. *Down-a*. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 170: "You must sing, *Down a-down*, and you call him *a-down-a*."

13. *Dido*. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 53: "Dido and her Æneas shall want troops," etc.

18. *Piece of silver*. Alluding to the obolus which Charon was supposed to demand for ferriage over the Styx, and which was placed in the mouth of the corpse for that purpose. For references to Charon, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 46 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 11.

20. *Are—there's*, etc. The quarto has "as the's" and the folio "as there's;" corrected by Mason. L. defends the old reading.

23. *Proserpine*. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 116 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37.

26. *Barley-break*. A rural game often alluded to in the old dramatists. It was played in various ways, but generally in the South of England by six persons, three of each sex. The general idea of it was that one couple should try to catch the rest, when within certain boundaries, without letting go each other's hands. Cf. Nares.

35. *Engraffed*. Rooted, deep-fixed. Cf. *Lear*, p. 177, note on *Long-engraffed*.

42. *Perturbed mind*, etc. Cf. *Mach.* v. 3. 40: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd," etc.

50. *A great fen'worth*. A good bargain. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 650: "though

the pennyworth on his side be the worst" (that is, though he get the worst of the bargain), etc.

For *state*=estate, see *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Estate*.

62. *Green*. "Simple, silly" (Sk.). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 250, etc.

68. *Carve her*. Carve for her. Sk. remarks: "Mr. Knight inserted *for* before *her*; but the following extract from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Love's Pilgrimage* (i. 1) will shew that the text is right as it stands:

'Incubo. I'll try your kid,  
If he be sweet: he looks well. [*Tastes it.*] Yes; he is good.  
' I'll carve you, sir.  
Philip. You use me too too princely;  
Taste and carve too!  
Incubo. I love to do these offices.'

"And again in Beaumont's Poems (in Beaumont's and Fletcher's *Works*, ed. Dyce, xi. 483), we find the line,

'Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliment.'

For *carving to* (or *for*) a person as a mark of affection, see *C. of E.* p. 120, note on 117. The phrase was also applied to certain gestures of an amorous sort (see *M. IV.* p. 137, note on *Carves*), and H. may be right in explaining it so here. The quarto has "*crave her*;" corrected in the folio.

69. *Still among*. All the while, ever with the rest. Walker compares Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iv.: "And ever among she would sauce her speech," etc. He cites other passages which do not seem to us parallel; as Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 12. 11:

"There they awhile together thus did dwell  
In much delight and many joys among;"

where it may be merely a transposition of "among many joys." Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 1007:

"Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride," etc.

None of the editors have quoted 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 23:

"And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily."

71. *Play-feres*. Playmates. Cf. *Pericles*, i. prol. 21: "The king unto him took a fere;" and see our ed. p. 129. See also v. 1. 116 below.

75. *What is*. Changed by Seward to "what are."

*Out of square*. L. quotes Edwardes, *Damon and Pythias*: "yet he is far out of square."

76. *Regiment*. Rule, government. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 6. 95: "And gives his potent regiment to a trull."

*Approved*. Proved. See *Much Ado*, p. 134.

80. *Success*. Issue, result. Cf. *J. C.* p. 151, note on *Opinions of success*. Spalding gives this scene to Fletcher, to whom he assigns the entire underplot of the play; but Hickson is satisfied that Shakespeare is the author. He considers that it is like him "in style and language, and its freedom from all the marks of imitation;" and especially in its "high

moral purpose," viewing in it "the natural punishment of the principal character for her ill-governed desires, and the mode she took of gratifying them." The "perfect coherence of the mad passages, and their pertinency to the general subject" (almost a test in itself), also stamp it as Shakespeare's.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The critics are almost unanimous in assigning this act, with the exception of the 2d scene, to Shakespeare; but Sk., L., and Fleay (see p. 35 above) agree that Fletcher wrote the opening lines. L. says that he had formed this opinion before Skeat's edition appeared. There are 13 double endings in the first 17 lines.

3. *Fires*. A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 480. Cf. *bonfires* in 86 below, and *sire* in ii. 5. 9 above.

4. *Swelling*. Theo. conjectured "smelling."

9. *Germane*. Akin; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 802: "those that are germane to him;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 344: "germane to the lion," etc. The early eds. have "german," which is the same word; as in *cousin-german*. Cf. *humane* and *human* (see *Macb.* p. 218).

10. *To blow the nearness out*, etc. Sk. says: "This line is somewhat obscure. To *blow out* is to extinguish; and, if *nearness* means nearness in blood, the sense is—to extinguish that kinship that exists between you." Probably, however, *nearness* refers rather to their friendship than to their kinship. Dr. Ingleby (according to L.) conjectures "fierceness."

16. *Prayers*. A dissyllable; as not unfrequently. Sk. cites *M. W.* v. 5. 54: "That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said."

25. *Tender*. Regard, treat. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 72: "As well I tender you and all of yours," etc. See also *Ham.* p. 244.

28. *Confound*. Destroy. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151.

29. *Port*. It is doubtful, as Sk. says, whether this is here = bear, carry (Fr. *porter*), or = bring into port. The latter seems to us the more probable, though no other example has been found of this sense.

30. *Limiter*. Arbitrator or shaper of our destinies.

34. *Lovers*. Friends; as in v. 4. 123 below. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 13: "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," etc. See also *M. of V.* p. 153. He calls them *sacrifices*, because they are to die with him if defeated.

37. *Father of it*. That is, the perception of danger which is ever the cause of fear. The early eds. have "farther off it;" corrected by Theo. L. defends the old reading thus: "*Apprehension* is the *perception of danger*: this underlies fear, is therefore farther off than fear is; beyond it, and so farther to reach and harder to eradicate." This is ingenious, but *father of it* seems the more natural expression here.

39. *Require*. Ask, beseech. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc. See also i. 1. 93 above.

44. *Will stick*. The early eds. have "stickes" or "sticks;" corrected by Seward. H. reads "shall stick;" and L. conjectures "on me, where she sticks."

46. *Cestron*. Cistern. Sk. notes that the word is spelled *cesterne* in the 1st folio in *Oth.* iv. 2. 62 and *A. and C.* ii. 5. 95.

49. *Hast turn'd*, etc. Cf. *Mach.* ii. 2. 61 :

"No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red."

The words *whose approach* were added by Seward, and something of the kind is evidently wanted. He adds : "that comets prewarn or fore-tel wars is the vulgar as well as poetical creed;" and he cites Milton, *P.* L. ii. 708 :

"like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war."

51. *Vast field*. Probably = boundless, wide-spread battle-fields ; though it may have another sense of the Latin *vastus*, namely, desolated (L.).

53. *Foison*. Plenty. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 110 : "Earth's increase, foison plenty" (the song of Ceres) ; and see our ed. p. 125.

54. *Armipotent*. The word is taken from Chaucer. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 650, 657, and *A. IV.* iv. 3. 265. The old eds. have "armenypotent" or "armenipotent;" corrected by Seward.

62. *Enormous*. Abnormal, disorderly. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 176 : "this enormous state;" and see our ed. p. 206.

66. *Plurisy*. Plethora, surplus. See *Ham.* p. 256.

68. In this invocation to Mars, if anywhere in the play, we have the fine gold of Shakespeare with no admixture of Fletcher's baser metal. As Hickson says, it is "unparalleled as an invocation," and "one of the grandest examples of the application of circumstances to the character of a power that we have ever met with."

69. *Glisten*. S. does not use *glisten*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.

73. *Do*. The plural is used because *whose* is plural. *You whose free nobleness do make*=you, who, in your free nobleness, do make.

79. *And weep*, etc. The reading of the early eds. Seward (followed by all the editors except L.) reads "To weep;" but, as L. remarks, "surely the idea of enforcement is sufficiently plain to allow the old reading to stand, and make him weep being the sense if expanded." Theo. conjectures "into a girl" = "till he become tender as a girl." *Weep unto*=weep before, weep in imploring the favour of.

83. *Before Apollo*. That is, sooner than Apollo, the god of medicine.

85. *Polled*. Shorn, bald-headed. The early eds. have "pould," which, as L. notes, probably indicates the old pronunciation. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 215, where the folio has "poul'd." See our ed. p. 257.

86. *Bonfires*. A trisyllable. See on 3 above.

87. *Skipt*. Jumped over or through, unsinged by the flame. *Have* (=has) is another example of "confusion of proximity." See on iii. 6. 192 above. "Skipping over bonfires was one of the customs observed on Midsummer's Eve" (L.).

89. *Abuse young lays*. That is, "murder the songs," as we say (Sk.).

92. *His mortal son*. Phaethon, whose mother, Clymene, was a mortal.

Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 140, note on 153. *The huntress* is of course Diana, who fell in love with Endymion. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 109. For *moist*, as applied to Diana or the moon, see *Ham.* p. 175, note on *The moist star*.

102. *Liberal*. Free-spoken, wanton. Cf. *Ham.* p. 258.

L. quotes here the following from Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, i. 1:

"I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,  
That durst oppose his fame to all opinions,  
His life to unhonour'd dangers; I never lov'd him,  
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin,  
Nor took I pleasure in acquaintance  
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies  
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:  
A noble soul I twin with," etc.

105. *Have hotly asked them*, etc. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 130: "Think we had mothers," etc. *Large*=loose, licentious. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 206, iv. 1. 53; and see our ed. p. 139.

108. *I knew a man*, etc. Furnivall (preface to New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Spalding's *Letter*, p. vi.) asks: "Again, is it likely—and again, I say, at the end of his career, with all his experience behind him—that Shakspeare would make his hero Palamon publicly urge on Venus in his prayer to her, that she was bound to protect him because he'd believed a wanton young wife's word that her old incapable husband was the father of her child? Is this the kind of thing that the Shakspeare of Imogen, of Desdemona, of Queen Katherine, would put forward as the crown of his life and work?" Spalding refers to the passage as an "unpleasing sketch of the deformity of decrepit old age," but believes it to be Shakespeare's, as it is "largely impressed with his air of truth," etc. Hickson makes no comments on the passage.

113. *Globy*. Protruding.

114. *That*. So that; as in v. 3. 26 below. Gr. 283.

115. *Anatomy*. Skeleton. Cf. *K. John*, p. 160 (note on 40), or *T. A.* p. 149.

116. *Fere*. Mate, bride. See on iv. 3. 71 above.

120. *Defier*. Apparently =one who despises or spurns. For the verb in this sense, see *K. John*, p. 160.

122. *Close*. Private, secret. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 183.

123. *Concealments*. Things that should be concealed or kept secret.

126. *Soft sweet*. D. prints "soft-sweet."

131. *Chase*. Hunting-ground; as in *T. A.* ii. 3. 255: "Upon the north side of this pleasant chase," etc.

137. In the stage-direction *records* is =*recorders*, a kind of small flute or flageolet. See *M. A. D.* p. 183. *Still music*=soft music.

140. *Wind-fann'd snow*. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 375:

"or the fann'd snow that's bolted  
By the northern blasts twice o'er."

Sk. compares *Cor.* v. 3. 65. See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 386, *Ham.* iii. 1. 141, and *Cymb.* ii. 5. 13.

On *female knights*, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 3. 13; and see our ed. p. 169.

144. *Green eye*. See the long note in *R. and J.* p. 198.

145. *Maculate*. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 97: "Most maculate thoughts," etc.
147. *Scurril*. Scurrilous. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 148: "scurril jests," etc.
- Port*=gate. See *Cor.* p. 211. Theo. and Dr. Ingleby conjecture "porch" (cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 63), but the figure is the same with either word.
151. *I have pointed*. That is, I have a husband pointed, or appointed, for me. For *pointed*, see *T. of S.* p. 148.
154. *Of mine eyes*. The early eds., and the modern ones down to that of D., make these words limit *election*.
158. *Pretenders*. "Aspirants; not in a bad sense" (Sk.).
161. *File and quality*. Position and office.
163. *General of ebbs and flows*. That is, ruler of the tides. Sk. says "that this is "a very singular way of referring to the moon or Diana;" but cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 270: "That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs; *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 103: "the moon, the governess of floods;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 32: "governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon," etc.
165. *Advances*. Raises. See on i. 1. 93 above.
167. *A virgin flower*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 76:  
     " But earthlier happier is the rose distill'd  
     Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
     Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."
172. *Unclasp*. Unfold, reveal. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 325: "unclasp my heart," etc.

SCENE II.—17. *Ho there, doctor!* Mason would read "Hold there;" but cf. v. 4. 41 below: "Hold, ho!"

20. *Honesty*. Chastity; as often. Cf. *Ham.* p. 218, note on *Honest*.
34. *Videlicet*. That is to say; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 140, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 97, etc.
44. *Come cut and long tail*. A proverbial expression = whatever kind may come. It seems to have been originally used of dogs with tails clipped or unclipped, but came to be applied to horses also. Cf. iii. 4. 22 above, and see *M. W.* p. 155.
45. *Turns ye*. That is, *for ye*; the "ethical dative." See Gr. 220.
46. *He'll dance*, etc. There is perhaps an allusion to Banks's famous horse. See *L. L. L.* p. 133, note on 52.
47. *Hobby-horse*. A figure in the morris-dances. See *Ham.* p. 225.
49. *Light o' Love*. A very popular dance-tune in the time of S. See *Much Ado*, p. 150.
59. *Bottles*. Bundles of hay. See *M. N. D.* p. 173.
60. *Strike*. Strikes, or bushels; still used in provincial English (Sk.). Bailey calls the strike "four bushels;" but, as L. suggests, this is probably a slip for "four *pecks*." The measure, however, like many others, may have varied in different localities.
62. *A miller's mare*. "A miller's mare, working round a beaten track (to drive the mill), was perhaps proverbial for her steady-going attention to business" (L.).
69. *Stool-ball*. A game played with a ball and one or two stools, very popular among young women.

74. *Nice*. Scrupulous, punctilious.

82. *O, sir*, etc. Seward, Weber, and H. give this to the Gaoler.

Spalding says of this scene that it is "disgusting and imbecile in the extreme," and "may be dismissed with a single quotation: 'What stuff she utters!'" Hickson compares the scene with iv. 3 (ascribed to S.): "We must bear in mind the advice of the doctor in the former scene; he tells the wooer to take upon himself the name of Palamon, and to do whatever shall become Palamon, still aiming to intermingle his petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; but it could never be imagined from these directions that the 'union' was to take place under such circumstances. . . . The object sought was her restoration; and in the last scene of act v. the gaoler informs Palamon that his daughter

'is well restor'd,  
And shortly to be married.'

But turning to the second scene, we find the doctor saying, in reference to the wooer's telling him he had 'kissed her twice,'

"'T was well done: twenty times had been far better.  
For there the cure lies mainly.'

That insight into the nature of his patient's disorder, displayed in so remarkable a manner by the doctor in a former scene, in this has left him; and his business here seems to be to recommend and nurse up a sensual idea into an alliance with better feelings. The daughter's brain still 'coins,' but the subjects are far-fetched, and have no relation to the speaker's condition or state of mind, nor do they help the progress of the play. . . . The former scene is in prose wholly, while this is in Fletcher's verse; but, in short, the tone and moral effect of the two scenes are so different, the same characters have so altered an aspect, the language, sentiments, and allusions are so unlike, that the case of any one who can read and deliberately compare them, and still believe them to be by the same writer, we must give over as hopeless."

SCENE III.—6. *I will stay here*, etc. The pointing is that of L., and essentially the same as in the old eds.; and the meaning is plain: *I will stay here* (. . .) *not taint mine eye*, etc. D. follows Weber in pointing thus:

"With what shall happen—'gainst the which there is  
No deafing—but to hear, not taint," etc.

H. reads "No deafing; but I dare not taint," etc. *But to hear*—so as not to hear. See Gr. 122.

12. *In their kind*. In their nature, in reality; opposed to *pencil'd* = painted. For *kind*, cf. *A. W.* p. 141, note on *By kind*.

16. *Price*. Prize, reward. Cf. 31 below.

17. *Question's title*. "The title in dispute, the right of the controversy" (L.). D. and H. read "questant's" (cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 16); but here, as L. remarks, there being *two* questants, *to crown the questant's title* (that is, the disputant's title) would be unmeaning.

18. *Wink*. Shut my eyes. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 182.

21. *Envy*. Malice. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Envious*.

26. *That*. So that. See on v. 1. 114 above.

28. *Set off*. Offset, cancel. For *to* with *guilty*, see *W. T.* p. 202.
42. *An engine bent*. An engine of war ready for use. *Bend*, which is properly used only of a bow, is often applied to other warlike instruments. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 37: "Our cannon shall be bent," etc. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 87, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 95, *Lear*, iv. 2. 74, etc. In the stage-direction at iii. 1. 30 above we have "*bends his fist*."
45. *Aspect*. Regularly accented on the last syllable in *S.* Cf. *Gr.* 490.
46. *Grav'd*. Deeply furrowed.
49. *His object*. Its object. *Gr.* 228.
54. *On him*. The old eds. have "on them;" corrected by Seward.
59. *The spoiling of his figure*. See p. 20 above.
63. *Ward*. Posture of defence. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 471: "Come from your ward," etc. *Offence* = blow, or offensive movement.
69. *Success*. Accented here on the first syllable. Cf. i. 1. 209 above.
70. *Prim'st*. For the superlative, cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 229: "the primest creature." For the contracted form (of which we have already had several examples in this play), see *Gr.* 473.
72. *Servant*. Lover. Cf. i. 1. 89 above.
75. *In't else*. Seward, Colman, and H. omit *else*.
80. *Pyramid*. See iii. 6. 295 above.
82. *Redemption*. Rescue (of Arcite).
83. *Tilters*. The early eds. have "Tytlers," which L. explains as "contenders about a title, questants." He adds that there were eight bold *tilters*, but only two bold *titlers*. It seems to us more natural to call Palamon and Arcite here the *tilters* than the *titlers*. If there were such a word as the latter, it ought to mean givers or possessors of titles rather than contenders about them. The change to *Tilters* was first made by Tonson, and all the eds. since have given *tilters*. The original reading seems to have been overlooked until L. called attention to it.
86. *Their single share*, etc. The share of *nobleness* belonging to each puts any living woman at a disadvantage in the comparison, shows her worth to be inferior. Line 87 is wanting in the folio, and was first restored from the quarto by Colman.
95. *Half-sights saw*, etc. We still speak of "seeing with half an eye."
96. *God's lid!* An oath commonly contracted into '*slid!*' See *M. N. D.* p. 155. Emilia swears more like Queen Elizabeth than "like a comfit-maker's wife," as Hotspur says. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, note on 249.
99. *Go to law with*. Cope with, defend themselves against.
101. *Miscarry*. See on iii. 6. 304 above.
103. *Our fancies*. Our affections, our love. See on iv. 2. 52 above.
119. *Alcides*. Hercules. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *T. of S.* i. 2. 260, etc.
120. *A sow of lead*. The word *sow* is used like *pig* to denote a mass of smelted metal. See *Wb. Sk.* compares 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 118.
124. *Philomels*. Nightingales; as in *R. of L.* 1079, 1128, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 12, etc.
127. *Out-breasted*. Outsong. Cf. *breast* = musical voice, in *T. N.* ii. 3. 20. See our ed. p. 136.



130. *Hardly*. After hard fighting. Cf. *T. of V.* ii. 1. 115: "Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off" (with difficulty), etc.

133. *Pinch 'em*. "Vex them. It was in the very spirit of chivalry that a warrior should not care to survive defeat. This doom of Palamon and his three knights would be revolting, if it were not that the spectators might be expected to know enough of Chaucer's story to make them suspect that the sentence would not really be executed. To which must be added the consideration, that the spectators of plays in the time of James I. could behold, almost unmoved, many things which we now shudder even to read" (Sk.).

135. *Arm your prize*. That is, take her in your arms, embrace her. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 400: "come, arm him." K. explains it rather tamely by "Offer your arm to the lady you have won;" and Mason says, "Take her by the arm."

Spalding says of this scene, that the details "make it clear that Shakespeare's hand was in it." He adds: "The greater part, it is true, is not of the highest excellence; but the vacillations of Emilia's feelings are well and delicately given, some individual thoughts and words mark Shakespeare, there is little of his obscure brevity, much of his thoughtfulness legitimately applied, and an instance or two of its abuse."

SCENE IV.—5. *To live still*. L. is in doubt whether *still* modifies *live*, or *Have*; but it seems better to connect it with the former.

6. *We prevent*. Sk. reads "herein we prevent."

8. *Rheum*. Rheumatism. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 31: "Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum," etc.

*Lag hours*. Latter hours, or lingering hours; or, perhaps, combining the two meanings. Sk. quotes *1 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 23:

"To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours."

*Attend for grey approachers*=await aged comers towards the gods, or those who die in old age.

10. *Unwapper'd*. "Unworn, not debilitated" (D.). In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 38, we find *wappen'd* in the opposite sense (see our ed. p. 158); and it is a question whether the original word is *wappen* or *waffer*. As Sk. says, both are so rare that it is best to leave them unaltered.

11. *That*. "That is, who; referring to *we* in 9. In the next line *such* refers to the *grey approachers*" (Sk.).

13. *For*. Because; as in i. 2. 54 above. For *clear*, see on i. 2. 74 above.

15. *Too-too*. See *M. of V.* p. 143.

20. *Tottering Fortune*. Signifying, as Fluellen says (*Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35), "that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls."

23. *Taste to you*. Alluding to the ancient custom of having the king's food tasted before it was served, as a precaution against poison. See *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first*.

35. *Quil*. Requite. Cf. iii. 6. 24 above. The old eds. have "quight;"

and L. thinks we should read "quite," which he takes to be a distinct word from *quit*.

47. *Dearly*. The old eds. have "early;" corrected by Seward. Cf. 129 below; and for the intensive use of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 147.

50. *Owing*. Owning, having. See on i. 1. 88 above.

53. *Note*. Stigma. Cf. *R. of L.* 208: "sham'd with the note," etc.

54. *Allowance*. Authority, confirmation.

55. *Calkins*. Calks (or *corks*, as the word is often spelled and pronounced), or the points in a horseshoe that prevent slipping.

56. *Tell*. Count; as in iii. 5. 80 above. The calkins seemed to touch the stones lightly, like the fingers in counting.

60. *For, as they say*, etc. Probably alluding to the story of Pythagoras and the blacksmith's hammers. Cf. Longfellow, *To a Child*:

"As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-corded lyre."

Chappell says that the story is an absurd one, because "the tone of a bell cannot be altered in pitch by changing the weight of its clapper." The story is doubtless mythical, but if one wanted to defend it he might reply that possibly the blacksmith and his men were hammering on different anvils. It will be noted that Longfellow has "anvils."

62. *Cold as old Saturn*. A reference to the astrological descriptions of the planet Saturn, which was called *cold* because the god for whom it was named was represented as bearing the "frosty signs" of extreme old age. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 5. 12:

"A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn."

Here the *fire malevolent* shows that the planet is meant. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 126, note on *Born under Saturn*.

66. *Toy*. "A freak, a sudden whim. Cf. *Philaster*, v. 3: 'What if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away?' and North's *Plutarch*: 'When a mad mood or toy took him in the head' " (Sk.).

69. *Manage*. Used, as often, in the technical sense of the management or training of a horse. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

72. *Jadery*. "Jade's tricks" (*Much Ado*, i. 1. 145, *A. W.* iv. 5. 64, etc.). For *jade* as applied to a vicious nag, cf. 81 below. For *disseat*, cf. *Much.* p. 249, note on 21.

77. *On end he stands*. The quarto prints thus:

"He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hooves  
on end he stands  
That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head," etc.

This indicates either that the compositor could not make out the "copy," or that the first part of the line somehow dropped out after it was put in type. The sense, however, is complete, and it seems better to leave the

text as it is than to read "Quickly uprearing, so on end he stands," as H. does. Sk. thinks that "the half-line is rather effective." \*

81. *Poise*. Weight; as in *Lear*, ii. 1. 122: "Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 82: "full of poise and difficult weight," etc.

92. *Told*. Counted. Cf. 56 above.

*I was false*. "Seward remarks: 'I believe the reader will not easily be convinced that Arcite had been false.' In fact, the dramatists have forgotten to insert any instances of his falseness. The epithet 'false Arcite' is in the *Knights Tale*, 287; but even Chaucer has not made it very clear that Arcite really was so; unless, indeed, we refer to his poem entitled *Of queen Annelida and false Arcite*" (Sk.).

98. *Honour*. That is, Arcite's obsequies.

101. *Your thanks*. The old eds. have "Our thanks;" corrected by D.

104. *Arrose*. Sprinkle (Fr. *arroser*). The old eds. have "arowze;" and Cotgrave spells the Fr. verb "arrouser."

108. *Grace*. Honour; as in 125 below. Cf. *to do grace* (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 79, *J. C.* iii. 2. 62), *in grace of* (*M. A. D.* iv. 1. 139, *Ham.* i. 2. 124), etc.

109. *Bear this hence*. This direction to remove the body was probably inserted to suit the requirements of the old stage. See *Ham.* p. 242.

118. *Fancy*. Love. Cf. iv. 2. 52 above.

123. *Lovers*. Friends. See on v. 1. 34 above.

126. *In whose end*. At the end of which funeral.

131. *Charmers*. "That is, enchanters, ruling us at their will" (Seward).

135. *And with you*, etc. "Cease to dispute with you who are beyond the reach of our expostulations" (Sk.).

137. *Like the time*. Sk. explains this, "as others do, by hiding our griefs;" but it is clearly = as this sad time demands, referring to the preparations for Arcite's funeral. Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 110: "O, let us pay the time but needful woe." For the form of expression here, cf. *Much.* i. 5. 62: "Look like the time."

Spalding says of this scene: "The manner is Shakespeare's, and some parts are little inferior to his very finest passages." Hickson makes no comment upon it. Swinburne believes that Shakespeare's work has been interpolated and filled out by Fletcher. He says: "The scene is opened by Shakespeare in his most majestic vein of meditative or moral verse, pointed and coloured as usual with him alone by direct and absolute aptitude to the immediate sentiment and situation of the speaker and of no man else: then either Fletcher strikes in for a moment with a touch of somewhat more Shakespearian tone than usual, or possibly we have a survival of some lines' length, not unretouched by Fletcher, from Shakespeare's first sketch for a conclusion of the somewhat calamitous and cumbrous underplot, which in any case was ultimately left for

\* Since this note was in type, it has occurred to us that the words *on end he stands* were perhaps interlined in the "copy" as a substitute for *on his hind hoofs* (the latter being accidentally left without crossing out), and that we should read:

"He kept him 'tween his legs, on end he stands,  
That Arcite's legs," etc.

Fletcher to expand into such a shape and bring by such means to an end as we may safely swear that Shakespeare would never have admitted; then with the entrance and ensuing narrative of Pirithous we have none but Shakespeare before us again, though it be Shakespeare undoubtedly in the rough, and not as he might have chosen to present himself after due revision, with rejection (we may well suppose) of this point and re-adjustment of that; then upon the arrival of the dying Arcite with his escort there follows a grievous little gap, a flaw but pitifully patched by Fletcher, whom we recognize at wellnigh his worst and weakest in Palamon's appeal to his kinsman for a last word, 'if his heart, *his worthy, manly heart*' (an exact and typical example of Fletcher's tragically prosaic and prosaically tragic dash of incurable commonplace), 'be yet unbroken,' and in the flaccid and futile answer which fails so signally to supply the place of the most famous and pathetic passage in all the masterpiece of Chaucer; a passage to which even Shakespeare could have added but some depth and grandeur of his own giving, since neither he nor Dante's very self nor any other among the divinest of men could have done more or better than match it for tender and true simplicity of words more 'dearly sweet and bitter' than the bitterest or sweetest of men's tears. Then after the duly and properly conventional engagement on the parts of Palamon and Emilia respectively to devote the anniversary 'to tears' and 'to honour,' the deeper tone returns for one grand last time, grave at once and sudden and sweet as the full choral opening of an anthem: the note which none could ever catch of Shakespeare's very voice gives out the peculiar cadence that it alone can give in the modulated instinct of a solemn change or shifting of the metrical emphasis or *ictus* from one to the other of two repeated words—

'that nought could buy  
Dear love but loss of dear love!'

That is a touch beyond the ear or the hand of Fletcher: a chord sounded from Apollo's own harp after a somewhat hoarse and reedy wheeze from the scrannel-pipe of a lesser player than Pan. Last of all, in words worthy to be the latest left of Shakespeare's, his great and gentle The-seus winds up the heavenly harmonies of his last beloved grand poem."

## EPILOGUE.

2. *Say*. "Here *say* apparently means *speak*; and the simile seems to consist in a comparison with schoolboys who are afraid to say their lesson" (Sk.).

3. *Cruel fearful*. The *cruel* is a mere intensive. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 216: "I love thee cruelly."

12. *The tale*. Evidently, as L. notes, a reference to the source of the play. *We* refers of course to the actors.

17. *Loves*. Plural because referring to more than one person. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

## ADDENDUM.

LIST OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

*Theseus*: i. 1(65), 4(44); ii. 5(26); iii. 5(10), 6(62); iv. 2(20); v. 1(17), 3(50), 4(37). Whole no. 331.

*Pirithous*: i. 1(3), 3(10); ii. 5(14); iii. 5(4), 6(11); iv. 2(34); v. 1(2), 3(3), 4(44). Whole no. 125.

*Arcite*: i. 2(47); ii. 2(117), 3(39), 5(25); iii. 1(79), 3(47), 6(107); v. 1(43), 3(4), 4(6). Whole no. 514.

*Palamon*: i. 2(73); ii. 2(165); iii. 1(62), 3(36), 6(131); v. 1(80), 4(46). Whole no. 593.

*Valerius*: i. 2(12). Whole no. 12.

*Herald*: i. 4(5). Whole no. 5.

*Gaoler*: ii. 1(31), 2(21); iv. 1(33), 3(12); v. 2(24), 4(3). Whole no. 124.

*Wooc*: ii. 1(5); iv. 1(63), 3(4); v. 2(33). Whole no. 105.

*Doctor*: iv. 3(48); v. 2(44). Whole no. 92.

*Brother to Gaoler*: iv. 1(10). Whole no. 10.

*Gerrold*: iii. 5(106). Whole no. 106.

*1st Countryman*: ii. 3(11); iii. 5(4). Whole no. 15.

*2d Countryman*: ii. 3(21); iii. 5(9). Whole no. 30.

*3d Countryman*: ii. 3(16); iii. 5(9). Whole no. 25.

*4th Countryman*: ii. 3(12); iii. 5(5). Whole no. 17.

*Taborer*: iii. 5(1). Whole no. 1.

*Bavian*: iii. 5(1). Whole no. 1.

*1st Friend*: iv. 1(27). Whole no. 27.

*2d Friend*: iv. 1(22). Whole no. 22.

*Gentleman*: iv. 2(4). Whole no. 4.

*Messenger*: iv. 3(44); v. 2(4), 4(1). Whole no. 49.

*1st Servant*: v. 3(13). Whole no. 13.

*1st Knight*: v. 4(9). Whole no. 9.

*2d Knight*: v. 4(6). Whole no. 6.

*3d Knight*: v. 4(3). Whole no. 3.

*Boy*: i. 1(24). Whole no. 24.

*Hippolyta*: i. 1(21), 3(44); ii. 5(6); iii. 5(1), 6(15); iv. 2(0); v. 3(9). Whole no. 102.

*Emilia*: i. 1(22), 3(56); ii. 2(28), 5(13); iii. 5(2), 6(50); iv. 2(69); v. 1(37), 3(88), 4(3). Whole no. 368.

*Gaoler's Daughter*: ii. 1(26), 4(33), 6(39); iii. 2(38), 4(20), 5(25); v. 1(43), 3(40); v. 2(57). Whole no. 327.

*1st Queen*: i. 1(64), 4(1), 5(12). Whole no. 77.

*2d Queen*: i. 1(40), 4(2), 5(11). Whole no. 53.

*3d Queen*: i. 1(34), 4(2), 5(14). Whole no. 50.

*Woman* : ii. 2(14). Whole no. 14.

*Nell* : iii. 5(1). Whole no. 1.

" *Prologue* " : (32). Whole no. 32.

" *Epilogue* " : (18). Whole no. 18.

" *All* " : iv. 1(3) ; v. 3(4). Whole no. 7.

*Artesius* is on the stage in i. 1, but does not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene is as follows : prol. (32) ; i. 1(234), 2(116), 3(97), 4(49), 5(16) ; ii. 1(62), 2(281), 3(83), 4(33), 5(64), 6(39) ; iii. 1(123), 2(38), 3(53), 4(26), 5(162), 6(309) ; iv. 1(154), 2(156), 3(104) ; v. 1(173), 2(112), 3(150), 4(137) ; epil. (18). Whole number in the play, 2821.



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